

Stand Up

Pat Travers

With our 45's burning in our hands, we rode for broke throughou
t those mountain lands to stake a claim.
And as the sunlight scorched our bodies brown, we swore to heav
en up and down that they'd learn our names. And our guns someda
y.
We were bound to get our way.

Stand up cowboy, come on stand up.
Stand up cowboy, stand up stand up.

About a fortnight's ride out of Santa Fe, Billy Boy and me we s
houted, "Holiday!" We raised some hell. Yeah we sure did. Well
we stuffed and stoved 'em in Stone Blind. Swept away the pretty
women kind that would never tell. Lies don't get around, when
you're lying six feet down.

Stand up!

I don't believe you just emptied out your gun. Billy Boy first
time I think we gotta' run. Come on Billy man what you done to
me. We're in some trouble boy and now you want to know, can it
be can it be can it be can it be. Oh yeah. Oh yeah. Come on sta
nd up.

Well it was deep in the night, good folks. Cashin' in our chips
. When they caught up with us. Well my buddy turned and he said
out loud he was sorry but he was proud to have been a part of
this. Then he stood and yelled, "You have me boys." I took my s
tand, I made some noise. I lived and I died. By my own choice.