

Rounder

Mandolin Orange

I'm just a lonesome old rounder
Never meant to hurt no one
But some flames are hard to simmer
I wore on my pride on my bad side
And on the other get my hand close by the trigger
Some folks are guided by the weight of their tongues
But we all fall silent at the end of a gun
And now I'm just a lonesome old rounder
With a number for my name and a rope to haunt my dreams
They're going to hang me boys from a tall, tall tree
Those demons there be the death of me
Some folks are guided by some light of the Lord
But me, I was blinded, and I'll never afford
My salvation
I'm just a lonesome old rounder
Darkness grows and then it's gone
And at the end of this lonely road
Those deeds you've done, say you'll never grow old
Some folks are guided by the love they share
But darkness called and left me unaware
And now I'm just a lonesome old rounder
But the few last words and one last meal
They're going to hang me boys come the morning light
When darkness smiles and all is still
All is still