

James Lynn Strait, Deadfall

Well, I killed my dad in a con gone bad
Nearly drank myself to death
But when he died he said lou had the cake
So I caught a bus headin' west

I saw the numbers running through a small cafe
And I knew I'd find my uncle lou
That's when ed stepped up
He said pick a card
Shape the con before it shapes you

Who sent ya'?
Sam f**kin' peckinpah
Yeah who sent ya'?

Who sent ya'?
Who sent ya'?
Sam f**kin' peckinpah
Yeah who sent ya'?

Now I met my uncle for the very first time
And he sent me on a con with ed
So we came callin' on his girl dianne
A blonde grifter dressed in red
I guess pigeon dropping was the name of the game
And I had to pay my dues
Well, fun time, family fun was the plan
Shape the con before it shapes you

Who sent ya'?
Sam f**kin' peckinpah
Yeah who sent ya'?

Who sent ya' baby girl?
Sam f**kin' peckinpah
Yeah who sent ya'?

Sam peckinpah tried to choke eddie out
But he cut him from ear to ear
Then he grabbed old lou and screamed
"we f**k now"
On his face a twisted jeer
He took old lou to the same cafe'
Eddie couldn't have been much higher when he tied him up
It was his intent to put his head in that deep fryer
Well, dianne told me and I tackled ed
As we did a little wiggle and dance
When we were done ed got a hot head

Well viva la f**kin' france man!

Someone tryin' to kill me man?
(they're trying to kill you eddie)
Who sent you?
Sam f**kin' peckinpah
Yeah who sent ya'?
Who sent ya' baby girl?
Sam f**kin' peckinpah
Yeah who sent ya'?