

Angel And The Badman

Johnny Cash

There was a man whose deeds were dark as night
And quite by chance he rode into the light
A man, wild as a dust devil with, no place to run
Livin' by his wits and by his gun

He met a girl like none he'd ever known
She cared not for the wild oats he had sown
And, so, he laid his gun down and set his spirit free
Began livin' in respectability

But his old ways of thinkin' wouldn't die
Could not forget the old creed he lived by
And the good and bad and the right and wrong kept fightin' for
his soul
Till his heart and mind both went out of control

But now the old saloon had lost its spell
What once was laughter now was livin' hell
And the hookers, guns and drinkin' in his life were out of place
And in his mind he saw an Angel's face

So, he burned all his bridges in a day
And the Devil deeds were done and laid away
And he rode out a better man than when he first rode in
And the Angel got the Badman in the end