

Tobin

Ben Nichols

I done some preachin' back in Texas before the war
Now I hunt heathens 'cause it pays better than the Lord
I ride with Demons, The Devil at my side
Be it us or the heathens, we must all pay a heavy price I've seen
The hoof prints cloven in the stone
Now tell me what kind of devil
Trode there long ago
With a sack of sinners souls There must be a place
Where this world and grace
Are made to meet Judge Holden is the Devil and his Hell this Mexico
If Apache don't kill us, Judge Holden will for sure
Holden's more preacher than I ever was before
He preaches of reason, he preaches of war I've seen
The hoof prints cloven in the stone
Now tell me what kind of devil
Trode there long ago
With a sack of sinners souls There must be a place
Where this world and grace
Are made to meet He says this life's a game
Let's play for larger stakes
Well wait and see

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