

Well, Clyde O'Riley had so many virtues
He'd have lived much longer with none
I guess the only good thing that ever kept him alive
Were the visions of a man from a son
He worked the fields all day
Till his face turned grey
He never sold no more than ten bucks
But his hand held the gun of a young man's gun
And the old face just smiled and said "Shucks"

You can take my cattle and my sheep man
But when you're talking about my son
Well, mister there's no use in you talking
When you're looking down the nose of my gun

Well, the sheriff said "Riley, you'd better hear me first
Did your son ever tell you no lie?
Well, if he didn't then you know about the bullet in the back
Of a man who didn't even know why
You can't hold back the arm of justice
And a bullet won't stop, won't stop the law
You can shoot down the men behind me
But I cabled twenty more"

No man just lie, he said

You can take my cattle and my sheep man
But when you're talking about my son
Well, mister there's no use in you talking
When you're looking down the nose of my gun

You can take my cattle and my sheep man
But when you're talking about my son
Oh mercy you ain't no judge and jury
And on my land condemn no one

Well, the boy won the fight and shot ten men
Everybody wanted that boys head
From town to town from state to state
How a murders reputation spread
'Cause you can't hold back the arm of justice
And a bullet won't stop, won't stop the law
You can shoot down the men behind me
But I cabled twenty more

You can take my cattle and sheep man
But when you're talking about my son
You ain't no judge and jury
You ain't hanging any more
That's what he said