

# 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 showdown  
Bottle 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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