

# Frankie Laine, Wanted Man

bullet in my shoulder  
blood running my vest  
20 in the posse  
and they're never going to let me rest  
till i became a wanted man i never even owned a gun  
but now they hunt me like a mountain cat  
and i'm always always always on the run  
i killed poor jet brian  
in a real bad fight  
killed him with my bare hands  
for the girl i loved that night  
jets' brothers' out to get me  
he's coming with a gang  
i'd rather shoot it out like that  
than let them watch me hang

chorus

bullet in my shoulder  
blood running down my vest  
twenty in the posse  
and they're never going to let me rest  
till i became a wanted man i never even owned a gun  
but now they hunt me like a mountain cat  
and i'm always always always on the run  
she had spangles on her red dress  
she had laughter in her voice  
when he tried to lay his hands on her  
my heart left me no choice  
but was she really worth it  
i guess i'll never know  
she'll be drinking someone else's rye  
when i'm six feet below

chorus

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blood running down my vest  
twenty in the posse  
and they're never going to let me rest  
till i became a wanted man i never even owned a gun  
but now they hunt me like a mountain cat  
and i'm always always always on the run  
a wanted man  
a wanted man  
on the run