

# Woody Guthrie, The Unwelcome Guest

To the rich man's bright lodges I ride in this wind  
On my good horse I call you my shiny Black Bess  
To the playhouse of fortune  
to take the bright silver  
An gold you have taken from somebody else

And as we go riding in the damp foggy midnight  
You snort, my good pony, and you give me your best  
For you know, and I know, good horse  
'mongst the rich ones  
How oftimes we go there an unwelcome guest

I've never took food from the widows and orphans  
And never a hard working man I oppressed  
So take your pace easy,  
for home soon like lightening  
We soon will be riding, my shiny Black Bess

No fat rich man's pony can ever overtake you  
And there's not a rider from the east to the west  
Could hold you a light  
in this dark mist and midnight  
When the potbellied thieves  
chase their unwelcome guest

I don't know good horse,  
As we trot in this dark here  
That robbing the rich is for worse or for best  
They take it by stealing and lying and gambling  
And I take it my way, my shiny Black Bess

I treat horses good and I'm friendly to strangers  
I ride and your running makes my guns talk the best  
And the rangers and deputies  
are hired by the rich man  
To catch me and hang me, my shining Black Bess

Yes, they'll catch me napping one day  
and they'll kill me  
And then I'll be gone but that won't be my end  
For my guns and my saddle will always be filled  
By unwelcome travellers and other brave men

And they'll take the money and spread it out equal  
Just like the Bible and the prophets suggest  
But the man that go riding to help these poor workers  
The rich will cut down like an unwelcome guest