

Livin' In The West

Bellamy Brothers

John Wesley Harding shot a man for snoring,
Killed him in the bed right where he lay,
Took a snort of whisky and went back to his sleepin,
Rode out before they found him the next day,

Now the brothers Frank and Jesse, No-
one could be more fearsome,
They robbed the trains and rode in the outlaw gangs,
The civil war was over but still they fought for Dixie,
And legend has their last name to be James.

Livin in the west must have been the best,
Must have been the greatest time of all.
Me I lived in the east and I was bored to say the least
But I never saw those sons of guns in bar-rooms starting brawls

Little William Bonney, Billy the Kid they called him,
Had to use a six-gun to survive,
He bit the dust at twenty-one but he left a reputation,
A notch for every year he was alive

Now the frontier days are over for William Frank and Jesse,
And a thousand other bad guys of their day,
But they still live on in stories and I hope they live forever,
And to sum it up here is all that I want to say