

# The Sheriff

## Don Alder

(emerson - lake)Wicked josie rode away  
In the sunset covered sky  
A lynching mob had strung his friend up  
Right before his eyes  
He didn't know what they'd both done  
He sure as hell would end up one  
A hot tin notch on the sheriff's gun  
If he didn't move on  
Get out of hereThe sheriff followed josie's journey  
    >from kansas in the west  
    He said he'd put a bullet right  
    Through poor old josie's chest  
    But josie wasn't like the rest  
    He don't like bullet holes in his vest  
    In fact he'd do his very best  
    Don't want any arrest  
    Don't want to be the guest  
    Of the sheriffThe nights got so damned cold  
        He couldn't stand the pace  
        He looked again for sheriff's men  
        But couldn't see the chase  
        Josie found a nice warm place  
        But then the sheriff solved the case  
        Hoped to find josie's face  
    And said lookie here...Sheriff rode him into town  
        With josie look inside  
    He didn't know about the six-gun  
        Wicked josie had  
    Then josie drew his gun real fast  
        Gave the sheriff one big blast  
        And josie was a song at last  
        A legend from the past  
    Nobody ever messed with the sheriff

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