

# Alison Krauss, Wild Bill Jones

As I went down for to take a little walk  
I came upon that Wild Bill Jones  
He was a-walkin' and a-talkin' by my true lover's side  
And I bid him to leave her alone

He said, "My age is twenty-one,  
Too old to be controlled."  
I pulled my revolver from my side  
And I destroyed that poor boys soul

He reeled and he staggered then he fell to the ground  
And then he gave one giant moan  
He wrapped his arms around my little girl's neck  
Saying, "Honey, won't you carry me home."

So put them handcuffs on me boys  
And lead me to that freight car gate  
I have no friends or relations there  
No one for to go my bail

So pass around that ol' longneck bottle  
And we'll all go on a spree  
Today saw the last of Wild Bill Jones  
And tomorrow'll be the last of me