

# Ballad of the Left Hand Gun

UFO

What I want, what I got  
Won't shine in an open lot  
What I have, what I need  
Is a taste for luxury greed  
I spend money like a waterfall  
Won and lost in the gambling brawl  
My shoes speak Italian style  
Out of fashion for a long long while

The names have changed  
And the stories run  
This is the ballad of the left hand gun  
The names have changed  
But the story runs  
This is the ballad of the left hand gun

Forty years he played guitar  
Forty years he hit up every bar  
I hear the champ is past his prime  
Lost it all on the spin of a dime  
I have a clock up on the wall  
Comes from China, don't tell the time at all  
Women came and women went  
Some were ugly and some heaven sent

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The names have changed  
It will run  
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All for nothing  
All for small change  
Here's for the glory  
Here's for the strange

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