# Jack Straw

## Dead Ringers

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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