

Shotgun Rider

B.T.O. (Bachman-Turner Overdrive)

There was a man who owned a part of town
Approached me in his own saloon and said, "hey boy, sit down"

"Was I unemployed or would I like a job"
He said he owned the stageline, and were men who liked to rob

He offered me his daughter's hand, advance of salary
A fancy gun, a pair of boots, a share in the company

Now I ride shotgun on his stageline
I ride shotgun on his life
I ride shotgun on his money
I ride shotgun on his wife
Shotgun... rider... shotgun... rider

There were outlaws who waited on the trail
For the stagecoach daily run with payrolls and the mail

They spied our dust and saddled up to ride
They saw the worried driver with me sittin' at his side

They circled 'round the stagecoach, it was their daily fun
Until they saw the driver smile and spied my trusty gun

Now I ride shotgun on his stageline
I ride shotgun on his life
I ride shotgun on his money
I ride shotgun on his wife
Shotgun... rider... shotgun... rider

We caught the outlaws and took them back to jail
Sent for the county marshall and would not post a bail

Sent 'em up the river.... ha!... that sure cleaned up the town
I was elected sheriff and the mayor asked me down

I now own half the stageline, and half the rest of town
I go to church on Sunday... I think I've settled down

Now I ride shotgun on his stageline
I ride shotgun on his life
I ride shotgun on his money
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I ride shotgun on his stageline
I ride shotgun on his life
I ride shotgun on his money
I ride shotgun on his wife
Shotgun... rider... shotgun... rider...shot

Gonna shoot 'em out... don't get in my way