

## Butch Cassidy

### My Morning Jacket

Butch Cassidy, I could've been your friend  
And rode with you, and the sun dance kid  
We'd laugh awhile and we'd smile a bit  
'Cause crimes like ours aren't counterfeit

They say, you never even killed a man  
Till it came right down to your final stand

Bullets flyin' and the wounded cryin'  
And your buddy, he's goin' down  
Get lower and the feelin's show  
And you gave off the final sound

'Cause a soldiers death is so much better  
Than defeat just hangin' around  
Defeat just hangin' around  
Defeat just hangin' around  
Defeat just hangin' around

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