

## Jason Boland

### "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:

YouÃ, 're gonna live and die by the blade and youÃ, '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  
loverÃ, '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 ladyÃ, '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 clerkÃ, '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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