

Wild Bunch

Ian Hunter

Dirty old street, dust on the feet of the temperance congregation
Hidden from view, Bobby Thornton's crew are waiting for the Wild Bunch

The hands on the clock nearly fell off in shock
When the wild bunch checked into the bank the teller's hands shook
He's too scared to look at the stain permeating his pants

Wild Bunch, ain't your rank 'n' file bunch, but they can lead you astray
Wild Bunch, slay 'em in the aisles bunch, they kinda like it that way

Out on the road, Thornton's posse in tow
Pike yells "there's nothing but junk!"
There ain't any gold, just washers full of holes
They stitched up the wild bunch

Left tumbleweed land, crossed the Rio Grande, bounty bums following us
Meeting a man, blood all on his hands, beggars can't be choosers

Mapache's a dude with a crude attitude 'bout the Mexican revolution
His arsenal's low, so we gotta go rob a train 'n' get him some

Wild Bunch, what a juvenile bunch, penny dreadfuls gone to their heads
Wild Bunch, goin' outta style bunch, you don't mess with no feds

The passengers wept at the scale of the theft, there was gold, ammunition 'n' guns
But one little crate sealed everybody's fate 'n' put paid to the wild bunch

Angel 'n' Tess met unfortunate deaths, Mapache wasn't too far behind
An' I'm playin' dead underneath a bed, listening to the bullets whine

Wild Bunch, I kinda liked excitement, but enuff is enuff
Wild Bunch, if you're gonna walk a tightrope
Sooner or later you're gonna fall off

Did this ever happen? Was I ever there? Most of the time I was drunk
It's a sobering thought... someone really oughta make a movie called the Wild Bunch

We shall gather by the river
We shall gather by the river
We shall gather by the river
And beat up on the wild bunch

We shall gather by the river
We shall gather by the river
We shall gather by the river