

Mississippi Goldfish

I woke up early to the San Francisco sun
sleepin's not too easy for a man who's on the run
I've been down every single back-road I can find
tryin' to shake 'em from my tail and buy myself some time

Now they call me the "Mississippi Goldfish" by trade
I've robbed every steamship off the shore
give me a challenge and I'll meet it in spades
but right now just show me out the back door

My first hideout was a burnt-out silver mine
I met a dame down there, her name was Caroline
It seems that she was also running from the law
Hot damn she shot down every lawman that she saw
now on her horse named "Buccaneer" we rode out to the west
she pistol whipped some old sheriff on the way
I said "My darlin' Caroline your aim is just the best
Maybe we'll shoot the breeze again some day"

So many stories 'round the campfire I could tell
maybe I'll write a book to take with me to hell
but I can't write now with this bounty on my head
if I'm not careful I'll end up in a flower - bed

Now they call me the "Mississippi Goldfish" by name
I've robbed every steamboat off the pier
tell me a story and I'll put it to shame
just don't ever tell the sheriff I was here