

Pat Green, The Ballad Of Arkansas Dave Rudebaugh

My daddy was an outlaw
Mom died giving birth to me
They both left me all alone when I was on bended knee
If you don't like my story I suggest you turn the page
I don't need no preachin' I ain't got no soul to save
My name is Arkansas Dave Rudebaugh
And this here's Tennessee Jack
Don't you give us any lip now boy
Or today will be your last
When the bank was dry we said goodbye and walked out to the street
When a cloud of bullets came tumbling down
And took Tennessee to his knees
I just stood there and watched him bleeding
Like a fool out in the rain
Didn't have time to think as I jumped through the banks front window pane
Grabbed the teller in the blink of an eye and put a Colt up to his head
Said careful son don't you try to run or tomorrow you'll wake up dead
Chorus
I've got to fly just like an eagle
Free like a bird on the wind
Hell fire and brimstone are comin' down on me
Mister I was born of sin
Sat down in the corner and I rolled a little home grown
Said if I'm gonna die today I sure as hell ain't goin' alone
So I ran out the bank shootin' I was two for two at first
Then I felt a painful saound as a bullet tore my shirt
Chorus
I've got to fly just like an eagle
Free like a bird on the wind
Hell fire and brimstone are comin' down on me
Mister I was born of sin
I crawled back to the alleyway where I knew my horse was tied
And thats where all the legends say Arkansas Dave Rudebaugh died
But I was in a place so far from there in a time so long ago
In the arms of a pretty little senorita on the Gulf of Mexico
Chorus
I've got to fly just like an eagle
Free like a bird on the wind
Hell fire and brimstone are comin' down on me
Mister I was born of sin