

Here lies the dead outlaws who lived
One of the gang made a deal with Pinkerton Jesse
Told Frank I'm goin' out with a bang shot in the back
As soon as he turned his head
The Midwest wranglers of eighteen seventy-six
Show down in front of saloons with Billy the kid

We gotta go rob a train and we're takin' down all the bank
Will have money tonight sit by the fire tellin'
Whiskey fibs sippin' off a still in Warstoryville
Flip the coin will ya live or will ya kill?

Sippin' off a still in Warstoryville
The glory in the stories of the west
50 men died last night in a bar room brawl
A bordello wench got drunk and caused it
All the Indians had their way, war paint on their face
A cowboy crawled and put the chief away