

# Bounty

Dean Brody

Where are you, Shannon?

I'd say, I'm a lover, not a fighter  
I never stare nobody down  
'Til one night my girl-  
I could not find her-  
She never made it back from town

I found my Shannon crying in the woods  
Wicked man held her down  
So I stuck him deep and I buried him good  
Not deep enough to fool the hounds

We took shelter in a chapel  
'neath the blood moon sky  
I bought a gun and made Shannon my wife  
We jumped in a box-car to old Mexico  
Where I ain't worth a penny of my bounty back home  
No I ain't worth a penny Of my bounty back home

That train stopped in Tijuana  
We built a shack beneath the sun  
I make my Shannon margaritas  
We watch our children laugh and run, run, run

Sometimes I miss my daddy  
Sometimes I miss my mom  
But I think they'd be real proud of me  
To know the man that I've become

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Train, train roll on  
Train, train roll on  
Train, train roll on, roll on

Shannon, why'd you run with me?  
She said,  
"What was I supposed to do boy?  
Just watch you leave?  
You'd have broken my heart  
You'd have haunted my dreams  
Your love, boy, is all I need  
Your love, boy, is all I'll ever need."

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