

Red Dead Redemption

Dan Bull

Fresh... for 1911, you suckas!
Listen, I got a story to tell

His name was John Marston, a hard un former outlaw
Taken by the FBI, so what they let him out for?
They wanted him to scout where his old gang hanged
And help them to see that his old gang hanged
They were a rag tag band ravaging the badlands
There was only one way that this'd end: Bang! Bang!
Found Bill Williamson at Fort Mercer
Met the wrong end of his gun, could call it murder
But Marston was found, dying parched on the ground
By the bonniest farmer around: Bonnie MacFarlane and now
John in his honour did odd jobs with her father and helped
Looped lassos lobbed and fires put out
Riding the finest mount, got to explore
Living the life that he liked in the great outdoors
Ambushing, hunting, trapping, interrupting public hangings
Such a bunch of random encounters and misunderstandings
But I'm not done with rambling, and John's not done with gambli
ng
Dueling, looking out for bounties, pulling plants and fully han
dling
Any damn business this district could imagine witnessing
Hanging with Dickens, Harold, Landon Ricketts
Attacking antagonists from henchmen to the head, the boss
From van der Linde, Allende to Edgar Ross
Enter Dead Eye, whereby time kinda stops
Then many enemies get shot, a lot
Guns cocked and locked, one shot could stop an ox
Options? Not a lot; they've got to drop
'Cos they're chock a block with bullet holes like dot to dot
Those watching are like "What the fock?!"
Got their attention, that's audience retention
Enemies left red and dead: redemption
Got your attention, that's audience retention
Enemies left red and dead: redemption

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