

# D:a:d, Son Of A Gun

He laid face down  
In the desert sand  
Clutching a sixgun  
In his hand  
And me & Maria went to watch him die.  
Suddenly the 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&reg;  
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!