

# 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 priceI've seen  
    The hoof prints cloven in the stone  
    Now tell me what kind of devil  
    Trod there long ago  
With a sack of sinners soulsThere must be a place  
    Where this world and grace  
Are made to meetJudge 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 warI've seen  
    The hoof prints cloven in the stone  
    Now tell me what kind of devil  
    Trod there long ago  
With a sack of sinners soulsThere must be a place  
    Where this world and grace  
Are made to meetHe says this life's a game  
    Let's play for larger stakes  
    Well wait and see

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