

Badfinger, Smoking Gun

Once upon a ruthless time
Lived a man folks thought was kind
People called him laughing Will
But inside he loved to kill

Ruled a city with his mob
A connoisseur on the way to rob
And some refused him, they're dead or lame
And old Will always dodged the blame

Johnny could not help be near
But he saw Will's face quite clear
Old Will Parker saw him run
Followed with his smoking gun

He was just a fairground boy
A-helping him on the wheel of joy
He pulled no punches, he played the game
But Old Will shot him just the same