Reverend Horton Heat, Loaded Gun

My right hand holds a cold corona bottle
My left hand holds a half a fifth of Gin
My right arm reaches out for her love only
But my left still embraces a life of sin

We had ourselves the sweetest little family
We laughed and sang and had a lot of fun
But I drowned it in a sea of stinkin' whiskey
And now the only little love that's left is a loaded gun

My right hand holds a vile of trainqualizers
My left hand holds a loaded .38
I've got a young girl who's anticipating romance
But it's looking like she will have to wait

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