

## YOUNG WESLEY

THERE ONCE WAS A GAMBLER AND WESLEY WAS HIS NAME  
HE'D DRIVE MANY TIMES FOR A CHANCE TO PLAY HIS GAME  
AND THE LIGHT LINES SURROUND HIS EYES, THEY SAY  
LIKE THE EYES SEE HE COME ON HIS WAY

THEY TELL OF A LADY WHO CAME THROUGH TO REST AWHILE  
WEARY OF THE ROUNDERS AS SHE WALKS MANY MILES  
ON THAT HOT DUSTY DAY AS SHE WATCHED HIM AT HIS PLAY  
SHE THOUGHT SHE HEARD SOMETHING FAR INSIDE HER SAY

OH YOUNG WESLEY, TAKE ME AWAY WAY ...

SHE COULD TELL HE WAS AN OUTLAW AS SHE FELL IN WITH HIS GOLD  
SHE SAW HERSELF BESIDE HIM AND ON THE RUN ONCE MORE  
BUT IT PAINED HIM TO REMEMBER THE LIFE OF DARKNESS HE ONCE LED  
AND SO HE TOLD HER OF A MAN LEFT LYING DEAD

SO SHE HIM OF THE GHOSTS FAR FROM LYING COLD AND STILL  
OFF IN THE PRAIRIE NIGHTS WITH THEIR LONELY HAUNTING CHILL  
HOW SHE STILL COULD SEE THE FACES OF THE ROBBERS WHO ARE GONE  
PASSED BEFORE HER 'TIL THE FIRST SUN RAYS OF DAWN

OH YOUNG WESLEY TAKE ME AWAY .. WAY...

HE PREPARED TO MOVE WHEN HE SAW THE CHANGE COME 'ROUND  
LIKE THE GRATEFUL SMILE AND LAUGHTER OF ONE WHO HAS BEEN FOUND  
BUT THE LADY WONDERED STILL WHAT KIND OF GAMES THAT WESLEY PLAYED  
AND AS THEY SADDLED UP TO LEAVE SOME HEARD HER SAY

YOU LIVE LIFE AS A GAMBLER ALL ALONG THE SAN JOAQUIN  
IN YOUR EYES REMAIN THE STORY OF A TIME SHE WAS BEST SEEN  
BUT YOUR SMILE ACROSS THE CAMPFIRE MAKES THE DREAM ALIVE AGAIN  
'CAUSE THE SPIRIT LEAVES TO RIDE ACROSS THE PLAINS

OH ....

OH ....

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SPIKE and JAMIE**