

# Bandits

[Josh Ritter](#)

All those kisses that we stole  
They're all cast in fire and gold.  
In a gold no one can weigh,  
We made out like bandits, babe.

And all those Bonnies, all those Clydes,  
They're amateurs to you and I,  
And coming home's a prison break  
We made out like bandits, babe.

And all that love, all those mistakes  
And what else can a poor man make,  
Do you wonder if there was  
Any rich folks rich as us?

And they say those two won't get far  
In the backseat of a car  
But we pulled off the interstate  
And out like bandits babe.

And we pulled off the interstate  
And made out like bandits, babe.

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