

# Bride, Hired Gun

They pay me lots of money for what I do  
I'm a dancer midnight romancer under the moon  
I'm on the clock, I like to rock,  
I don't work the streets  
You'll be amazed, your eyes a glazed  
When I do my high wire feats

Exterminator, rawhide gangster, I can equal the odds  
I pay for your sins with my boyish grin, I create the facade  
Steady hand, I'm a gentleman, I've got deadly aim  
Womanizer, lone survivor, I like to play the game

Hope you and Jesus have it all worked out  
I'm a hired gun

There is no heaven here on earth, love must rule us all  
Black days are coming, every prideful man will fall  
Have no fear or shed a tear, but there will come a day  
When I'm looked in the eye, asked to die, and I hear somebody say

Hope you and Jesus have it all worked out  
I'm a hired gun