

## Black Bart

Volbeat

A man appeared before Wells Fargo  
Wells Fargo's stage driver man  
wearing a long white linen  
and a dust flour sack over his head

Pointed a double barreled shotgun  
at the driver and forced him to halt  
please throw down your box sir  
and madame please O don't need your money or pearls

They call him Black Bart P08  
the highway bandit po8try man  
leaving his poem disappeared  
like a ghost on his own all on his own  
the road he owns

Rise Black Bart rise I'm calling  
calling your spirit out  
dust off your hat and hatchet  
there are boxes out there with your name and mark

The road has been cold and lonely  
the road has been out of good tales  
let's shake up some dust  
we'll be opening the box like before just like before  
and leave a poem

For honor and for riches  
I've labored long and hard for the bread  
but on my corns too long you tread  
you fine haired sons of bitches