

Dust On My Saddle

Seals & Crofts

Chorus: Dust on my saddle, mud on my boots.
A coupla empty saddle bags except for two old suits.
I'm tired and I'm hungry, worried as can be.
Last night I saw a poster and they're still after me.
They claim we were in Clinton last year in the month of
June.
They said on the night of the 17th in Katy's old
saloon.
A man was shot in cold blood in a friendly poker game.
I don't know how it happened but somehow I got the
blame.
Repeat chorus.

Well I've worked up in the gold mines and I've logged
up in the hills.
Come Spring I'd drive the herds up, come Fall I'd work
the mills.
Well I've done most ev'ry kind of work from letter A to
Z.
I guess I'll be a-ridin' now the past is chasing me.
Repeat chorus.

Six years now since that fateful day my ridin' days
have ceased.
I'm hidin' out in Kansas now, they think I am a priest.
I'm carryin' a Bible instead of a .45.
Rememberin' that poster sayin' "Dead or Alive."
Repeat chorus.

The Sunday sermon's over, I look out towards the bar.
Several men are comin', one has on a star.
Well I guess this time they caught me, runnin' ain't no
use.
This robe will never stop them, they think they know
the truth.

But now the star is speaking, he says that I am free.
These years I spent a-runnin', they didn't have to be.
Well they caught their man six years ago right after I
left town.
My ridin' days are over now and I can settle down.
Repeat chorus.

Dust on my saddle, mud on my boots.
A coupla empty saddle bags except for two old suits.
I'm tired and I'm hungry, lonely as can be.
I'm bound for Carolina, and my family!