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Seals And Crofts "Dust on My Saddle"

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Dust on my saddle, mud on my boots A coupla empty saddle bags except for two old suits I'm tired and I'm hungry worried as can be Last night I saw a poster and they're still after me

They claim we were in Clinton last year in the month of June

They said on the night of the seventeen in Katy's old saloon

A man was shot in cold blood in a friendly poker game I don't know how it happened but somehow I got the blame

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Well I've worked up in the gold mines and I've logged up in the hills

Come spring I'd drive the herds up, come fall I'd work the mills

Well I've done most ev'ry kind of work from letter A to Z I guess I'll be a ridin' now the past is chasing me

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Six years now since that fateful day my ridin' days have ceased

Well, I'm hidin' out in Kansas now, they think I am a priest

I'm carryin' a Bible instead of a forty five Rememberin' that poster sayin', "Dead or Alive"

The Sunday sermon's over, I look out towards the bar Several men are comin' one has on a star Well I guess this time they caught me, runnin' ain't no use

This robe will never stop them, they think they know the

truth

But now the star is speaking he says that I am free These years I spent a-runnin' they didn't have to be Well they caught their man six years ago right after I left town My ridin' days are over now and I can settle down

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Dust on my saddle, mud on my boots A coupla empty saddle bags except for two old suits I'm tired and I'm hungry lonely as can be I'm bound for Carolina and my family

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