

Seals & Crofts - Dust On My Saddle (Mud On My Boots)

tom:

Intro: A

Dust on my saddle, mud on my boots
 A couple of empty saddle bags, except for two old suits
 I'm tired and I'm hungry, worried as can be
 Last night I saw a poster and they're still after me

They claim we were in Clinton, last year in the month of June
 They said on the night of the 17th, in Katy's old saloon
 A man was shot in cold blood, in a friendly poker game
 I don't know how it happened, but somehow I got the blame

Dust on my saddle, mud on my boots
 A couple of empty saddle bags, except for two old suits
 I'm tired and I'm hungry, worried as can be
 Last night I saw a poster and they're still after me

Well, I've worked up in the gold mines and I've logged up in the hills
 Come Spring, I'd drive the herds up, come Fall, I'd work the mills

Well, I've done most every kind of work, from letter A to Z
 I guess I'll be a-riding now, the past is chasing me

Dust on my saddle, mud on my boots
 A couple of empty saddle bags, except for two old suits
 I'm tired and I'm hungry, worried as can be

Last night I saw a poster and they're still after me

Six years now since that fateful day. my riding days have ceased

Well I'm hiding out in Kansas, they think I am a priest
 I'm carrying a Bible instead of a forty-five
 Remembering that poster saying, "Dead or Alive"

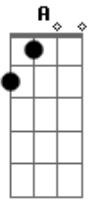
Sunday sermon's over, I look out towards the bar
 Several men are coming, one has on a star
 Well, I guess this time they caught me, running ain't no use
 This robe will never stop them, they think they know the truth

But now the star is speaking, he says that I am free
 These years I spent a-running, they didn't have to be
 Well, they caught their man six years ago, right after I left town
 My riding days are over now and I can settle down

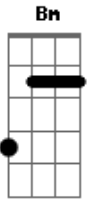
Dust on my saddle, mud on my boots
 A couple of empty saddle bags, except for two old suits
 I'm tired and I'm hungry, worried as can be
 Last night I saw a poster and they're still after me

Dust on my saddle, mud on my boots
 A couple of empty saddle bags, except for two old suits
 I'm tired and I'm hungry, lonely as can be
 I'm bound for Carolina, and my family

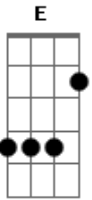
Acordes



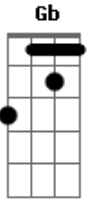
© ukulele-chords.com



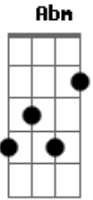
© ukulele-chords.com



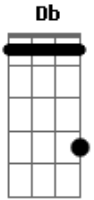
© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com