

# Dead or Alive

## Journey

A double secret agent  
And he was paid to kill  
With cold steel magnum force  
Is how the man possessed the skill  
He shot a man in Paris  
He did a job in L.A.  
And if the price was right, he'd surely  
Take your like away

Wanted dead or alive, blood for money, money  
Assault, homicide, blood for money, money, money, money

He drove a Maserati, lived up in the hills  
A cat with nine lives that's gone too far to feel the chill  
He never thought it'd happen  
It was his last mistake  
'Cause he was gunned down by a heartless woman's .38.

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Lyrics submitted by Sue.

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