

## Hank Williams Jr. "Outlaw's Reward"

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I've always been labeled, As a rip roarin Hell Raisin kind  
But you know here lately, I got other things on my mind  
Like livin and dyin, and where I'll spend eternity  
What kind of reward Jesus, Have you got out on me

Down here on earth, There's a big price on my head  
But I've got all my friends and my loved ones who'll cry  
when I'm dead  
And someday we'll all sing along, From the other side  
Cause I've heard that everyone's wanted,  
Behind your heavenly gates in the sky

Chorus

What kind of reward Jesus, Have you got on me  
I wonder how the words on my big, Wanted poster do  
read  
And oh how I'd love to be taken, into your custody  
What kind of reward Jesus, Have you got on me

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