

# High Noon

Frankie Laine

[Red 1]Yo yo  
We rude bwoys Van-city outlaws  
Yo, the Red reaper, bust back your street sweeper  
Call Mr. Martin and the preacher  
To the saloon, the showdown high noon  
Men dressed all black, yo pon cock platoon  
Outlaws, shedding blood by the liter  
Saddle up, ride into the sun, done defeat ya  
Ride out and scout a safe hideout  
With a bounty on my head, that's the word of the moth  
Misfit and Red, wanted alive or dead  
But Billy bad on the draw, cowboy ninja dread  
Retreat to the bush where the Indians live  
To survive off the land, recuperating  
Yo, walk the warpath like a brave Mohican  
Then scalpel the tongue chief rocker speaking  
Young gun, bust and murder the sound boy  
Anything in my way, no choice but to destroy  
CHORUS  
"Hold my ground like it's high noon"

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