Gun Fightin Man

Ryan Bingham

Can you understand?
How does the devil and a gun get in a dead man's hand?
It's hard to make amends
When you're six feet underneath a no man's landHe was a gun fightin manIt was the power of a choice
To never hear his mother's tears but to feel her voice
Through a world of wicked eyes
Just a-bleedin from the hip of a wild brush fireHe was a gun fightin manLove will never know
That blood is a shadow of a stain in the road
Another smile with no remorse
When death comes a-ridin that pale white horse
He was a gun fightin man
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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