

Pat Green

"The Ballard Of Arkansas Dave Rudebaugh"

Visit "[The Ballard Of Arkansas Dave Rudebaugh](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 theyre 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

Visit [Pat Green](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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