

Arkansas Dave

George Strait

He rode up on a winter day
Steam rising off a streak faced bay
Said, you probably know my name
If you don't it's Arkansas Dave

He talked of fifteen years ago
And how he got the bay he rode
Said, he killed a man in Ohio
First man he killed, first horse he stole

It was a long road for Arkansas Dave
He shot and left him where he lay
Said, he'd never forget that winter day
He rode off on a streak faced bay

I stood up and I shook his hand
Told no one that I knew this man
Started thinking of a plan
'Bout how I'd deal him his last hand

Didn't take him long to come unwound
He jumped up and gunned two men down
Ran outside to leave the town
But ol' bay was nowhere to be found

I hid out with my 44
And when he walked back through the door
I shot till I could shoot no more
And Dave Rudabaugh fell to the floor

It was the end of the road for Arkansas Dave
I shot and left him where he lay
I'll never forget that winter day
I rode off on the streak faced bay

No, I'll never forget that winter day
I rode home on daddy's streak faced bay