

Boland Jason

"Devil Pays in Gold"

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Gus checked his pocket-watch it was a quarter past
nine
He caught a train to Baton Rouge and bought a copy of
the times.
Pulled out a faded picture of a woman with coal black
hair
She had gone out east and he prayed he'd find her
there.

She met a gambler who said hailed from New Orleans
Gus knew he fancied her but she wanted him too it
seemed
He followed the trail of broken stories till he heard that
she left town,
She was packed and gone by the time he turned
around

He talked to the man a while that had tore the ticket
stubs
If he finds that son of a bitch he was gonna spill that
Cajun blood
There would not be a mojo man who would save him
from that day
He had crossed the line and there was hell to pay

Well the 10 o'clock from San Antone it departed right
on time
He lit up a cigarette as the tracks began to whine
The Texas heat had felt like hell without his woman
there
The Spanish maiden with the coal black hair

Chorus:
You're gonna live and die by the blade and you'll reap
what you sow
Cause life the things that happens on our way to
growing old
If the truth was known to woman she could steal her
lover's soul
She knows that the devil pays in gold.

The pulled into the station and he packed his cap and

ball

He went to check the hotels if he needed to check them
all

He knew all he had to do was to find a game of cards
He could drop the ace of spades on the queen of
hearts

He found the downstairs card room where the high
rollers stayed

One chair stood empty from the last table left to play
He pulled a stool up to the bar but he could not see a
thing

Till a loud mouth Yankee bet his lady's ring

Pulled a pistol on the desk clerk cause he would not
take a bribe and then he shouted

Give me their number and you might walk out alive
The next thing from the clerk's lips was the number
forty-four

And he pointed upstairs and he ran on out the door

He found the room and was ready to go inside

He put a boot to the door and it flew open wide

The gambler he reached for his gun but he would not
get a shot

Gus had his aim and he let that hammer drop

Chorus

The gambler lay before him he was sprawled across
that chair

But where was his maiden with the coal black hair
He didn't know she stood behind him, she had gone for
wine and bread

He hit the floor when her bullet struck his head.

Chorus

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