Round up the Horses

Orange Goblin

Twelve men ride out from the mountain today
Hell bent on destruction and they're heading your way
Find me a posse of twelve brave men
Tell 'em not to expect to come home againDont spare the guns cos they ain't movin too slow
Round up the horses and lets goI take a shot of whiskey as I mount my steed
Heading down to the canyon where the blood runs free
A dozen outlaw riders charging out from the sun
A gunshot rings out and the battle's begun
Dont spare the guns cos they ain't movin too slow
Round up the horses and lets goWe come around from the east and cut 'em off at the cross
With guns blazin' we ride before the first man is lostA red rag to a bull, we head up onto the plain
With bullets flyin' around the bodies fall like rain
Last man standing I know, with cordite filling my nose
Gotta saddle up my horse, and head to Mexico
Round up the horses and lets go
Round up the horses and lets go
Round up the horses and lets go
Round up the horses and lets go
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