

Bonzo Dog Band, Bad Blood

(Gunshots then Western-style music...)

Not long ago in a one-horse town
Down south of Santa Fe
A one-eyed half-breed amputee
Sat thinkin' of the way
He'd settle the score with that runnin' sore
Who had left him the way he is
One-armed, half-blind and crippled in his mind
And he, that amputee, could not forgive

He swore to kill the stranger
For this one bad thing he'd done
For three long years he'd practised
Until he could use the gun
Heart of stone, he lived alone
And he lived on beans and eggs
Pigs could tell what time it was
By the gravy running down his legs

Bad blood will drive you crazy
Bad blood, I've heard men say
Bad blood is like an egg stain on your chin
You can lick it but it still won't go away

Four more years he roamed the land
'Til his legs was worn away.
Then he bummed around from town to town
"Has a stranger passed this way?
The man I'm lookin' for has two eyes
But he's a one-breed dirty dog.
When I find him I'm gonna shoot him -
I'm really pissed."

The stagecoach jingle-jangled into town
One hot mid-afternoon.
He saw the stranger get off here
At the Seborrhea Saloon
And just as he was easin' in
A lumberjack rolled out
He shot him dead then One-eye said:

"Hey you, mutton-head, I've been lookin' for that particular son-of-a-bitch for nearly seven years

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