

Jeannie Needs a Shooter

Warren Zevon

I was born down by the river, where the dirty water flows
And the cold wind cut through me, it cut right through my clothes
And the anger and the yearning, like fever in my veins
Set the fire burningShe came down from Knightstown with her hands hard from the line
From the first time I laid eyes on her I know that she'd be mine
Her father was a lawman, he swore he'd shoot me dead
'Cause he knew I wanted Jeannie and I'd haver her like I saidJeannie needs a shooter
Shooter like me
Jeannie needs a shooterJeannie needs a shooter
Shooter on her side
Jeannie needs a shooterJeannie needs a shooter
Jeannie needs a shooterWe met down by the river on the final day in May
And when I leaned down to kiss her, she did not turn away
I drew out all my money and together we did vow
To meet that very evening, and they get away somehowJeannie needs a shooter
Shooter like me
Jeannie needs a shooterJeannie needs a shooter
Shooter on her side
Jeannie needs a shooterJeannie needs a shooter
Jeannie needs a shooterThe night was cold and rainy down by the borderline
I was riding hard to meet her when a shot rang out behind
As I lay there in the darkness with a pistol by my side
Jeannie and her father rode off into the nightJeannie needs a shooter

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