

# Smoking Gun

Latin Quarter

I'll just have one to cut the dust", the nameless  
Stranger said  
"But don't you work my tongue loose - need to keep it  
In my head  
I need my head on my shoulders, I'm the last one on the  
Run  
Need my head on my shoulders, I'm the last one on the  
Run

But whose prints, whose prints  
Whose prints are you going to find  
On the butt of the smoking gun?

These days so many amateurs they get high before they  
Hit  
Got no soul, they got no dedication, they will never  
Live to quit  
Me, I've graduated first in a class of one  
Me, I've graduated first in a class of one

Outside the depository the third shot really told the  
Story  
Since then I've been working on the sequel  
Who made men? I don't know - but Colonel Colt sure made  
Them equal

Abernathy he took three short steps to where the  
Dreamer fell  
The softened snout of the bullet left a gaping tale to  
Tell  
But so little is open, so much needs to be undone  
So little is open, so much needs to be undone