

## Bandits

Josh Ritter

All those kisses that we stole  
They're all cast in fire and gold  
In a gold no one can weigh  
We made out like bandits, babe

And all those Bonnies, all those Clydes  
They're amateurs to you and I  
And coming home's a prison break  
And we made out like bandits, babe

And all that love, all those mistakes  
What else can a poor man make?  
And do you wonder if there was  
Any rich folks rich as us

They say those two won't get far  
In the backseat of a car  
But we pulled off the interstate  
And made out like bandits, babe

And we pulled off the interstate  
And made out like bandits, babe