

# 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?