Wanted Man

Frankie Laine

Till I became a wanted man,
I never owned a gun,
But now they hunt me like a mountain cat,
And I'm always, always, always on the runI killed poor Jed Bryant
In a bad Laredo fight,
Killed him with my bare hands
For the girl I loved that night.
Jed's brother's out to get me,
He's comin' with a gang
I'd rather shoot it out, by God, than let 'em see me hangBullet in my shoulder,
Blood runnin' down my vest,
Twenty in the posse,
And they're never gonna let me rest.Till I became a wanted man,
I never owned a gun,
But now they hunt me like a mountain cat,
And I'm always, always, always on the runSpangles on her red dress
Laughter in her voice,
When he tried to put his hands on her
My heart left me no choice.
But was she really worth it?
I guess I'll never know,
She'll be drinkin' someone else's rye when I'm six feet below.Bullet in my shoulder,
Blood runnin' down my vest,
Twenty in the posse,
And they're never gonna let me rest.Till I became a wanted man,
I never owned a gun,
But now they hunt me like a mountain cat,
And I'm always, always, always on the run.

Songwriters
BOB HILLIARD, LEE POCKRISSPublished by
Lyrics Â© BOURNE CO., EMILY MUSIC CORP Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/