

# Suspect Fled The Scene

## Pedro the Lion

Old friend  
Your horse is ready to ride  
When morning comes From this church town  
Where damning rumors drip  
From holy tongues It won't go away The fever  
To find a scapegoat fast  
And fix the blame I know  
You never meant to leave  
The way you came Looking down from  
Their stained glass steeples  
They'll never know  
Why you had to run Ride as fast as you can  
They're shooting to kill

Songwriters

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Other patents pending.

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