Red-Headed Stranger

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The red-headed stranger from Blue Rock, Wyoming
Rode into town one day;
Under his knees was a raging black stallion
And walking behind was a bay.
The red-headed stranger had eyes like thunder
Lips that was pale and tight;
His little lost love lay asleep on a hillside
And his heart was heavy this night.

cho: Don't boss him, don't cross him, he's wild in his sorrow,
Riding, hiding his pain;
Don't spite him, don't fight him, just wait till tomorrow
And maybe he'll ride on again.

A yellow-haired lady looked out of her window,
Smiled as they came her way.
She drew back in fear at the sight of the stallion
But cast greedy eyes on the bay;
How could she know that the dancing bay pony
Meant more to him than life?
For this was the song that his little lost darling
Had ridden when she was his wife.

The yellow-haired lady came into the barroom,
Looked up the stranger there;
He bought her a drink, gave her some money
He just didn't seem to care.
She followed him out when he saddled the stallion,
Laughed as she grabbed for the bay;
He shot her so quick they had no time to warn her,
She didn't hear nobody say:

The yellow-haired lady was buried at sunset
The stranger went free, of course,
'Cause you can't hang a man for killing a woman
Whose trying to steal your horse.
Now this is the tale of the red-headed stranger
And if he should come your way,
Stay out of the path of the raging black stallion
And don't lay a hand on the bay.

Recorded by Willie Nelson

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