

Men They Could't Hang, The "Bounty Hunter"

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I stand as a witness to a jury and judge
And for all my sins I will answer
My name you'll know my trade you'll see
I am the Bounty Hunter
I as no friendship, I seek no badge
I always travel alone
I take no partners, lose no friends
I keep my Christian name unknown
My weapons are guns and cunning and speed
My prize is the colour of green
And if my service is easily bought
My faith has never been
Dead or alive I carry them in
The cowardly and the silent
For seeking bounty belonging to you
The rope delivers a judgement
My weapons are guns and cunning and speed
My prize is the colour of green
And if my service is easily bought
My faith has never been

Spirit breaking, widow making Bounty hunter
Mine is the chase and the luck of the draw
Yours is the iron hand of the state
Yours is the book, the bell and the rope
Mine is the Gamblers fate
Debt-collecting sin-inspecting bounty hunter
Never failing devil trailing bounty hunter
I stand as a witness to a jury and judge
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