

## Pt. 2 Sometimes They Do

### Burden of a Day

At last the outlaws dead  
This is the first of our goodbye's  
The bells they toll for me  
My blood or his on this dirty street  
My God my hands don't fail me now  
The devil's tool to do God's will  
The women cry the men are still  
His silhouette up on the hill

Hush baby don't you cry for me  
We men are the last of a dying breed  
An empty flask, a cloud of dust  
A muzzle flash, a crowd now hushed  
BANG BANG he shot me dead  
BANG BANG a bullet through his head  
Oh no I killed my friend  
Gun fight such a bitter end  
Now dead man's hill  
Claims two more soul's tonight

At ten paces BANG BANG he shot me dead  
At ten paces gun fights such a bitter end

Now the city sleep's tonight  
I hear the widow's crying out  
All alone in there beds  
Oh no what have i done  
Oh no what have i done  
Three small simple words to say  
Grown men are taught not to cry  
But cowboy's do have to die  
Just one life to give  
So that we both might live