

## Death of Jonah Hex

Ghoultown

a dusty hollow drifter was lyin in the bed  
there was dirty water at your feet an angel at your head  
there was devils on each side of you with bottles in their hand  
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the master of the double irons would no doubt soon be dead

it started with a dealer and a deck of fifty-one  
lone star beer, cuervo gold, two killers and their guns  
darkness was the witness it crept upon the town  
you crossed some f\*\*kin stranger with horns beneath his crown

no mortal could have beat you no fight you ever lost  
but now they'll take you from this place and stick you in a box

at the death bed of jonah hex we'll kneel and say a prayer  
as the ghosts are rattling at the door and the devil's in the c  
hair

you remember that foul evenin when you heard the banshees moan  
the lousy drunken bastards singin billy in the bowl  
they took you up to midnight mass and left you with a lurch  
you dropped a quarter on the plate and your blood it filled the  
church

it must have been a bullet whose whose silver tip was honed  
shoot right down into the heart and shatter every bone

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hair

up at the gates of heaven your voice it became a shout  
they wouldn't give you service so you kicked the f\*\*kin windows  
out  
they shoved you back into the street they kicked you in the bra  
ins  
sent you away to hell where they said you should remain

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