

The Sheriff

Badministrator

(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 one
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 in the 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 the chase
 Josie found a nice warm place
 But then the sheriff solved the case
 Hoped to find josie's face
 And said lookie here...Sheriff rode him into town
 With josie look inside
 He didn't know about the six-gun
 Wicked josie had
 Then josie drew his gun real fast
 Gave the sheriff one big blast
 And josie was a song at last
 A legend from the past
 Nobody ever messed with the sheriff

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