Pity the Man With the Fast Right Hand

the smalls

Pity the man with the fast right hand
Pity the man with the fast right hand
In a drunk and a definite way
He was a hard-core fighter with the goods to please the writers
â€˜Til a woman came to put her away

Married in a fever, never wanna leave her
An old Pro killer; the man kind of thrilled her

Pity the man with the fast right hand
Pity the man with the fast right hand
At first he took the married life O.K.
But heâ€™s a heavy handed lover and they hated one another
In the span of only 70 days

She burned him alive with his own .45
Sheâ€™s a bad little bitch with a bad burning itch

If you take this song as being about a woman in the wrong,
Man you really got it wrong.

She burned him alive with his own .45
What brings a good man down?
What brings a good man down?
A running womanâ€™s gun

Oh Lord, what have my shaking hands done?
Oh Lord, what have my shaking hands done?

Pity the man with the fast right hand
Pity the man with the fast right hand
Sees her running for her life today
Cornered by the ranger, but not in time to change her
She looked up as they lead her away
Pity the man, to see her hung in the traditional way

If you take this song as being about a woman in the wrong,
Man you really got it wrong.
If you take this song as being about a man with evil intent,

Then you really got it wrong.

She burned him alive with his own .45
What brings a good man down?
What brings a good man down?
A running womanâ€™s gun

Lyrics submitted by TY.

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