

# Cattleman's Gun

Dean Brody

He rode into town one dust storm,  
Sheepskin cloak across his back.  
A preacher man with kind old eyes,  
And a mystery for a past.  
He said he'd come to teach about  
the love of God,  
But he soon learned what they were missing there  
Was justice and the law.

There was a cattleman who claimed his clan  
owned all the land around.  
And any brave fool who that might dispute,  
He was quick to snuff 'em out.  
He'd say, "Take my heed  
and you won't pay the price.  
'Cause honor and a name ain't worth a damn  
if you don't have your life."

He'd say, "Ain't nobody faster than this cattle man's gun.  
I'm a rattlesnake on the trigger.  
Your last stand'll be lyin' in the sand,  
Fallin' to the slam of my hammer."

So one man taught forgiveness,  
While the other taught suffering.  
The preacher said deliverance,  
Could be found out on their knees.  
He said, "I know that you want justice  
And you want blood,  
But believe me when I say to you,  
Don't try and be that man's judge.

'Cause ain't nobody faster than that cattleman's gun,  
He's a rattlesnake on the trigger,  
Your last stand'll be lyin' in the sand,  
Fallin' to the slam of his hammer."

One day a young farmer brought his sons to town for feed.  
And he noticed that the streets were quiet, and he knew what that might mean  
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The smoke rose in the distance,  
His farm burned to the ground.  
He let the fury overtake him,  
When Cattle Man came back to town.

Those boys ran out from behind the crowd,  
And watched their daddy die,  
The big man laughed and said, "Now look at that.  
Anybody else wanna give it a try?"  
Well, the church doors opened with that black cloak flowin' behind the preac  
her's fiery eyes.  
He said, "Your ticket to Hell is a comin' to you,  
And I got a hollow-point to give you the ride."

And the only thing faster than the cattle man's gun,  
Was the preacher's handy finger,  
He pulled iron from his side and let that bullet fly,

Beat the rattlesnake to the hammer.

While the preacher embraced forgiveness,  
Oh, they finally understood,  
Under that sheepskin cloak of his,  
Was a history of blood.