

## **Ben Nichols**

### **"Tobin"**

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I done some preachin' back in Texas before the war  
Now I hunt heathens 'cause it pays better than the Lord  
I ride with Demons, The Devil at my side  
Be it us or the heathens, we must all pay a heavy price

I've seen  
The hoof prints cloven in the stone  
Now tell me what kind of devil  
Trode there long ago  
With a sack of sinners souls

There must be a place  
Where this world and grace  
Are made to meet

Judge Holden is the Devil and his Hell this Mexico  
If Apache don't kill us, Judge Holden will for sure  
Holden's more preacher than I ever was before  
He preaches of reason, he preaches of war

I've seen  
The hoof prints cloven in the stone  
Now tell me what kind of devil  
Trode there long ago  
With a sack of sinners souls

There must be a place  
Where this world and grace  
Are made to meet

He says this life's a game  
Let's play for larger stakes  
Well wait and see

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