

# Pearl Handled Pistol

Jeffrey Foucault

That old one-trick pony  
Sat down in the dust  
He pawed the air  
The gunshots died away  
The sun was red as rust  
It was red as rust

General G.A. Custer  
He was a mighty handsome man  
He loved dogs and children  
He loved the military band  
The military band

Chorus:  
Well the vaudeville tramps and churchbell tollers  
Harlequins and holy rollers  
Lay their nickel down to raise the dead  
With a tune sung low and wistful  
And a pearl handled pistol  
And a mirror hung up above the bed  
Hung up above the bed

Buffalo Bill he said good-bye to the boys  
Said they're spilling blood  
And taking scalps  
And making a joyful noise  
Make a joyful noise

He said I'm off to fight the Indians  
And take a little off the top  
When I get home we'll all dress up  
And ride around the old big top  
Around the old big top

Chorus

Sitting Bull was sitting  
In his cabin all alone  
And the cops they come to fetch him out  
They could not leave him alone  
Just leave him alone

And that old one-trick pony  
He sat down in the dust  
And he danced for the ghost of Sitting Bull  
Because baby the show must go on  
The show must go on