Steve Earle, Devil's Right Hand

About the time that Daddy left to fight the big war
I saw my first pistol in the general store
In the general store, when I was thirteen
I thought it was the finest thing I ever had seen
So I asked if I could have one someday when I grew up
Mama dropped a dozen eggs, she really blew up
She really blew up, and she didn't understand
Mama said the pistol is the devil's right hand
The devil's right hand, the devil's right hand
Mama says the pistol is the devil's right hand
Me very first pistol was a cap and ball Colt
Shoots as fast as lightnin' but it loads a mite slow
It loads a mite slow, and soon I found out
It'll get you into trouble but it can't get you out
So then I went and bought myself a Colt 45
Called a peacemaker but I never knew why
I never knew why, I didn't understand
Mama says the pistol is the devil's right hand
The devil's right hand, the devil's right hand
Mama says the pistol is the devil's right hand
Got into a card game in a company town
I caught a miner cheating, I shot the dog down
I shot the dog down, I watched the man fall
He never touched his holster, never had a chance to draw
The trial was in the morning and they drug me out of bed
Asked me how I pleaded, not guilty I said
Not guilty I said, you've got the wrong man
Nothing touched the trigger but the devil's right hand
The devil's right hand, the devil's right hand
Mama says the pistol is the devil's right hand
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