

John Waite

"Hanging Tree"

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Lyrics Hanging Tree:

Yeah, I rode with the James Gang

When i was just nineteen

The price on my head was legend

Yeah such was my notoriety

They call me Silver Dollar

Silver Dollar that was me

With those good old boys in the Whisky Jar

Sometimes I'd ride for free

Silver Dollar that was me

Me and Jesus and Columbus

And a good Wells Fargo spy

Doomed and cold we'd dream alone

In a rooming house of lies

And the sermon was a lie

But Judas wore a Levi coat

had hungry mouths to feed

My spurs and boot heels touched the stars

And once more I was free

My spurs and boot heels touched the stars

And once more I was free

Yeah I rode with the James Gang

When I was just nineteen

Navy coats and compass ponies

Took me straight to the hanging tree

Once more I was free Once more I was free

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