

The Sheriff

Emerson, Lake & Palmer

Big kid Josie rode away
In the sunset covered sky
A lynching mob had strung his friend up
Right before his eyes
He didn't know what they'd both done
He sure as hell would end up hung
Or help to notch the sheriff's gun
If he didn't move on
Get out of here

The sheriff followed Josie's trail
From Kansas City West
He said he'd put a bullet right
Through poor old Josie's chest
But Josie wasn't like the rest
He don't like bullet holes in his vest
In fact he'd do his very best
Don't want any arrest
Don't want to be the guest
Of the sheriff

The nights got so damned cold
He couldn't stand the pace
He looked again for sheriff's men
But couldn't see a trace
Josie found a nice warm place
But then the sheriff solved the case
Poked a gun in Josie's face
And said lookie here...

Sheriff rode him into town
With Josie lookin' sad
He didn't know about the six-gun
Big kid Josie had
Then Josie drew his gun real fast
Gave the sheriff one big blast
Now Josie was retired at last
A legend from the past
Nobody ever messed with the sheriff