

Three Days Out Of Omaha

Sonny James

I rode all the way from California right bewteen my ma and pa
When the rifles started firing we were three days out of Omaha
Three days out of Omaha
I was raised by an Indian warrior way out on some Kansas plain
I guess that's why they call me red skin cause no one ever knew
my name
No one ever knew my name
When I die don't you weep for me for I've been in trouble with
the law
And if you're lookin' for a place to bury me take me three days
out of Omaha
People often stop and wonder they ask me bout my ma and pa
The only thing I know to tell them they're somewhere three days
out of Omaha
Three days out of Omaha
When I die don't you weep for me...