

# Wild Bill Jones

## The Dirt Daubers

As I went now for to take a little walk,  
I came upon that Wild Bill Jones  
He was a'walkin' and a'talkin' by my true lover's side  
And I bid him to leave her aloneHe said my age is 21, too old to be controlled  
I pulled my revolver from my side,  
And I destroyed that poor boy's soulHe reeled and he staggered and he fell to the ground  
And then he gave one dying moan  
He wrapped his arms around my little girl's neck,  
Sayin' "Honey won't ya take me home?"So put them handcuffs on me boys,  
And lead me to that freight-car gate  
I have no friends or relations there,  
No one for to go my bailSo pass around that ole long-neck bottle  
And we'll all go on a spree...  
Today saw the last of Wild Bill Jones,  
And tomorrow'll be the last of me.

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