

Artist: dad

Title: Son of a Gun

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He laid face down
In the desert sand
Clutching a sixgun
In his hand
And me & Maria went to watch him die.
Suddenly she raised and said:
Help me now, or I shoot you dead!
- I got an arrow in my back
And it aches as hell!!

So we jumped on down in the yellow sand
Started helping this gunfighting man
He was sixfeet tall'n'four feet wide
And the wagon tipped from side to side
Driving into the red, red sun
Poor mule he could hardly run
I turned my head to Maria
And she turned her head to mine:
And we knew...
What he was going to do
He was going to shoo-oo-oy
His whole way through
And his name was on the pistol
- And he was son of a gun!!

As we went driving into town
We saw these posters all around
There was a big reward upon his head
- Coz' the marshall wanted to see
him dead...
As we talked about this gunfighting man
We saw the steel in his hand:
Now folks I want to see you run!
To the rythm of my gun!!
And we knew...

Well I was saved & I was glad
Thanks to my old stetson hat®
It went through the top
Only leaving a spot
It was fabricated by an indian bud
Who did not now that he was hot
Hanging on the posters everywhere...

So I took one step back
And tipped my hat
And looked him in his eyes
Aom shit he was telling me the
Dirtiest lies
I had no time to get away
I was trapped in the USA
C'mon Maria, let's get out of his war...

And we knew...

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And we knew...

Dow! Flam bam! Pow! Bow!