

Burnshee Thornsides, Bang I Shot Him

Riding my horse on a trail down beside the cold wet stream
Over the mountains, over the desert, to the stream
Gonna kill the man who put me on the run
Gonna shoot him with my silver bullet gun

"Way to go," my friends will say
"Show no mercy, make him pay!"

Late in the evening caught him at the blue saloon
Lookin' at me, I said "You stupid big baboon!"
Gave him all six and when the smoke had disappeared
He was still standing, which I thought was really weird

Make him suffer, show no fear
Just look cool and grab a beer

He sat me down and told me, "Son, you're not to blame
Borrow my gun, it's better and has perfect aim
Shoot me again, 'cause life is not so nice to me
You are my angel, and you've come to set me free"

Bang I shot him once again
And this time he was my friend
Showed him mercy and respect
That's a wish you can't neglect

This is my story and I think it's very clear
Livin' is hard for those who want to be sincere
Heaven and Hell can make you feel a bit secure
But never believe that someone else can do

Bang I shot him once again
And this time he was my friend
Rather die upon my feet
Than be living on my knees