

# The Ballad Of Arkansas Dave Rudebaugh

Pat Green

My daddy was an outlaw  
Mom died giving birth to me  
They both left me all alone when I was on bended knee  
If you don't like my story I suggest you turn the page  
I don't need no preachin' I ain't got no soul to save

My name is Arkansas Dave Rudebaugh  
And this here's Tennessee Jack  
Don't you give us any lip now boy  
Or today will be your last  
When the bank was dry we said goodbye and walked out to the street  
When a cloud of bullets came tumbling down  
And took Tennessee to his knees

I just stood there and watched him bleeding  
Like a fool out in the rain  
Didn't have time to think as I jumped through the banks front window pane  
Grabbed the teller in the blink of an eye and put a Colt up to his head  
Said careful son don't you try to run or tomorrow you'll wake up dead

I've got to fly just like an eagle  
Free like a bird on the wind  
Hell fire and brimstone are comin' down on me  
Mister I was born of sin

Sat down in the corner and I rolled a little home grown  
Said if I'm gonna die today I sure as hell ain't goin' alone  
So I ran out the bank shootin' I was two for two at first  
Then I felt a painful sound as a bullet tore my shirt

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Free like a bird on the wind  
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I crawled back to the alleyway where I knew my horse was tied  
And that's where all the legends say Arkansas Dave Rudebaugh died  
But I was in a place so far from there in a time so long ago  
In the arms of a pretty little senorita on the Gulf of Mexico

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