

Angel and the Badman

Johnny Cash

There was a man whose deeds were dark as night
And quite by chance he rode into the light
A man, wild as a dust devil with, no place to run
Livin' by his wits and by his gunHe met a girl like none he'd ever known
She cared not for the wild oats he had sewn
And, so, he laid his gun down and set his spirit free
Began livin' in respectabilityBut his old ways of thinkin' wouldn't die
Could not forget the old creed he lived by
And the good and bad and the right and wrong kept fightin' for his soul
Till his heart and mind both went out of controlBut now the old saloon had lost its spell
What once was laughter now was livin' hell
And the hookers, guns and drinkin' in his life were out of place
And in his mind he saw an Angel's face

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