

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Killer

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Dobe Bill, he came a-riding from the canyon, in the glow
Of a quiet Sunday morning from the town of Angelo;
Ridin' easy on the pinto that he dearly loved to straddle,
With a six-gun and sombrero that was wider than his saddle
And he's hummin' as he's ridin' of a simple little song
That's a-rumblin' through the cactus as he's gallopin' along:

"Oh, I've rid from San Antony through the mesquite and the sand
I'm a r'arin', flarin' bucko, not afraid to play my hand.
I'm a hootin', shootin'demon and I has my little fun
With my pinto called Apache and Adolphus---that's my gun.

Straight to Santa Fe he drifted, and he mills around the town
Sorta gittin' of his bearin's while he pours his liquor down
But he's watchin'-always watchin'-every hombre in the place,
Like he's mebbe sorta lookin' for some certain hombre's face.

Then one night he saunters careless to the place of "Monte Sam"
And he does a bit of playin' like he doesn't give a damn.
All at once it's still and quiet, like a calm before a blow,
And the crowd is tense and nervous, and the playin's stopped and slow.

At the bar a man is standin', sneerin' as his glances lay,
Like a challenge did he fling'em, darin' 'em to make a play.
"Two-Gun" Blake, the Pecos killer, hated, feared wherever known
Stood and drank his glass of mescal with assurance all his own.

Then the eyes of Blake, the killer, caught the glance of Dobe Bill
And they held each one the other with the steel of looks that kill,
Then the tones of Blake came slowly, with a sneer in every word
Well, you've found me!" But the other gave no sign he saw or heard.

Walkin' calmly toward the speaker, he advanced with steady pace
Then he grinned and, quick as lightnin', slapped him squarely in the
face.

"Shoot, you snake!" he whispwed hoarsely. "Shoot, you lily-livered
cur!"

"Draw! You're always strong for killin'; now I'm here to shoot for her! "

Some there was that claimed they saw it, as the killer tried to draw
But there's no one knows for certain just exactly what they saw;
I'll agree the shootin' started quick as Blake had made his start ---

Then a brace of bullets hit him fair and certain through the heart.

As he fell, his hand was graspin' of the gun he'd got too late
With the notches on it showin' like the vagaries of fate.
And the man who stood there lookin' at the killer as he lay
Murmured: "Nell, I've kept my promise. I have made the scoundrel pay!"

Dobe Bill, he went a-ridin' from the town of Santa Fe
On a quiet Sunday morning, goin' happy on his way,
Ridin' happy on that pinto that he dearly loved to straddle
With his six-gun and sombrero that was wider than his saddle,

And he's hummin' as he's goin' of a simple little song
That's a-boomin' through the cactus as he's gallopin' along:

"Oh, I'm goin' down the valley, through the mesquite and the sand
I'm a r'arin', flarin' bucko, not afraid to play my hand.
I'm a hootin', shootin' demon and I has my little fun
With my bronco called Apache and Adolphus---that's my gun.

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