

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---