

The Outlaw

Dan Fogelberg

Among the possessions of an outlaw of a low class kind
Is this little bottle of french perfume
Taken as a last thought from a drug store in suburbia
He said, 'lady, look what I've got for you.'
She said, 'jesse, I don't hardly even know you anymore.
And judging from your grin, you'd think you held up henry ford.
And I don't believe I want you a comin' 'round here anymore. oo
h.'

Jesse, he was hurt, boy, and he left there, and he slammed the
door.
And he wandered through the alleyways.
Thinkin' all the while that she'd be proud of what he stole for
her,
And he tried to think of better ways.
Dreamin' of a movie that he'd seen one afternoon,
He drew out all his savings and he went and bought a gun.
And he ran right home and stood before his mirror
Acting like a thug, ooh.

He waited for a dark night; he was frightened, boy, the fog rol
led in,
As a rich man, he came walkin' by,
'hold your hands up high,' he cried,
'i've come to make your fortune mine.'
But his eyes, they gave him right away,
Jesse dropped the gun and they both stared at to where it lay.
And jesse asked the man if he'd please leave him in his pain.
And the man tried to forgive him, but there's not much he could
say. ooh.

Among the possessions of an outlaw of a low class kind
Is this little bottle of french perfume
Taken as a last thought from a drugstore in suburbia.
He said, 'lady, look what I've got for you.'
'ah, take it, ah, please take it; I'm tired and I'm poor.
And this crappy french perfume is nothin' less than my own soul
'
I was feelin' half a man; I wanted to feel whole, ooh.'
Oooh...ooh,ooh.