

# One Hour Ahead of the Posse

Burl Ives

One hour ahead of the posse  
the bloodhounds are hot on my trail  
last night I shot my sweetheart  
this morning I broke out of jail my Pinto is tired and hungry  
and I'm feeling weary and warm  
we started ahead of the posse  
and we got to keep going on the sheriff swore he would get me  
he's riding with 20 and 5  
but I'm not afraid of that posse  
they never will get me alive One hour ahead of the posse  
no turning to left or to right  
we must win the race to the river  
or there'll be a hanging tonight one hour ahead of the posse  
no time for remorse or regret  
but somehow her eyes still haunt me  
her laughter is taunting me yet it started the night that we might  
she kissed me and vowed she would care  
I traded the gold in pocket  
to fondle the curls in her hair she lied when she told me she loved me  
she lied with each kiss that she gave  
she lied to the moment I caught her  
and now she lies still in her grave one hour ahead of the posse  
the night is a-coming on fast  
we must win the race to the rio  
and we'll shake that old posse at last we're nearing the end of our journey  
and now I'm inside of my goal  
at last we've beaten the posse  
- gun shot -  
may the Lord have mercy on my soul

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