

Sonny Tackett

"Pale Rider"

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VS1 Pale rider comin' into town
He rides a dappled grey stallion,
With a spotted crown.
He's bringin' hell to some poor lost soul,
I sure hope it ain't nobody I know...

Vs2 Pale rider comin' into town,
He wears his gun tied low,
And his Stetson pulled down.
Dust on his boots from a thousand places,
Saddlebags full of empty faces...

Chorus He used to be somebody's lovin' man,
He used to farm the land,
Take a bible in his hand...
Then something happened,
Somewhere down the line,
And now the Pale Rider rides...
Ride on... ride on...

Vs3 Pale Rider comin' through them swingin'doors,
Two shots heard two men on the floor,
He counts his money as he walks away,
Kicks some dirt in an open grave...

Chorus He used to be somebodys lovin' man,
He used to farm the land,
Take a bible in his hand,
Then something happened,
Somewhere down the line,
And now the Pale Rider rides...
Ride on... ride on...

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