The Outlaws

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The outlaws are commin' (commin', commin')
A harder ridin' bunch of outlaws no one ever saw
I don't recall the lawman that could match or beat the draw
The rode the west, they fought the best
The never lost a fight
They did their hidin' in the daytime
Ridin' most at night
The outlaws are commin' (commin', commin')
They rode into Yuma on a hot September day
Hit the bank and got the gold and then they rode away
The sheriff tried to stop 'em but he didn't really try
The sheriff thought too much of life
And he didn't wanna die
The outlaws are commin' (commin', commin')
The governor of the territory called the rangers in
The rangers caught the outlaws and the fightin' did begin
For seven hours they fought and there were bodies all around

Not one body of an outlaw lay upon the ground
The outlaws are commin' (commin', commin')
They only took the money that the rich got by their greed
And gave it to the ranchers who were desperately in need
They'd ride into the poorest section of a border town
Evenly distributed to the poorest of the town
The outlaws are commin' (commin', commin')
Maybe it was wrong to steal, but was it wrong to give?
They took many chances so a friend in need might live
One by one they've gone but still there's one alive to tell
The outlaws never failed to hear it when a friend would yell
The outlaws are commin' (commin', commin')

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