Pony Express

Duelling Banjos

He came in and sits down at the end of the bar
His old rawhide shirt full of dust
He asked for a glass and he ordered rye whiskey
He talked to himself and he cussed
He left Sacramento early that mornin'
With a sackful of mail for St. Joe
Had to outrun some outlaws outside Carson City
By ridin' where they wouldn't go
He said to me,"Mister, this long ridin's hell
But I guess it's got to be done
Otherwise how would you get all your mail
If the pony express couldn't run?"
I said, "I hear you, mister and you do your job well
But I hear it won't be for long
They'll be sendin' the mail by the wire and the rail
And your pony and you will be gone"
He came in and sits down at the end of the bar
His coveralls covered with dust
He said, "Jesse James had just held up his train"
He talked to himself and he cussed
He pulled out of St. Joe early that morning
With the mail and the union payroll
Had to stop for a rock slide outside Jackson City

And Jesse made off with the gold
He said to me, "Mister, this railroading's hell
But I guess it's got to be done
Otherwise how would you get all you mail
If that old iron horse couldn't run?"
I said, "I hear you mister and you do your job well
But I hear it won't be for long
They'll be sending the mail without you or the rail
'Cause they say man will fly before long"
He came in and sits down at the end of the bar
His face looked all haggard and gray
He ordered a drink and said, "Make it a double
Boys it's sure been a long day"
He pulled out of Denver early that mornin'
He said, "You'll never guess where I've been

A hijacker needed a lift down to Cuba
So your mail will be late getting in"
I said, "I hear you mister and you do your job well
But you know it ain't been that long
They were doing it best with the pony express
Before you and your friends came along"

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