

High Noon

Colby Acuff

My brother's sittin' in a jail cell, probably feedin' the mice
Week-old bread, a moldy cup of long grain rice
The guilty of a crime that he did not do
But tomorrow, they'll be hangin' him high noon

He told that judge he killed that woman and that man
That Colt revolver shot straight from his hand
Truth about it is, on that cold, dark night
It was me who pulled the trigger on that .45
Yeah, and that's the truth
They'll hang my brother come high noon

He says, "Oh, little brother, what did you do?
Look at the mess you've gotten us into
I'll take the blame for this, you got them kids
They'll need their daddy, yes, they do"
And I'll cry like the guilty man I am
When they hang my brother at high noon

Oh, I remember that night, oh, I'll never forget
Pulled up to the house in a cold, cold sweat
Hands shakin' so bad I couldn't light my cigarette
Goin' into something that I'd soon regret

I was about to go home, then I heard her laugh
And I pulled the pistol from the waistline in my pants
Found them in the bedroom, then it fades to black
Now the whole town thinks my brother killed my wife and her cheatin' man
And that's the truth
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Yes, I'll cry like the guilty man I am
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