

Bounty

Dean Brody

Where are you, Shannon?

I'd say, I'm a lover, not a fighter
I never stare nobody down
'Til one night my girl-
I could not find her-
She never made it back from town

I found my Shannon crying in the woods
Wicked man held her down
So I stuck him deep and I buried him good
Not deep enough to fool the hounds

We took shelter in a chapel
'neath the blood moon sky
I bought a gun and made Shannon my wife
We jumped in a box-car to old Mexico
Where I ain't worth a penny of my bounty back home
No I ain't worth a penny Of my bounty back home

That train stopped in Tijuana
We built a shack beneath the sun
I make my Shannon margaritas
We watch our children laugh and run, run, run

Sometimes I miss my daddy
Sometimes I miss my mom
But I think they'd be real proud of me
To know the man that I've become

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Train, train roll on
Train, train roll on
Train, train roll on, roll on

Shannon, why'd you run with me?
She said,
"What was I supposed to do boy?
Just watch you leave?
You'd have broken my heart
You'd have haunted my dreams
Your love, boy, is all I need
Your love, boy, is all I'll ever need."

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