

# 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