

Goin' Nowhere

Peter McPoland

I went down to the postal station
I bought a stamp for a letter home
I told my mama that I miss her awful
I told my daddy what I's working on

As I walked in the postal station
I felt the hair on my neck stand tall
I swear Satan was sitting throwing dice
Stared me down as the sheriff called

Justice climb the mountain
Judgement climb the hill
Is the good Lord coming to save my soul?
Is the devil doing his will?

"Hey son, you going somewhere?"
Bounces off the canyon walls
I say, "No, sir. I'm going nowhere" (nowhere)
With my back still facing his call

"I'd have thought you'd run forever, when you shot old Mickey down."
I said, "He pulled on me first, saw me kissing his girl
But that's a bad, bad man I shot down."

Justice climb the mountain
Judgement climb the hill
Is the good Lord coming to save my soul?
Is the devil doing his will?

I turn on my boot worn leather
With the steel up against my bones
In my right hand I hold the letter
I'm gonna draw holding my message home

He pulls like a spark in the prairie
You see the light before you knew it'd spark
But as quick as he is I'm a better man
I shot him once, twice, three in the heart

Justice climb the mountain
Judgement climb the hill
Is the good Lord coming to save my soul?
Is the devil doing his will?

Alright
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah

Now I'm sitting on my porch in the hillside
With the stamp on my letter home
Mickey's girl is up in my bedroom
I hear the horse coming up from below

Now justice is climbing the mountain
Judgement is climbing the hill
Is the good Lord coming to save my soul?
Is the devil doing his will?