

# Marty Robbins, The Outlaws - 1995

The outlaws are commin' (commin', commin')  
A harder ridin' bunch of outlaws no one ever saw  
I don't recall the lawman that could match or beat the draw  
The rode the west, they fought the best  
The never lost a fight  
They did their hidin' in the daytime  
Ridin' most at night

The outlaws are commin' (commin', commin')  
They rode into Yuma on a hot September day  
Hit the bank and got the gold and then they rode away  
The sheriff tried to stop 'em but he didn't really try  
The sheriff thought too much of life  
And he didn't wanna die

The outlaws are commin' (commin', commin')  
The governor of the territory called the rangers in  
The rangers caught the outlaws and the fightin' did begin  
For seven hours they fought and there were bodies all around  
Not one body of an outlaw lay upon the ground

The outlaws are commin' (commin', commin')  
They only took the money that the rich got by their greed  
And gave it to the ranchers who were desperately in need  
They'd ride into the poorest section of a border town  
Evenly distributed to the poorest of the town

The outlaws are commin' (commin', commin')  
Maybe it was wrong to steal, but was it wrong to give?  
They took many chances so a friend in need might live  
One by one they've gone but still there's one alive to tell  
The outlaws never failed to hear it when a friend would yell

The outlaws are commin' (commin', commin')