

## **Ray Wylie Hubbard**

### **"Dust Of The Chase"**

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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 heavan 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.

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