

# Gunslinger

Dan Bull

Listen up, brother, got a little rhyme for you  
But I gotta tell ya; I ain't no durn singer  
I'm a gunslinger

Who's a better gunslinger? That's a humdinger  
Blood blister on my one finger from triggers  
And I don't hunt deer, so chump, here's something I'd like to advise  
Better run for your life if you'd like to survive in the frontier  
It's like you drunk beer, brain ain't configured  
A word to the wise and your mind will become clear  
Bright as the lights on the rides of a fun fair  
So come bring your Jesse James and Billy the Kid  
I'll make a mess of their brains and fill 'em with lead  
And I will until every damn villain is dead  
Then I'm bringin' the sheriff a bag full of their heads  
Handlin' any man that is plannin' to stand in my path  
Because I'm heavy-handed with every bandit I wrangle with  
And we're in a century that hasn't any ambulances  
So best pack your best brandy and bandages  
When I'm rat-a-tat-tattin' on my Gatling guns  
The blast attacks faster than my battlin' puns  
A LeMat in my one hand and another in my other  
So get runnin' for cover, you would you rather be buggered?  
Shots, I'm lickin' off like the sugar on my cherry strudel  
I'm quick on the draw, call me Mary Doodles  
I'm gettin' reward money to bury people  
And as a result, I never need to be very frugal  
'Less you want your tooth pulled, pay the dentist  
I make rackets as if it's an angry game of tennis  
Don't hate the player, no, hate the business  
I make a livin' from wanted posters: Jay McGuiness

Forget a hook, I ain't no durn singer  
Brother, look, I'm just a gunslinger  
So forget a hook, I ain't no durn singer  
Brother, look

I'm just gonna get some dynamite and then I'll light my pipe  
And when the timing's right, I'll set the skies alight  
Kind of like Juarez calls for Silas Greaves  
To make you fall like a pile of leaves  
Shootin' line after line after line of thieves  
And I've touched more gold than a miner's sleeves  
When I wield dual revolvers, you'll feel the coldness  
Once in a blue moon, I'm using my holsters  
Shootin' my Colt, I'm too skilled to falter  
Is it any wonder saloons here are closed?  
When you bring a whole platoon filled with soldiers  
I barbecue fools, a new meal for vultures  
High noon, we're overdue for elevenses  
I left the saloon, it was strewn with your severed limbs  
Bringin' just a shoe to a shootout  
To kick your booty so brutally, you'll never get my boot out

Forget a hook, I ain't no durn singer  
Brother, look, I'm just a gunslinger  
So forget a hook, I ain't no durn singer

Brother, look, I'm just a gunslinger

I'm just a mean-ass gunslinger

And I guess that's all I'll ever be

But lemme tell you that's all I ever wanna be

A mean-ass gunslinger, pardner

Beg your pardon, ma'am