

# I'm McCree, I'm a Weirdo

Dan Bull

I'm Dan Bull  
And according to my watch  
It's eleven fifty-nine  
My watch is one minute slow

Hey  
Hello Stranger  
You're alone, ain't ya?  
You're a Lone-Ranger  
What a tone changer  
No neighbours  
So far away from your home range  
Roamin' open plains so dangerous  
You're playing Russian roulette  
With a bullet in an unknown chamber  
So make use of the brain God gave ya  
Or it'll be blown away  
Payback

McCree's Peacekeeper seeks any head honcho  
Put a bullet through their head  
Like a head through a poncho  
It's High Noon  
Better ride soon  
There's no time to rest  
Into the horizon and roll  
Through the wild, wild west

Distinguished  
By his particular apparel  
In which he dispatches batches of fishes in barrels  
Back in the saddle and addled with bourbon  
Trouble is certain  
Disturbing your suburban world  
The bubble is bursting  
A tug of the curtains  
And the whole thing comes tumbling back down to earth  
Quick have a sip of the whiskey because I'm on my third cup  
And feeling perked up  
Strode up to the bar  
Smoking a cigar  
B-A-M-F  
Aren't notes on a guitar  
Focused Deadeye  
Spaghetti western Jedi  
With the same robotic arm  
McCree's at the top  
The cream of the crop  
You're dreaming if you believe  
He's gonna stop  
Breeze in and clean up  
Do we even need Reaper?  
Aiming the heater keen as a heatseeker  
Keeping the peace with the piece  
The Peacekeeper  
The key piece of the team  
Defeat fleets of people

Seeking to beat elite leaders  
Reckon they'll achieve it?  
Me neither  
Frequently repeating the scene  
Twenty-four seven  
You're seeing seasons of Kiefer  
Et Tu Brutus?  
Bleeding Caesar?  
Yeah  
Read em and weep  
Like a John Green feature

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Hammer Fanner  
Fan the Hammer at a rapid rate  
You're trying to bat away the blasts  
Playing patacake against cassius clay  
Jabbing fast as the camera's capture rate  
Battered by the hands of fate  
Smacking off your crown like acid rain  
That accurate aim could blast away  
The fastest sailing hand grenade  
Coming at your face  
Congratulations, kappa  
I'll pass on the clammy handshake  
You're chances of flanking and ganking the man  
Are flat as a manta ray pancake  
Beating McCree's  
Like meeting Anne Hathaway on Chaturbate  
It ain't gonna happen, mate  
Your happy days went thataway  
Snatched away  
But now your face is wrapped in gaffa tape  
So pray they get that ransom paid  
Like the handsome man from Santa Fe's  
A candidate for financial aid  
Who laid a trap with a vast array  
Of fantastic ways to make you pass away  
Then wait 'til after the wake  
To deface the place your ashes lay

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