

Richard Thompson, Borrowed Time

(Richard Thompson)

There's riders in this county
They're taking heads for bounty
Wake up Corinne, they come to ride us down
Sweetness we have tasted
The time to move is wasted
They're riding like a hurricane through this town

We've been too many nights sleeping in a feather bed
You can't close both your eyes with a price on your head
You got to stand and fight for what you believe
You got to face death with your heart on your sleeve
Life is a card-game, you've soon got to leave

Living on borrowed, living on borrowed, living on borrowed time

If you say that you want your freedom
They'll hear you in every kingdom
They'll travel ten thousand miles just to shoot you down
Well the judge he was deluded
And the sheriff he soon colluded
And they swore they'd hang me six feet off the ground

They'll hunt you down 'cos you dare to tell the truth
A man ain't safe these days under his own roof
But you can't live your life under no man's thumb
They'll all pay double for what they've done
Our day's coming but their day's come

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