

# Showdown

Dezperadoz

A crowded saloon in A dirty old town.  
I'm drowning my sorrow with my head hanging down.  
A hand on my shoulder, A rotten damn smile.  
A small game of cards would be worth my while.

I can feel my heartbeat as cards go round.  
I can hear him laughing with deadly sound.  
It's A showdown.

The lights dimmed around us, the noises all die.  
The man dressed in black had greed in his eyes.  
He was dealing the cards and made his last bet.  
He dealt me two aces in fiery red.

I can feel my heartbeat as cards go round.  
I can hear him laughing with deadly sound.  
It's A showdown.

What goes around comes around.

Blood will fill the air.  
Come sundown.  
No man's land, hell yea.  
Finally found.  
My showdown.

What goes around comes around.  
What goes around comes around.  
Showdown.