

Ballad Of The Self-Loading Pistol

Bruce Springsteen

Father, I have come.
To tell you about something I done.
Well as the night reared its light head
Into a baby's sun,
We rolled down into the town
From where the Black Throats come.

And you know there was a robb'ry.
There was a holdup.
Ooh, there was a shootout.
And there was a killing.
And there's blood on my hands.
Today I killed a man.

Well now, sister, you know me well.
And you ask me well, how it was I felt.
Well, she had an appetite for loving
Only a fading beauty could posses.
She knew just what she wanted
And she wouldn't take less.

I figured it was a small town.
It was at sundown.
It was just a small crowd of people around.
Oh! But he wouldn't put his guns down.
No, he wouldn't put his guns down.
Oh, he wouldn't put his guns down.
Now his blood's on my hands.
Today I killed a man.

And, papa, you showed me the beauty of buckshot.
Well, that song a bullet sings as she whistles.
And showed me the story of the self-loading pistol.

Well now, father. I have come.
To tell you about something I done.
He had a widow, running through town screaming.
He had a brother, and his tears were streaming.
Now I'm moving on the border
With a rifle on my shoulder.

'Cuz, daddy, you showed me the beauty of buckshot.
The love song a bullet sings as she whistles.
And showed me the glory of the self-loading pistol.

And I just come to tell ya,
That it don't hurt no more.
No, it don't hurt no more,
'Cuz your son, he's an outlaw.
Oh, your son, he's an outlaw.
Yes, your son, he's an outlaw.
Oh, your son, he's an outlaw.
Now, your son, he's an outlaw.
Oh, your son, he's an outlaw.
And this blood feels good on my hands.
Today I killed a man.