

Ballad of the Left Hand Gun

UFO

What I want, what I got
Won't shine in an open lot
What I have, what I need
Is a taste for luxury greed
I spend money like a waterfall
Won and lost in the gambling brawl
My shoes speak Italian style
Out of fashion for a long long while

The names have changed
And the stories run
This is the ballad of the left hand gun
The names have changed
But the story runs
This is the ballad of the left hand gun

Forty years he played guitar
Forty years he hit up every bar
I hear the champ is past his prime
Lost it all on the spin of a dime
I have a clock up on the wall
Comes from China, don't tell the time at all
Women came and women went
Some were ugly and some heaven sent

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The names have changed
It will run
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All for nothing
All for small change
Here's for the glory
Here's for the strange

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