

Wildwood Boys

Ry Cooder

This here was our situation
We was just young wildwood boys
New as the birth of the nation
The kind that the Army employs
Night riding Rebs from Missouri
Fought for the Grey and Quantrell
Caught up by the battle and the fury
Back when just living was hell

After the battle was over
And after the Union had won
It was quitting that made us the loser
So we kept doing just what we'd done
Riding as comrads together
We looted the trains and the banks
Removing that carpetbag money
And sticking it hard to the Yanks

Death always follows behind you
When you ride down that old outlaw trail
Someday a bullet will find you
Or you'll rot like a corpse in some jail
Turning your back to the danger
Is a wager no man can afford
'Cause gold turns a friend to a stranger
Like old Judas turned on our Lord

Men are revered and remembered
While they lay in that coffin and rot
Some live in the legends of history
Most are forever forgot
The victory it goes to the strongest
And only the strong will survive
Survival is living the longest
But nobody gets out alive

The questions don't never get answered
And the rights, they're remembered all wrong
The facts, they can get plenty confusing
So someday if you happen to be singing this song
Remember it's just for the record
You can't change the handwork of fate
And tell 'em I lived for the moment
And I died when I tried to go straight