

Ride This Train (Part 2)

Johnny Cash

Ride this train to any little trail in the West you may find me
riding alone late at night
My poor old horse don't understand why I ride at night and sleep
in the daytime
Or why we ride in the bushes and hide every time I hear a noise
Well that's all I've done for months now running and hiding
You see my name is John Wesley Hardin no I'm not proud of the name
anymore
They say I've killed forty men they tell a lot of different stories
about me
Of course I guess I'm to blame for a lot of it
I killed the first time when I was fifteen to save my life but
then I had to do it again
Then every bum in the country that was fast with the gun started
lookin' for me
They called me the fastest gun alive and I guess I was fast or
I wouldn't be alive now
I got to where I couldn't walk down a street or in a saloon
Without some trigger-happy cowpoke
Wantin' to prove he could outdraw old John Wesley Hardin
Maybe I got a little bitter and didn't care whether I killed or
not for a while
And I never quite forgot when the authorities in Huntsville prison
Dragged me up in the snow naked and horsewhipped me
Well that's why I'm ridin' at night I want to go where no one has
ever seen me
Where I won't even have to wear a gun
Maybe I'll settle down in a quiet little town somewhere
Even get a job on the right side of the law who knows
Maybe in a new town the people will let me forget