**Outlaw’s Prayer**

Written by Steve Poynter 6/6/19

I see the dust of riders closing fast, sheriff and his posse found my trail at last

Slip into my boots and holster my gun, this is the life of an outlaw on the run

Gather what I can; toss it in my pack, saddle up ol’ Willie Boy and hop up on his back

Rears up on his hind legs and like a bullet from a gun, he’s quick to a gallop and again, we’re on the run

An outlaw needs a partner who’s there in time of need

Been none better than this loyal steed

Without my trusted friend there’s no telling where I’d be

He deserves so much better than a Hell-bound outlaw like me

Full day of ridin’ haven’t lost ‘em yet; we hideout in the darkness and take some time to rest

Willie Boy is tired, I can see it in his eyes, this is it; it’s the end of the ride

Lord I know I don’t deserve anything of you, I’ve lived an outlaw’s life and broken all your rules

For me I ask nothing, I won’t hear the angels sing, but when comes the time could you please

Give ol’ Willie Boy some wings?

An outlaw needs a partner who’s there in time of need

Been none better than this loyal steed

Without my trusted friend there’s no telling where I’d be

He deserves so much better than a Hell-bound outlaw like me

He deserves so much better than a no good, no count, hell-bound outlaw like me