

The Sheriff

Emerson, Lake & Palmer

(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 hung
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 city 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 a trace
Josie found a nice warm place
But then the sheriff solved the case
put the gun in josie's face
And said lookie here...

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