

Gun Fightin Man

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Can you understand?
How does the devil and a gun get in a dead man's hand?
It's hard to make amends
When you're six feet underneath a no man's land

He was a gun fightin man

It was the power of a choice
To never hear his mother's tears but to feel her voice
Through a world of wicked eyes
Just a-bleedin from the hip of a wild brush fire

He was a gun fightin man

Love will never know
That blood is a shadow of a stain in the road
Another smile with no remorse
When death comes a-ridin that pale white horse

He was a gun fightin man