

Whiskey and a Gun

Lisa Carver

He smelled like gin with a hint of her
Up 'til then I wasn't sure
But he swaggered by, said "The boys said to tell you 'hey'"
I was kicked back in his easy chair
Holdin' a fifth, tappin' the barrel
of a fresh-cleaned, steel blue, polished-up .38
And I was kinda hopin' he'd at least look scared
But all he said was "ok, she was good and you don't dare"

And lookin' back now, I probably should've let him run
But paybacks are Hell where I come from
Any fool should know you don't look a woman in the eye and smile
When she knows what you've done
And she's holdin' whiskey and a gun

Well the sun shines gray in the prison yard
Life to go was goin' hard
When the warden started gettin' sweet on me
He snuck me up to a room one night
Poured me some 'ski, gave me a light
And I smoked slow and waited 'til he was done
And I thought that was that 'til he got rough and I fought back
And when I grabbed his pistol he laughed and said "girl, you ain't got the guts"

And lookin' back now, I probably should've let him run
'Cause paybacks are Hell where I come from
Any fool should know you don't look a woman in the eye and smile
When she knows what you've done
And she's holdin' whiskey and a gun

Well they're strappin' me down and I'm scared to die
I ain't the kind of girl to cry
But I find myself beggin' God for mercy
Oh my hands are cold as I start to slip
Sodium thiopental drips
Room grows black, I wonder if he heard me
I wonder if he heard me
I wonder if he... heard... me

And lookin' back now, I probably should've let 'em run

I'll bet paybacks are Hell there where I'm going
But any fool should know you don't look a woman in the eye and smile
When she knows what you've done
And she's holdin' whiskey and a gun

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Lyrics submitted by Chris Meyer.

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