The Sheriff

Patrick Pelzner

(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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