Babe Ruth, Wells Fargo

Jake ridin' shotgun the whole of his days
Headin' for the Mexican border
Shotgun movin' to the rhythm of his range
Just to help him keep law and order
Sits right back just a-takin' it easy
Drinks a shot a whisky and it makes him mighty wheezy
He coughed hard once
He coughed hard twice
Neglecting keeping watch
Don't mind the sheriff's advice

Ridin'
Shotgun
Runnin' over land
To the Rio Grande
Now

Shots rang down from the rocks up above
And bore Jake to his feet
His pants fell down and actin' like a clown
The bullets had him dancin' to a rock 'n' roll beat
Big Jake did the boogaloo too
Got lucky, he cried like a drunk
His aspirations ain't no ??? for you

And that's the way it is

Ridin'
Shotgun
Runnin' over land
To the Rio Grande
Now

Stage gotten in to the centre of town
And Jake gotta have himself a drink
He got to the bar and what he saw
There was something simple station folk would hate to think
Ella-May was dancin' to the sound of the blues
Her belly must be wobblin' right down to her shoes
It's a-groovin' on the sidewalk, just don't get too near
'Cause you're gonna get knocked over by a belly full o' beer

Ridin'
Shotgun
Runnin' over land
To the Rio Grande
Take the law in hand
To the Rio Grande
Now