

steve tislton
"slips jigs and reels"

Visit "[slips jigs and reels](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

He was barely a man in his grandfather's coat
Sewn into the lining, a ten-shilling note
Goodbye to the family, goodbye to the shore
Till I taste good fortune, you'll see me no more

The boat on the ocean tossed like a cork
Then one fine morning they sighted New York
And he stood on the gangplank and breathed in the air
"Hello land of plenty, I've come for my share"

{Refrain}

And he did like the ladies, the rise and the fall
Of their ankles and dresses, down on the dance floor
And rolling the dice and spinning the wheels
But he took most delight in the slip jigs and reels

There's talk a pistol and some say a knife
But all are agreed there was somebody's wife
Some kind of commotion, a terrible fight
He left a man dead and ran into the night

A train to St. Louis, just one jump ahead
He slept one eye open, a six-gun in bed
And he dreamt of the mountains and green fields of home
While crossing the plains where the buffalo roam

{Refrain}

Oh, bad reputation's a hard thing to bear
Mothers pour scorn and young children they stare
But he found consolation in flash company
Your life ain't so bad with a girl on your knee

Oh, they called him the Kid, and by twenty-one
All that he knew was the power of the gun
And by twenty-three, he'd shot five men down

Who got in his way as he rambled around

{Refrain}

There's bones in the desert and buzzards that fly
In the highest of circles, just wishing he'd die
But in matters of cruelty, it must be said
A landlord will pick your bones before you're dead

It was wild mescaleros, I heard people say
In the deadliest ambush near old Santa Fe
And a young buck was taken dressed in a coat
And inside the lining, a ten-shilling note

{Refrain twice}

In the slip jigs and reels

Visit [steve tislton](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.