

Dan Fogelberg "The Outlaw"

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Among the possessions of an outlaw of a low class kind
Is this little bottle of french perfume
Taken as a last thought from a drug store in suburbia
He said, 'lady, look what I've got for you.'
She said, 'jesse, I don't hardly even know you anymore.
And judging from your grin, you'd think you held up
henry ford.
And I don't believe I want you a comin' 'round here
anymore. ooh.'

Jesse, he was hurt, boy, and he left there, and he
slammed the door.
And he wandered through the alleyways.
Thinkin' all the while that she'd be proud of what he
stole for her,
And he tried to think of better ways.
Dreamin' of a movie that he'd seen one afternoon,
He drew out all his savings and he went and bought a
gun.
And he ran right home and stood before his mirror
Acting like a thug, ooh.

He waited for a dark night; he was frightened, boy, the
fog rolled in,
As a rich man, he came walkin' by,
'hold your hands up high,' he cried,
'i've come to make your fortune mine.'
But his eyes, they gave him right away,
Jesse dropped the gun and they both stared at to
where it lay.
And jesse asked the man if he'd please leave him in his
pain.
And the man tried to forgive him, but there's not much
he could say. ooh.

Among the possessions of an outlaw of a low class kind
Is this little bottle of french perfume
Taken as a last thought from a drugstore in suburbia.
He said, 'lady, look what I've got for you.'
'ah, take it, ah, please take it; I'm tired and I'm poor.
And this crappy french perfume is nothin' less than my
own soul.

I was feelin' half a man; I wanted to feel whole, ooh.'
Ooh...ooh,ooh.

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