

Outlaw Pete

Bruce Springsteen

He was born a little baby on the Appalachian Trail
At six months old he'd done three months in jail
Here at the bank in his diapers and his little bare baby feet
All he said was "Folks, my name is Outlaw Pete."

I'm Outlaw Pete!
I'm Outjaw Pete!
Can you hear me?

At twenty-five a mustang pony he did steal
And they rode around and 'round on heaven's wheel
Father Jesus, I'm an outlaw killer and a thief
And I slowed down on Lee and I saw my grief

I'm Outlaw Pete!
I'm Outlaw Pete!
Can you hear me?

They cut his trail of tears across the countryside
And where he went, when he wept and died
One night he woke from a vision of his own death
Saddled his pony and rode her deep into the West
Married a Navajo girl and settled down on the res
And as the smooth ?fairy? he held that beautiful daughter to his chest

I'm Outlaw Pete!
I'm Outlaw Pete!
Can you hear me?
Can you hear me?
Can you hear me?

Out of the East on an Irish stallion came Bounty Hunter Dan
His heart quickened and burned by the need to get his man
He found Pete peacefully fishing by the river, pulled his gun and got the drop
He said, "Pete, you think you've changed, but you have not."
He cocked his pistol, pulled the trigger and shot him ?let it start?
He drew a knife from his boot and pierced him through the heart
Dan smiled as he layed in his own blood dying in the sun
And whispered in Pete's ear, "We cannot undue these things we've done."

You're Outlaw Pete!
You're Outlaw Pete!
Can you hear me?
Can you hear me?
Can you hear me?

For forty days and nights Pete rode and did not stop
Till he sat high upon an icy mountain top
He watched the hawk on a desert ??? slip and slide
Moved to the edge and dug his spurs deep into his bony side

Some say Pete and his pony vanished over the edge
Some say they remain frozen high upon that icy ledge
The young Navajo girl washes in the river, skin so fair
And braids a piece of Pete's buckskin chaps into her hair

Outlaw Pete!
Outlaw Pete!

Can you hear me? (13x)