

# Wells Fargo

Babe Ruth

Jake ridin' shotgun the whole of his days  
Headin' for the Mexican border  
Shotgun movin' to the rhythm of his range  
Just to help him keep law and order  
Sits right back just a-takin' it easy  
Drinks a shot a whisky and it makes him mighty wheezy  
He coughed hard once  
He coughed hard twice  
Neglecting keeping watch  
Don't mind the sheriff's advice

Ridin'  
Shotgun  
Runnin' over land  
To the Rio Grande  
Now

Shots rang down from the rocks up above  
And bore Jake to his feet  
His pants fell down and actin' like a clown  
The bullets had him dancin' to a rock 'n' roll beat  
Big Jake did the boogaloo too  
Got lucky, he cried like a drunk  
His operations ain't no ??? for you  
And that's the way it is

Ridin'  
Shotgun  
Runnin' over land  
To the Rio Grande  
Now

Stage gotten in to the centre of town  
And Jake gotta have himself a drink  
He got to the bar and what he saw  
Simple station folk would hate to think  
Ella-May was dancin' to the sound of the blues  
Her belly must be wobblin' right down to her shoes  
It's a-groovin' on the sidewalk, just don't get too near  
'Cause you're gonna get knocked over by a belly full o' beer

Ridin'  
Shotgun  
Runnin' over land  
To the Rio Grande  
Take the law in hand  
To the Rio Grande  
Now