

# Shootout

## Razor

Living on the east side, trouble's on it's way  
Get your piece together, take your place and stay  
Is your pistol loaded? ain't no room for butts  
Strangers eye to eye, hope you've got the guts  
Lawman, draw your gun  
I may be the one  
Trigger happy fingers and you give me cause  
Lawman what have I done - broken your laws?  
Strangers, Dangers  
Desert sons ride from the heat  
Little doubt, in this shootout  
Wipe off the dust from the street  
Chasing with tequila, and gypsy ladies dance  
Never thought I'd shoot again until I had the chance  
One on one I'm laughing, spit in the sand and draw  
Just not quick enough, so much for the law  
Lawman draw your gun  
I may be the one  
Knock down and drag out, the taste is in the air  
Lawman what have I done - do you really care?  
Given the limit, the job is yours today  
Just another sorry man standing in my way  
A bad lad uh huh! lives up to his role  
Live it up, laugh it up, end up in the hole  
Where you die another soul will stand  
I'll be riding riding riding across this land  
You've been shot down, now you're gonna crawl  
Those who stay alive are those who don't come out at all  
Just another shootout, one more dirty deed  
Your peacemaker's heavy, one shot's all I need  
Make your move now mister, sherrif's history  
Feelin' lucky are you? Good-bye deputy!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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