

# Molly Hatchet, Edge Of Sundown

On the edge of sundown, a man rode into town  
His clothes were old and dirty like the guns he wore low down  
And as he rode the people stared, tried to look on him  
He's the man who'll take your life, take your life to boothill  
Sleeps by day and rides by night  
Like a mongrel always lookin' for a fight  
Got cold steel a bowie knife, just his way of life  
He took no one, no not a sound, stares at the edge of town  
Only time that he'll be found, is on the edge of sundown  
Take you for your dollars babe, take you for your gold  
Make your life so miserable, he's gonna leave you mean and cold  
And then he'll head on out, to another town  
The only time when he'll be found, is on the edge of sundown  
Next time he'll be sundown.  
He's a killer and a robber and he'll make you grieve  
Shoot you in the back or in your sleep  
Got no name or identity  
Livin' in the wind, he's free---