

The Gangsters Warning

THE GANGSTER'S WARNING

Gene Autry

C G7 C
I was brought up by kind parents,
 G7
I once was their pride and joy;
F G7
I started to drinking and gambling,
 C
Wild life got the best of their boy;
 G7 C
Some pals took me out on a robbery,
 C7 F
I thought just once would be fun;
 C
But one crime led to a--nother,
 G7 C
Till it led to the use of a gun.

In my pocket I carry a pist--ol,
It's never away from my side;
The notches that's carved in it's handle,
Tells how more than one man has died;
I'm leading a trail that is crooked,
My foes lurk round every bend;
I know someday they will get me,
I dread to think of the end.

It seems there's no hope for a gangster,
Not a moment of peace to be found;
Wherever I go I am hunted,
Like a fox that is chased by a hound;
It's true I would like to be honest,
But I know it's too late to begin;
For when you join up with the gangsters
It's a game you must play to the end.

I wish I had listened to mother,
She said there'd be days like this;
I lost my true friends and sweetheart,
No more will I know love and bliss;
So young men stay away from bad company,
That's how I started in wrong;
And if ever your pals try to tempt you,
Remember the words of this song.