Devil Pays In Gold

Jason Boland & The Stragglers

Gus checked his pocket-watch it was a quarter past nine
He caught a train to Baton Rouge and bought a copy of the times.
Pulled out a faded picture of a woman with coal black hair
She had gone out east and he prayed hed find her there.She met a gambler who said hailed from New Orleans
Gus knew he fancied her but she wanted him too it seemed
He followed the trail of broken stories till he heard that she left town,
She was packed and gone by the time he turned aroundHe talked to the man a while that had tore the ticket stubs
If he finds that son of a bitch he was gonna spill that Cajun blood
There would not be a mojo man who would save him from that day
He had crossed the line and there was hell to payWell the 10 oclock from San Antone it departed right on time
He lit up a cigarette as the tracks began to whine
The Texas heat had felt like hell without his woman there
The Spanish maiden with the coal black hairChorus:
Youre gonna live and die by the blade and youll reap what you sow
Cause life the things that happens on our way to growing old
If the truth was known to woman she could steal her lovers soul
She knows that the devil pays in gold.The pulled into the station and he packed his cap and ball
He went to check the hotels if he needed to check them all
He knew all he had to do was to find a game of cards
He could drop the ace of spades on the queen of heartsHe found the downstairs card room where the high rollers stayed
One chair stood empty from the last table left to play
He pulled a stool up to the bar but he could not see a thing
Till a loud mouth Yankee bet his ladys ringPulled a pistol on the desk clerk cause he would not take a bribe and then he shouted
Give me their number and you might walk out alive
The next thing from the clerks lips was the number forty-four
And he pointed upstairs and he ran on out the doorHe found the room and was ready to go inside
He put a boot to the door and it flew open wide
The gambler he reached for his gun but he would not get a shot
Gus had his aim and he let that hammer dropChorusThe gambler lay before him he was sprawled across that chair
But where was his maiden with the coal black hair
He didnt know she stood behind him, she had gone for wine and bread
He hit the floor when her bullet struck his head.Chorus

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