

Hubbard Ray Wylie "Dust of the Chase"

Visit "[Dust of the Chase](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I come down from Oklahoma with a pistol in my boot
A pair of dice, a deck of cards and a bible in my suit
I come her as the cause of tears, I am a crying shame
Seven stud or eternal blood, just looking for a game

I double crossed the State of Texas and they give me a
little time
I taught myself to doublecut the cards and hold
scriptures in my mind
I learned to love the tumblin dice and to believe the
word
Tombstones or rolling bones, beats anything I ever
heard.

Patience is a virtue that I don't possess
And I can't deny that heaven lies beneath a cotton
dress
How small a part of time we share 'till we hear the
sound of wings
I'm lost in the dust of the chase that my life brings.

I have walked through God's green pastures and seen
the rich blue skies
I have seen the fall of man and the kingdom hidden
from his eyes
I have heard the roar of thunder and felt the lightening
bolt
And when I walk through the valley of the shadow of
death I take along
Samuel Colt

Every night I kiss the cards and hold them to my breast
And when I see the king of hearts I know that I am
blessed
And though my eyes are blind sometimes, I know
there's something there
And when the times at hand and I kill a man, I say a
little prayer.

I come down from Oklahoma with a pistol in my boot
A pair of dice, a deck of cards and a bible in my suit
How small a part of time we share 'till we hear the

sound of wings
I'm lost in the dust of the chase that my life brings.

How small a part of time we share 'till we hear the
sound of wings
Lost in the dust of the chase that my life brings.

Visit [Hubbard Ray Wylie](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.