

YOUNG WESTLEY - Mary McCaslin

D There once was a gambler and Westley was his name. D

D He'd ride many miles for the chance to play his game. D
BM G D G

And the life-lines around his eyes and on his face, D

they say, D G D
Were like the highways he'd roamed along the way D

They tell of a lady who came to rest a while D

As weary of the rounders as she was from all the D
miles D

BM G D G
On that hot dusty day as she watched him at his play BM G

She thought she heard something deep inside her say

BM G BM G
Oh young Westley, take me away. X2

She saw he was an outlaw like she'd fell in with before.

She saw herself beside him and on the run once more

But it pained him so to think of the life of darkness he had led

and so he told her of a man left lying dead.

So she told him of her ghosts far from lying cold and still

of windy prairie nights with their lonely haunting chi

how she still could see the faces of the robbers who moved on

And rode away before the first sun-rays of dawn. CHORUS

Oh young Westley, take me away. X2

People there who knew him say they saw the change come round

like the grateful smiling laughter of a wanderer who been found.

But the lady wondered still what kind of game was I to play

and as they saddled up to leave some heard her say

You live life as a gambler along the San Joaquin

In your eyes remain the stories of the times you have seen

But your smile across the campfire wakes the dream alive again

and lets my spirit free to glide across the plain

Oh young Westley, take me away x2