

## Pat Boone

# "The Ballad Of Arkansas Dave Rudebaugh"

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My daddy was an outlaw, mom died giving birth to me,  
they both let me all alone when I was on bended knee,  
if you don't like my story I suggest you turn the page. I  
don't need no preachin', I ain't got no soul to save.

My name is Arkansas Dave Rudebaugh and this here is  
Tennessee Jack, don't you give us any lip now boy or  
today will be your last, when the bank was dry we said  
good-bye, walked out to the street. where a cloud of  
bullets came a thundering down and took Tennessee to  
his knees.

I just stood there and watched him bleeding like a fool  
out in the rain, didn't have time to think when I jumped  
through the banks front window pane, well I grabbed  
the teller in a blink of an eye, put a colt up to his head,  
said careful son don't try to run or tomorrow you'll  
wake up dead.

Chorus

Yeah and me I've got to fly like an eagle, free like a  
bird upon the wind.  
Hell fire and brimstone well they're coming down on  
me.  
Mister I was born of sin.

Well sat down in the corner and rolled a little home  
grown. Said if I'm gonna die today I sure as hell ain't  
goin' alone. As I ran out the bank a shooting I was two  
for two at first, until I felt a painful sound as a bullet  
tore my shirt.

Chorus

I crawled back to the alley way where I knew my horse  
was tied, and that's where all the legends say that  
Arkansas Dave Rudebaugh died, but I was in a place so  
far from there in a time so long ago, in the arms of a  
pretty little senorita on the Gulf of Mexico.

## Chorus

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