

Alison Krauss

"Wild Bill Jones"

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As I went now for to take a little walk,
I came upon that Wild Bill Jones
He was a 'walkin' and a 'talkin' by my true lover's side
And I bid him to leave her alone

He said my age is 21, too old to be controlled
I pulled my revolver from my side,
And I destroyed that poor boy's soul

He reeled and he staggered and he fell to the ground
And then he gave one dying moan
He wrapped his arms around my little girl's neck,
Sayin' "Honey won't ya take me
home?"

So put them handcuffs on me boys,
And lead me to that freight-car gate
I have no friends or relations there,
No one for to go my bail

So pass around that ole long-neck bottle
And we'll all go on a spree
Today saw the last of Wild Bill Jones,
And tomorrow'll be the last of me.

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