

# Webb Wilder, Scattergun

"Scattergun" □

Standing tall, he doesn't flinch, he knows what must be done  
But his eyes are weak, his aim is bad, his feet too big to run  
If he wants to live to know his lover's kiss  
He can't afford to miss  
In the blinding glare of the burning desert sun  
There's not much a man can do outnumbered six to one  
Unless he is the man they call Scattergun

Scattergun  
You don't have to be a good shot  
With a scattergun

(Scattergun)

A man who knows his bottle like his woman knows his touch  
Who keeps to his own business as he tinkers in his hutch  
But if some pack of devils act a fool  
Make him lose his cool  
They'll think a dragon has them in its clutches  
His scattergun will fill the air with smoke and fire and such  
And if you look to see what's left, you won't see much

Scattergun  
You don't have to be a good shot  
With a scattergun

(Scattergun)