

Eagles, Doolin-Dalton (Reprise II)

They were duelin', Doolin-Dalton.
High or low, it was the same:
Easy money and faithless women,
Red-eye whiskey for the pain.

Go down, Bill Dalton, it must be God's will,
Two brothers lyin' dead in Coffeyville,
Two voices call to you from where they stood.
Lay down your law books now, They're no damn good.

Better keep on movin', Doolin-Dalton,
'Til your shadow sets you free.
If you're fast and if you're lucky,
You will never see that hangin' tree.

Well, the towns lay out across the dusty plains
Like graveyards filled with tombstones, waitin' for the names.
And a man could use his back or use his brains,
But some just went stir crazy, Lord, 'cause nothin' ever changed

'Til Bill Doolin met Bill Dalton.
He was workin' cheap, just bidin' time.
Then he laughed and said, "I'm goin'";
And so he left that peaceful life behind.
Mm...