

## David Olney "Dillinger"

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Driving across the Illinois plain  
Hard times in '33  
John's got a bottle and he's feeling no pain  
Just the usual low down misery  
Hey John don't you think it's a crying shame  
A man lose a farm and he ain't to blame  
"They're suckers," says John Dillinger

It's another bleak November day  
Can't decide to rain or snow  
The money's in the bags and they're getting away  
Heading north to Chicago  
Big gray buildings, little gray men  
Have a little fun then we'll do it again  
"All right," says John Dillinger

Luther's bleeding from a hole in his side

I don't believe he'll make it through  
Ruby cradles his head and she starts to cry  
Oh God, what can I do?  
I've always been a gangster's girl  
Don't die and leave me alone in the world  
"Shut up," says John Dillinger

Across his lap a sub-machine  
Under his arm a .38  
He's feeling alive, he's feeling mean  
His yellow eyes are filled with hate  
The papers say he's a Robin Hood  
Mistreated and misunderstood  
"Fuck'em," says John Dillinger

"All right," says John Dillinger

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