

# Gun Fightin Man

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Can you understand?  
How does the devil and a gun get in a dead man's hand?  
It's hard to make amends  
When you're six feet underneath a no man's land

He was a gun fightin man

It was the power of a choice  
To never hear his mother's tears but to feel her voice  
Through a world of wicked eyes  
Just a-bleedin from the hip of a wild brush fire

He was a gun fightin man

Love will never know  
That blood is a shadow of a stain in the road  
Another smile with no remorse  
When death comes a-ridin that pale white horse

He was a gun fightin man