

# Billy Bragg & Wilco, The Unwelcome Guest

To the rich man's bright lodges  
I ride in this wind  
On my good horse, I call you  
My shiny black Bess

To the playhouse of fortune  
To take the bright silver  
And gold you have taken  
From somebody else

And as we go riding  
In the damp foggy midnight  
You snort, my good pony  
And you give me your best

For you know and I know  
Good horse 'mongst the rich ones  
How oftimes we go there  
An unwelcome guest

I never took food  
From the widows and orphans  
And never a hardworking man I oppressed

So take your pace easy  
For home soon like lightning  
We soon will be riding  
My shiny black Bess

No fat rich man's pony  
Can ever overtake you  
And there's not a rider  
From the east to the west

Could hold you a light  
In this dark mist and midnight  
When the potbellied thieves  
Chase the unwelcome guest

I don't know, good horse  
As we trot in this dark here  
That robbing the rich  
Is for worse or for best

They take it by stealing  
And lying and gambling  
And I take it my way  
My shiny Black Bess

I treat horses good  
And I'm friendly to strangers  
I ride and your running  
Makes my guns talk the best

And the rangers and deputies  
Are hired by the rich man  
To catch me and hang me  
My shining black Bess

Yes, they'll catch me napping one day  
And they'll kill me  
And then I'll be gone  
But that won't be my end

For my guns and my saddle  
Will always be filled  
By unwelcome travelers  
And other brave men

And they'll take the money  
And spread it out equal  
Just like the Bible  
And the prophets suggest

But men that go riding  
To help these poor workers  
The rich will cut down  
Like an unwelcome guest