

**The Cowboy Outlaw**  
**Brian Dewan**

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From: Steve Nicholson

The Cowboy Outlaw  
by Brian Dewan

**G#m**

Gather round my children, and I ll tell a tale of woe

About a famous cowboy outlaw who lived a hundred years ago.

**E** **C#m** **F#**

Today his soul at last is resting peacefully in hell

**G#m** **C#m** **D#m** **G#m**  
Though many years have passed away since through the gallows-trap he fell.

He was sitting propped up in a chair just after he was hanged  
And they photographed his body as a distant churchbell rang.  
A circus man was waiting with fifty dollars in his coat  
And he bought the cowboy outlaw so he could have him in his show.

And very soon he was embalmed and toured from town to town  
People paid to see the outlaw that they d heard so much about  
He stood before them with a pistol against a painted scene  
The greatest cowboy outlaw that the world had ever seen

But in time he was forgotten and no one knew his name  
And when he began to fall apart they took his booth away  
They painted him with varnish and put a crown upon his head  
Come and see the king of Egypt said the sign out front instead

And then one year the circus closed, the tents were packed away  
And he was sold to an amusement park on Massachusetts Bay  
He was sold for next to nothing and they packed him in the van  
They thought they d bought a dummy but they d really bought a man.

He was sprayed a special color to help him look a fright  
And they hung him from a gallows neath an ultra-violet light  
He hung there in a spookhouse for many, many years  
As youthful faces passed him by in tiny railroad cars

Until one fine and fateful day in 1976  
He fell down from the gallows when the hangman s noose unhitched  
His arm broke at the shoulder as he clattered to the floor

And the man who went to fix him was stunned by what he saw

And the teenage boys did holler, and the teenage girls did faint  
When they saw the bone protruding from the varnish and the paint  
A coroner came to serve him and ran a slew of tests  
they found out who he was, in time, and laid his soul to rest

A hundred hears have come and gone since he spoke his final words  
I m not afraid to die and leave behind this rotten world  
So go and pull the lever hangman, now my race on Earth is run  
And he thought his life was ended but it had only just begun

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