

A Quick Death in Texas

Clutch

My nasty Yankee mannerisms
Didn't jive with the local traditions
How was I to know she had a jealous husband?
He was the GM of a Tractor Supply
Well acquainted with the guns and knives
Sometimes I swear I have less sense than a bag of hammers

I prayed for courage, I prayed for love
I prayed for guidance from the heavens above
I prayed to know divine protections
But now I'm praying for a quick death in Texas
Hey hey
Please forgive me, Mr. Gibbons

I crawled my way into The Doom Saloon
In an attempt to cauterize my wounds
I did a terrible job and they became powerfully infected
I found myself atop a stolen roan
Quite convinced that I would never see home
And all on account of my lack of common manners

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The saloon doors stopped swinging
The piano player stopped playing
In the shadows I could hear Archaic Spanish phrases
The preacher stood up from his table in his right hand he held a bible
And in his left, the business end of a Winchester rifle

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