Your Only Pal

Daniel Antopolsky

Tombstone, Arizona, 1881
There was a gunfight in the desert
Hell-fire in the sun
Where your pistol is your only pal
At the O.K. corral
Where your pistol is your only pal
At the O.K. corral

Thereâ€™s four men just starinâ€™ at four men starinâ€™ back
Who could help but flinchinâ€™ with the devil on their backs
Where your pistol is your only pal
At the O.K. corral
Where your pistol is your only pal
At the O.K. corral

You can see youâ€™re up against a legend
So many notches on his gun
Not a smooth place on his barrel
And the shootingâ€™s just begun
Where your pistol is your only pal
At the O.K. corral
Where your pistol is your only pal
At the O.K. corral

Big Ike Clanton and his boys struck like lightninâ€™, strikinâ€™, frighteninâ€™
And how Doc Holiday spat and cursed, a cussinâ€™ curse
Marshall Wyatt Earp and his brothers, were roarinâ€™ thunder and blastinâ€™ fireworks

Who will be checkinâ€™ out of the Grand Hotel
At the O.K. corral?
Who will be saddlinâ€™ up for the Sundown trail
At the O.K. corral?

There are tombstone, tombstones, tombstone, Arizona
From back in eigtheen, eighteen, eighteen, eighty-one
There was a shoot-out, a gunfight, a shoot-out in the desert
Hell-fire in the sun

Who will be checkinâ€™ out of the Grand Hotel
At the O.K. corral?

Who will be saddlinâ€™ up for the Sundow trail
At the O.K. corral?
Where your pistol is your only pal
At the O.K. corral

Lyrics Submitted by Marie Harel

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/