

Shooting Hand

Wade Bowen

Well, I walked my sheriff's star on over to the bar
And I ordered me a shooter and a beer
The town was nice and quiet, just the way I like
I was thinking I was in the clear

So I dusted off my cowboy hat, yeah, and knocked a couple back
Then I saw her smile clear across the room
So I laid my money down, ordered up a couple rounds
And said, "How about a waltz, just me and you?"

Don't go dancing with a woman who belongs to another man
'Cause you wouldn't steal no pony off of someone else's land
If ya go looking for trouble, it'll find you if it can
And don't go drinking with your shooting hand

Well, I stumbled through those swinging doors with whiskey on my mind
Saw my Sarah in the long arms of the law
So I reached for my pearl grip, hangin' there on my hip
And I sent a warning shot right through the wall

Well, I had him dead to rights, looking scared there in my sights
And I told him that this dance would be his last
Sheriff badge or not, you're 'bout to get shot
So when you get to Hell, if anybody asks

Don't go dancing with a woman who belongs to another man
'Cause you wouldn't steal no pony off of someone else's land
If ya go looking for trouble, it'll find you if it can
And don't go drinking with your shooting hand

With her hand in my left and a longneck in my right
That bastard had me caught, but I'll be damned
When he went to shoot me, the fear of God went through me
But not no bullet, turns out the gun was jammed

Yeah, don't go dancing with a woman who belongs to another man
'Cause you wouldn't steal no pony off of someone else's land
If ya go looking for trouble, it'll find you if it can
So don't go shooting with your drinking hand
Yeah, don't go drinking with your shooting hand