

# Doolin Dalton

## Eagles

They were duelin', doolin-dalton  
High or low, it was the same  
Easy money, and faithless women  
Red-eye whiskey for the pain  
Go down, bill dalton, it must be god's will  
Two brothers lyin' dead in coffeyville  
Two voices call to you from where they stood  
Lay down your lay books now,  
They're no damn good.  
Better keep on movin', doolin-dalton  
'til your shadow sets you free  
If you're fast, and if you're lucky  
You will never see that hangin' tree

Well, the towns lay out across the dusty plains  
Like graveyards filled with tombstones, waitin' for the names  
And a man could use his back, or use his brains  
But some just went stir crazy, lord, 'cause nothin' ever changed  
'til Bill Doolin met Bill Dalton  
He was workin' cheap, just bidin' time  
Then he laughed and said, 'i'm goin','  
And so he left that peaceful life behind  
Mmm...

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Lyrics submitted by Leeanne Hart.

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