

Bachman-Turner Overdrive, Shotgun Rider

There was a man who owned a part of town
Approached me in his own saloon and asked me to sit down
Was I unemployed or would I like a job
He said he owned the stage line and there were men who liked to rob
He offered me his daughter's hand, an advance of salary
A fancy gun, a pair of boots, and a share in the company
Now I ride shotgun on his stage line
I ride shotgun on his life
I ride shotgun on his money
I ride shotgun on his wife
Shotgun rider, shotgun rider
There were outlaws who waited on the trail
For the stagecoach daily run with payrolls and the mail
They spied our dust, and saddled up to ride
They saw the worried driver with me sittin' at his side
So they circled 'round the stagecoach it was their daily fun
Until they saw the driver smile and spied my trusty gun
Now I ride shotgun on his stage line
I ride shotgun on his life
I ride shotgun on his money
I ride shotgun on his wife
Shotgun rider, shotgun rider
We caught the outlaws and took them back to jail
Sent for the county marshal and would not post a bail
Sent 'em up the river, that sure cleaned up the town
I was elected sheriff, the mayor asked me down
I now own half the stage line and half the rest of town
I go to church on Sunday, I think I've settled down
Now I ride shotgun on his stage line
I ride shotgun on his life
I ride shotgun on his money
I ride shotgun on his wife
I ride shotgun on his stage line
I ride shotgun on his life
I ride shotgun on his money
I ride shotgun on his wife
Shotgun rider, shotgun rider, shotgun