

Dust Of The Chase

Ray Wylie Hubbard

I come down from Oklahoma with a pistol in my boot
A pair of dice, a deck of cards and a bible in my suit
I come her as the cause of tears, I am a crying shame
Seven stud or eternal blood, just looking for a game

I double crossed the State of Texas and they give me a little time
I taught myself to doublecut the cards and hold scriptures in my mind
I learned to love the tumblin dice and to believe the word
Tombstones or rolling bones, beats anything I ever heard.

Patience is a virtue that I don't possess
And I can't deny that heaven lies beneath a cotton dress
How small a part of time we share 'till we hear the sound of wings
I'm lost in the dust of the chase that my life brings.

I have walked through God's green pastures and seen the rich blue skies
I have seen the fall of man and the kingdom hidden from his eyes
I have heard the roar of thunder and felt the lightening bolt
And when I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I take along
Samuel Colt

Every night I kiss the cards and hold them to my breast
And when I see the king of hearts I know that I am blessed
And though my eyes are blind sometimes, I know there's something there
And when the times at hand and I kill a man, I say a little prayer.

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