

One Hour Ahead of the Posse

Burl Ives

One hour ahead of the posse
the bloodhounds are hot on my trail
last night I shot my sweetheart
this morning I broke out of jail
my Pinto is tired and hungry
and I'm feeling weary and warm
we started ahead of the posse
and we got to keep going on
the sherrif aswored he would get me
he's riding with 20 and 5
but I'm not afeared of that posse
they never will get me alive
One hour ahead of the posse
no turning to left or to right
we must win the race to the river
or there'll be a hanging tonight
one hour ahead of the posse
no time for remorse or regret
but somehow her eyes still haunt me
her laughter is taunting me yet
it started the night that we might
she kissed me and vowed she would care
I traded the gold in pocket
to fondle the curls in her hair
she lied when she told me she loved me
she lied with each kiss that she gave
she lied to the moment I caught her
and now she lies still in her grave
on hour ahead of the posse
the night is a-coming on fast
we must win the race to the rio
and well shake that old posse at last
we're nearing the end of our journey
and now I'm inside of my goal
at last we've beaten the posse
- gun shot -
may the Lord have mercy on my soul