

# Chris Knight, Love And A .45

Badge number 301

Sits in his car and stares at his gun  
He wipes the the blood from his shirt,  
The sweat from his brow  
He got out this time but he don't know how  
Well he'd go on home but nobody's there  
No one to hold no one to care  
There was a time he had someone  
But one day he came home, she was gone  
Love and a .45

Are all you need to get through the night  
One'll kill you one'll keep you alive  
Love and a .45

Parole number fourteen two  
Stands on the corner like she used to do  
She's been away awhile so she's a little afraid  
And the judge said he didn't want to see her again  
But she's got no money she's got no rent  
The money she had is already spent  
Cause a couple of weeks ago she learned her lesson  
Went and brought herself a little Smith and Wesson

Love and a .45

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At 3:15 he got a call, somebody heard a scream behind a wall  
At a little motel down by the bay  
But before he got there, they got away  
Well she was all right just a little roughed up  
So he took her down to the coffee shop  
The report he filed said victim unknown  
Now she waits up nights for him to come home  
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