

Shoot From The Hip

Brothers Osborne

High noon in a gun slingin' town
Steel spurs klinking on the red dirt ground
Saloon doors swinging wide open
It's about to go down

Outlaws ridin' out of the hills
Shootin' moonshine and shotgun shells
A bunch of hell raisers wanna send you to your maker
No time to saddle up so you gotta act now and

Shoot from the hip
Ask questions later
Shoot from the hip c'mon (woo hoo)
Sometimes the only peace maker
Is a hairpin trigger in a fingertip
You gotta shoot from the hip (woo hoo)
Shoot from the hip

The dust settles
The barrels go cold
And it's dueces wild at the watering hole
Turns out cards and hard liquor don't mix too well
And this joker with an ace up his sleeve
And a midnight special where nobody can see
I show him four of a kind
He gets red in the eye
He flips the table over
I reach for mine and

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You won't find me six feet under
You won't find me takin' cover
Cuz I'm more than the roar of the thunder

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You gotta shoot from the hip (woo hoo)
Shoot from the hip
Shoot from the hip (woo hoo) oh,
Shoot from the hip
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