

Devil's Best Dress

Corb Lund

There is a woman, she lives in the west
She's not the devil, but she wears his best dress
She's quicker than lightning with the iron on her hips
She's quicker than lightning and they say she don't miss

I can't say I love you, I don't hardly know you
They warned me about you from the start
They said "Don't you cross her, if you don't want a hole in your heart"

The dress hides a pistol, a top-break Schofield I think
Not that it matters when you're outdrawn in a blink
She builds her own cartridge, it's a wildcatted load
With a wadcutting bullet for a blood letting wound

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