

Death of Jonah Hex

Ghoultown

a dusty hollow drifter was lyin in the bed
there was dirty water at your feet an angel at your head
there was devils on each side of you with bottles in their hands
the master of the double irons would no doubt soon be dead

it started with a dealer and a deck of fifty-one
lone star beer, cuervo gold, two killers and their guns
darkness was the witness it crept upon the town
you crossed some f**kin stranger with horns beneath his crown

no mortal could have beat you no fight you ever lost
but now they'll take you from this place and stick you in a box

at the death bed of jonah hex we'll kneel and say a prayer
as the ghosts are rattling at the door and the devil's in the chair

you remember that foul evenin when you heard the banshees moan
the lousy drunken bastards singin billy in the bowl
they took you up to midnight mass and left you with a lurch
you dropped a quarter on the plate and your blood it filled the church

it must have been a bullet whose whose silver tip was honed
shoot right down into the heart and shatter every bone

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up at the gates of heaven your voice it became a shout
they wouldn't give you service so you kicked the f**kin windows out
they shoved you back into the street they kicked you in the brains
sent you away to hell where they said you should remain

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