

# 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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