

# Fast Gun

## Pavlov's Dog

You like to wear the fast gun  
You try and make me run  
When the whole town turns its troubles down on you  
You like to wear your gun down low  
And you kiss her when you go  
Would a half breed cowboy lose her  
You never know When you shot them dressed in black  
How to pull these triggers back  
When it happens there's a time when it's pouring down  
Will you meet me there, let's go  
Better to let your feelings show  
Because the fast gun's got troubles of his own You like to wear the fast gun  
You gonna try and make me run  
You think you're going to shoot me down  
Well you never will  
'Cause they say you've got no soul  
You got to hit them quite low  
Would a half breed cowboy lose her  
How you know, how you know, you must never know When you shot them dressed in black  
How to pull these triggers back  
When it happens there's a time when it's pouring down  
Will you meet me there, let's go  
Better to let your feelings show  
Because the fast gun's got troubles of his own

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>