## 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 quest

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