

Bandits

Josh Ritter

All those kisses that we stole
They're all cast in fire and gold
In a gold no one can weigh
We made out like bandits, babe

And all those Bonnies, all those Clydes
They're amateurs to you and I
And coming home's a prison break
And we made out like bandits, babe

And all that love, all those mistakes
What else can a poor man make?
And do you wonder if there was
Any rich folks rich as us

They say those two won't get far
In the backseat of a car
But we pulled off the interstate
And made out like bandits, babe

And we pulled off the interstate
And made out like bandits, babe