

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

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