

Bullets In The Gun

[Toby Keith](#)

They used to call me lightening
I was always quick to strike
Had everything I own
In the saddles on my bike
I had a reputation
For never staying very long
Just like a wild and restless drifter
Like a cowboy in a song I met a dark haired beauty
Where they lay the whiskey down
In southern Arizona
In a little border town
She had to dance for money
In that dusty old saloon
I dropped a dollar in the jukebox
Played that girl a tune, yeah Never see it comin'
It just hits you by surprise
It's that cold place in your soul
And the fire in her eyes
Makes you come together
Like wild horses when they run
Now the cards are on the table and
The bullets in the gun She was sittin' on my lap
We still had shots to kill
When a man pulled up
Who owned the bar
In a Cadillac Deville
He grabbed her by her raven hair
And threw her on the floor
Said no free ride for the cowboys
That ain't what I pay you for She jumped up and grabbed my pistol
Stuck it in the fat man's back
Said open up the safe
And put your money in the sack
Then tied his hands behind him
And put a blindfolded on his eyes
Said if you're dumb enough to chase us man
You're dumb enough to die Never see it comin'
It just hits you by surprise
It's that cold place in your soul

And the fire in her eyes
It makes you come together
Like wild horses when they run
Now the cards are on the table and
The bullets in the gun, yeah We rode across the border
Down into Mexico
When you're runnin' from the law
Ain't that where everybody goes
We came to a town
With a name I couldn't spell
She gave me what I came for
In that Mexican motel I woke to the sound of sirens and
The sound of running feet
There were fifty Federales
Locked and loaded in the street
She grabbed my 44
I grabbed the money in the sack
She kissed me for the last time
And we headed out the back Every gun was on us
And every heartbeat pounded
The only thing that's left to do
When they got you all surrounded
She fired that old pistol
But we didn't stand a prayer
Money hit the gravel
Man, bullets filled the air You never see it comin'
'Til it hits you by surprise
It's that cold place in your soul
And the fire in her eyes
Makes you come together
Like wild horses when they run
Now the cards are on the table and
And the bullets in the gun
The bullets in the gun
The bullets in the gun
The bullets in the gun

Songwriters

MELVERN RIVERS II RUTHERFORD, TOBY KEITH Published by

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