

Doolin-Dalton

Jackson Browne

They were duelin' Doolin-Dalton
High or low it was the same
Easy money an' faithless women
Redeye whiskey for the pain

Go down Bill Dalton it must be God's will
Two brothers lyin' dead in Coffeyville
Two voices call to you from where they stood
Lay down your law books now they're no damn good

Better keep on movin' Doolin-Dalton
'Til your shadow sets you free
An' if you're fast an' if you're lucky
You will never see that hangin' tree

Old towns lay out across the dusty plains
Like graveyards filled with tomb stones waitin' for the names
And a man could hit his back or use his brains
But some just went stir crazy Lord 'cause nothin' ever changed

'Til Bill Doolin met Bill Dalton
He was workin' cheap just bidin' time
An' then he laughed and said I'm going
And so he left that peaceful life behind