

The Ballad Of Stanley

Randy Rogers Band

Stanley was a drifter back in '53
Never had a bed where he could sleep
Ate his meals from the garbage can
Just walked around without a real plan
Found his way to the Texas line
Traveled into our town at a quarter till nine
Had a few drinks at a roadside bar
And that's where our story really starts

Well it was there in the barlight in a corner booth
Where Stan first met the man that called himself Ruth
Ruth planned to rob a bank, and all Stan had to do
Was drive the getaway car, what did he have to lose
It sounded good to Stan cause he never had
No kind of money or sight that was bad
They take the money, skip town, and run
And live like two kings in the Mexican sun

Tumbleweed blowin in the wind
Carried him somewhere he never should have been
Was it fate or just circumstance
Makes you wonder if he ever had a chance

Well across from the First State Bank the next day at four
From the drivers seat, Stan watched him walk through the door
Whipped out his pistols and waved them all around
Pointed all the scared people down onto the ground
He took the moneybags and maybe just for fun
He shot two men dead and one of their sons
Back outside he ordered Stan to drive
They hit the county line five minutes till five

Tumbleweed blowin in the wind
Carried him somewhere he never should have been
Was it fate or just circumstance
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Feds caught up with them outside Laredo
In an ambush of bullets and a cloud of gunsmoke
Killed an innocent man on that day
Now that poor drifter has a bed where he can lay

Tumbleweed blowin in the wind
Carried him somewhere he never should have been
Was it fate or just circumstance
Makes you wonder if he ever had a chance

I wonder if he ever had a chance
I doubt Stan ever had a chance