

# The Sheriff

## Fila Brazillia

(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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