It's Pretty Hard To Beat The King

Drop Dead, Gorgeous

Go tell this town I've built them all their coffins.
As for this face, best be forgotten.

"Baby, baby, I've got a reason to leave.
But I'm not going far.
Baby, baby, c'mon, I'm begging you, please.
I'm not the one in chains."

"They call me Jesse James, and I own the night life.
I drift from town to town across the nation.
Praise the Lord, lock and load, boys.
We go down, we go down, we go down together."

Your gun's firing blanks.
NO WAY OUT.

Go tell this town I've built them all their coffins.
As for this face, best be forgotten.
Hell's on it's way, no one's gonna stop it.
I wear the suit, no one's gonna top it.