

One Hour Ahead of the Posse

Sam Cooke

One hour ahead of the posse
The bloodhounds are hot on my trail
Last night, I shot my sweetheart
This mornin', I broke outta jail

My Pinto's tired and hungry (Run, run, run, run)
And I'm feeling weary and worn (Run, run, run)
We started ahead of the posse (Run, run, run, run)
And we gotta keep goin' on (Run, run, run)

The sheriff, I swore he would get me
He's ridin' with twenty and five
But I'm not afraid of that posse
They never will get me alive

One hour ahead of the posse (Run, run, run, run)
No turnin' to left or to right (Run, run, run)
We must win the race to the river (Run, run, run, run)
Or there'll be a hanging tonight (Run, run, run)

One hour ahead of the posse
No time for remorse or regret
But somehow, her eyes still haunt me
Her laughter is taunting me yet

It started the night that I met her (Run, run, run, run)
She kissed me and vowed she would care (Run, run, run)
I traded the gold in my pocket (Run, run, run, run)
To fondle the curls in her hair (Run, run, run)

She lied when she said that she loved me
She lied with each kiss that she gave
She lied 'til the moment I caught her
And now, she lies still in her grave

One hour ahead of the posse (Run, run, run, run)
The night is a-coming on fast (Run, run, run)
Oh, we must win the race to the Rio (Run, run, run, run)
And we'll shake that posse at last (Run, run, run)

We're nearing the end of our journey
And now, I'm in sight of my goal
At last, we have beaten the posse

May the Lord have mercy on my soul

(May the Lord have mercy on his soul)