

Shootout (Live - Feb 1988 Toronto)

Razor

Living on the east side, trouble's on it's way
Get your piece together, take your place and stay
Is your pistol loaded? ain't no room for butts
Strangers eye to eye, hope you've got the guts
Lawman, draw your gun
I may be the one
Trigger happy fingers and you give me cause
Lawman what have I done - broken your laws?
Strangers, Dangers
Desert sons ride from the heat
Little doubt, in this shootout
Wipe off the dust from the street
Chasing with tequila, and gypsy ladies dance
Never thought I'd shoot again until I had the chance
One on one I'm laughing, spit in the sand and draw
Just not quick enough, so much for the law
Lawman draw your gun
I may be the one
Knock down and drag out, the taste is in the air
Lawman what have I done - do you really care?
Given the limit, the job is yours today
Just another sorry man standing in my way
A bad lad uh huh! lives up to his role
Live it up, laugh it up, end up in the hole
Where you die another soul will stand
I'll be riding riding riding across this land
You've been shot down, now you're gonna crawl
Those who stay alive are those who don't come out at all
Just another shootout, one more dirty deed
Your peacemaker's heavy, one shot's all I need
Make your move now mister, sherrif's history
Feelin' lucky are you? Good-bye deputy!

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