

Elton John, Ballad Of A Well-Known Gun

I pulled out my Stage Coach Times
And I read the latest news
I tapped my feet in dumb surprise
And of course I saw they knew
The Pinkertons pulled out my bags
And asked me for my name
I stuttered out my answer
And hung my head in shame

Now they've found me
At last they've found me
It's hard to run
From a starving family
Now they've found me
Well I won't run
I'm tired of hearing
There goes a well-known gun

Now I've seen this chain gang
Lord I say let me see my priest
I couldn't have faced your desert sand
Old burning brown backed beast
The poor house they hit me for my kin
And claimed my crumbling walls
Now I know how Reno felt
When he ran from the law

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