

The Unwelcome Guest

[Wilco](#)

To the rich man's bright lodges, I ride in this wind
On my good horse, I call you, my shiny Black Bess
To the playhouse of fortune, to take the bright silver
And gold you have taken from somebody else
And as we go riding, in the damp foggy midnight
You snort, my good pony and you give me your best
For you know and I know, good horse 'mongst the rich ones
How oftimes we go there, an unwelcome guest
I never took food from the widows and orphans
And never a hardworking man I oppressed
So take your pace easy, for home soon like lightning
We soon will be riding, my shiny Black Bess
No fat rich man's pony, can ever overtake you
And there's not a rider from the east to the west
Who could hold you a light in this dark mist and midnight
When the potbellied thieves chase the unwelcome guest
I don't know, good horse, as we trot in this dark here
That robbing the rich is for worse or for best
They take it by stealing and lying and gambling
And I take it my way, my shiny Black Bess
I treat horses good and I'm friendly to strangers
I ride and your running makes my guns talk the best
And the rangers and deputies are hired by the rich man
To catch me and hang me, my shining Black Bess
Yes, they'll catch me napping, one day and they'll kill me
And then I'll be gone but that won't be my end
For my guns and my saddle will always be filled
By unwelcome travelers and other brave men
And they'll take the money and spread it out equal
Just like the Bible and the Prophets suggest
But men that go riding, to help these poor workers
The rich will cut down like an unwelcome guest

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>