

Merle Haggard "The Legend of Bonnie and Clyde"

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Bonnie was a waitress in a small cafe
Clyde Barrow was the rounder that took her away
They both robbed and killed until both of them died
So goes the legend of Bonnie and Clyde

The poems that she wrote of the life that they led
Told of the lawmen left dying or dead
Some say that Clyde made her life a shame
But the legend made Bonnie the head of the game

The rampage grew wilder with each passing day
The odds growing smaller with each get-a-way
With the end growing closer, the harder they fought
With blood on their hands they were bound to get caught

They drove back from town on one bright summer day
When a man they befriended stepped out in the way
With no thought of dyin' they pulled to the side
But death lay there waiting for Bonnie and Clyde

Two years or runnin' was ended that day
For robbin' and killin' they both had to pay
But we'll always remember how they lived and died
So goes the legend of Bonnie and Clyde

Bonnie and Clyde, Bonnie and Clyde

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