

Black Bart

Volbeat

A man appeared before Wells Fargo
Wells Fargo's stage driver man
Wearing long white linen
And a dust flour sack over his head
Pointed a double barreled shotgun
At the driver and forced him to halt
Please throw down the box sir
And madame please I don't need your money or pearls
They call him Black Bart P08
The highway bandit poetry man
Leaving his poem, disappeared
Like a ghost on his own, all on his own
The road he owns
Rise Black Bart, rise I'm calling
Calling your spirit out
Dust off your hat and hatchet
There are boxes out there with your name and mark
The road has been cold and lonely
The road has been out of good tales
Let's shake up some dust
We'll be opening the box like before, just like before
And leave a poem
For honor and for riches
I've labored long and hard for the bread
But on my corns too long you tread
You fine haired sons of bitches
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