Showdown

Elvis Hitler

Rode into town late one night
Got real drunk
And started a fight
Gunfighters out in the street
Bellies full of lead
And blood at their feet
Sheriff says I'd better get out of town
Next time he sees me
It'll be a showdownBottle of rot gut
And a women of the night
A meal and a hot bath
Will make me fell all right
Dancing girls up on the stage
Drunken banditos that belong in a cage
Sheriff says if I don't get out of town
Next time he sees me
It'll be a showdown

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