

Running Gun

Marty Robbins

I rode out of Kansas City, going south to Mexico
I was running, dodging danger, left the girl that I loved so
Far behind lay Kansas City and the past that I had earned
Twenty notches on my six gun, marked the lessons I had learned
Many times I sold my fast gun for a place to lay
my head
Till the nights began to haunt me by the men that I left dead
Couldn't stand it any longer with this life that I'd begun
So I said goodbye to Jeannie and became a running gun
I rode into Amarillo as the sun sank in the west
My thoughts in Kansas City and the girl that I love best
As I smiled and kissed her gently and then turned away to go
Said I'd send for her to meet me when I reached old Mexico
I had barely left the saddle and my foot just touched
the ground
When a cold voice from the shadows told me not to turn around
Said he knew about my fast gun, knew the price paid by the law
Challenged by a bounty hunter, so I turned around to draw
I knew someday I'd meet him, for his hand like
lightning flashed
My own gun stood in leather as his bullet tore its path
As my strength was slowly fading, I could see him walk away
And I knew that where I lie tonight, he too must lie some day
Now the crowd is slowly gathering but my eyes
are growing dim
And my thoughts return to Jeannie and the home that we had planned
Oh, please tell her, won't you, mister, that she's still the only one
But a woman's love is wasted when she loves a running gun
Running gun, running gun

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