

# The Last Gunfighter Ballad

Johnny Cash

The old gunfighter stood on the porch  
and stared into the sun  
And relived all the old days  
back when he was livin' by the gun  
When deadly games of pride were played  
and livin' was mistakes not made  
And the thought of the smell of the black powder smoke  
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke  
The thought of the smell of the black powder smoke  
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke

And it's always keep your back to the sun  
And you can almost feel the weight of that gun  
It's faster than snakes or a blink of the eye  
And it's a time for all slow men to die  
His eyes get squinty and he's straight as a log  
and he empties his gun at the dirty dog  
And he's hit by the smell of the black powder smoke  
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke  
Hit by the smell of the black powder smoke  
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke

Now the burn of a bullet is only a scar  
And he's back in his chair in front of a bar  
And the streets are empty and the blood's all dried  
The dead are dust and the whiskey's inside  
So buy him a drink and lend him an ear  
He's nobody's fool and he's the only one here  
Who remembers the smell of the black powder smoke  
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke  
Remembers the smell of the black powder smoke  
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke

Said I stood in that street before it was paved  
I learned to shoot or be shot before I could shave  
And I did it all for the money and the fame  
Noble was nothing but feelin' no shame  
And nothing was sacred but stayin' alive  
And all that I learned from a Colt .45  
Was to cuss the smell of the black powder smoke  
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke  
Cuss the smell of the black powder smoke  
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke

Now he's just an old man that nobody believes  
Says he's a gunfighter the last of this breed  
And there's ghosts in the street seekin' revenge  
Callin' him out to the lunatic fringe  
He's out in the traffic now checking the sun  
And he's killed by a car as he goes for his gun  
So much for the smell of the black powder smoke  
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke  
So much for the smell of the black powder smoke  
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke