

Wanted Man

Frankie Laine

SPOKEN: Bullet in my shoulder.
Blood runnin' down my vest.
Twenty in the posse and they're never.
Gonna let me rest
Till I became a wanted man I never even owned a gun
But now they hunt me like a mountain cat
And I'm always, always, always on the run
I killed poor Jed Kline in bad Laredo fight
Killed him with my bare hands for the girl I loved that night
Jed's brother's out to get me
He's comin' with a gang
But I'd rather shoot it out, by God
Than let 'em watch me hang
Bullet in my shoulder!!
BLOOD runnin' down my vest
Twenty in the posse!!
And they're never gonna let me rest
Till I became a wanted man I never even owned a gun
But now they hunt me like a mountain cat
And I'm always (always), always (always), always on the run
She had spangles on her red dress
She had laughter in her voice
When he tried to put his hands on her
My heart left me no choice
But was she really worth it?
Well, I guess I'll never know
She'll be drinking someone else's rye
When I'm six feet below
Bullet in my shoulder!!
BLOOD runnin' down my vest
Twenty in the posse!!
And they're never gonna let me rest
Till I became a wanted man I never even owned a gun
But now they hunt me like a mountain cat
And I'm always (always), always (always), always on the run
A wanted man
A wanted man
On the run