

# Jack Straw

Robert Hunter

We can share the women, we can share the wine  
We can share what we got of yours 'cause we done shared all of mine  
Keep on rollin', just a mile to go  
Keep on rollin' my old buddy, you're movin' much too slow  
I just jumped the watchman, right outside the fence  
Took his rings, four bucks in change, ain't that heaven sent?  
Hurts my ears to listen, Shannon, burns my eyes to see  
Cut down a man in cold blood, Shannon, might as well been me  
We used to play for silver, now we play for life  
And one's for sport one's for blood at the point of a knife  
And now the die is shaken, now the die must fall  
There ain't a winner in the game, he don't go home with all  
Not with all  
Leavin' Texas, fourth day of July

Sun so hot, the clouds so low, the eagles filled the sky  
Catch the Detroit lightnin' out of Sante Fe  
The Great Northern out of Cheyenne, from sea to shining sea  
Gotta go to Tulsa, first train we can ride  
Gotta settle one old score, one small point of pride  
There ain't a place a man can hide, Shannon will keep him from the sun  
Ain't a bed can give us rest now, you keep us on the run  
Jack Straw from Wichita cut his buddy down  
And dug for him a shallow grave and laid his body down  
Half a mile from Tucson, by the morning light  
One man gone and another to go  
My old buddy you're moving much too slow  
We can share the women, we can share the wine

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