

Sonny James

"Three Days Out Of Omaha"

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I rode all the way from California right bewteen my ma
and pa
When the rifles started firing we were three days out of
Omaha
Three days out of Omaha
I was raised by an Indian warrior way out on some
Kansas plain
I guess that's why they call me red skin cause no one
ever knew my name
No one ever knew my name
When I die don't you weep for me for I've been in
trouble with the law
And if you're lookin' for a place to bury me take me
three days out of Omaha
People often stop and wonder they ask me bout my ma
and pa
The only thing I know to tell them they're somewhere
three days out of Omaha
Three days out of Omaha
[banjo]
When I die don't you weep for me...

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