

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