

Pitbullfarm, Deranged Desperado

When he was a young boy, he got his first gun,
A gift from a father to his beloved son,
All day he used to play, shooting bottles and cans,
Crippled the poor dog and made the chickens dance,
By the time he was eighteen, he'd already been to jail,
When reached the age of twenty, they dropped him out on bail,

He became a desperado,
A trigger-happy man,
A deranged desperado,
Kicking ass like no one else can,

A reputation as a psycho, when he was twenty-one,
He builds himself a cabin and gets married to his gun,
Before he left his parents, he told his dad goodbye,
And whispered to his mother; It's a shame you have to die!
The gunshots broke the calm as the church bell rang,
And came in his pants, when he heard that precious bang,

He became a desperado,
A trigger-happy man,
A deranged desperado,
Kicking ass like no one else can

Invincible as gunman, the rumors made him great,
Yet he didn't realize that he sealed his fate,
Then one fateful morning, he stepped into the saloon,
He never could have guessed, that death was coming soon,
Before he even noticed he had ten shots in his head,
In a pale second the drooling wacko was dead,

Now he's a dead desperado,
A former western man,
A dead desperado,
Kissing ground in the Texas sun,