

Wanted Man

The Avett Brothers

Bullet in my shoulder, blood running down my vest
Twenty in the posse and they're never gonna let me rest
'Till I became a wanted man, well I never even owned a gun
Now they own me like a mountain cat and I'm always on the run

Well I killed poor Jed Bryce in a bad laredo fight
I killed him with my bare hands for the girl I loved that night

Jed's brothers out to get me, he's coming with his gang
And I'd rather shoot it out by God than let them watch me hang

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She had spangles on her wedding dress,
She had laughter in her voice
And when they tried to put their hands on her,
My heart left me no choice
Now was she really worth it, I guess I'll never know
She'll be drinking someone else's rye, when I'm six feet below.

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