

Suspect Fled The Scene

Pedro the Lion

Old friend
Your horse is ready to ride
When morning comes From this church town
Where damning rumors drip
From holy tongues It won't go away
It won't go away
It won't go away The fever
To find a scapegoat fast
And fix the blame I know
You never meant to leave
The way you came It won't go away
It won't go away
It won't go away Looking down
From their stained glass steeples
They'll never know
Why you had to run Ride as fast as you can
They're shooting to kill
Ride as fast as you can
They're shooting to kill Ride as fast as you can
They're shooting to kill
Ride as fast as you can
They're shooting to kill

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