

Hanging Tree

John Waite

Yeah, I rode with the James Gang
When I was just nineteen
The price on my head was legend
Yeah such was my notoriety
They call me Silver Dollar
Silver Dollar that was me
With those good old boys in the Whisky Jar
Sometimes I'd ride for free
Silver Dollar that was me
Me and Jesus and Columbus
And a good Wells Fargo spy
Doomed and cold we'd dream alone
In a rooming house of lies
And the sermon was a lie
But Judas wore a Levi coat
Had hungry mouths to feed
My spurs and boot heels touched the stars
And once more I was free
My spurs and boot heels touched the stars
And once more I was free
Yeah I rode with the James Gang
When I was just nineteen
Navy coats and compass ponies
Took me straight to the hanging tree
Once more I was free Once more I was free