

## Hangin' Tree

John Waite

Yeah, I rode with the James Gang  
When I was just nineteen  
The price on my head was legend  
Yeah such was my notoriety  
They call me Silver Dollar  
Silver Dollar that was me  
With those good old boys in the Whisky Jar  
Sometimes I'd ride for free  
Silver Dollar that was me  
Me and Jesus and Columbus  
And a good Wells Fargo spy  
Doomed and cold we'd dream alone  
In a rooming house of lies  
And the sermon was a lie  
But Judas wore a Levi coat  
Had hungry mouths to feed  
My spurs and boot heels touched the stars  
And once more I was free  
My spurs and boot heels touched the stars  
And once more I was free  
Yeah I rode with the James Gang  
When I was just nineteen  
Navy coats and compass ponies  
Took me straight to the hanging tree  
Once more I was free Once more I was free