

# Running Gun

Marty Robbins

I rode out of Kansas City, going south to Mexico  
I was running dodging danger, left the girl that I loved so  
Far behind lay Kansas City and the past that I had earned  
Twenty notches on my six gun marked the lessons I had learned

Many times I sold my fast gun for a place to lay my head  
Till the nights began to haunt me by the men that I left dead  
Couldn't stand it any longer with the life that I'd begun  
So I said good-bye to Jeannie and became a running gun

I rode into Amarillo as the sun sank in the west  
My thoughts in Kansas City and the girl that I love best  
As I smiled and kissed her gently and then turned away to go  
Said I'd send for her to meet me when I reached old Mexico

I had barely left the saddle and my foot just touched the ground  
When a cold voice from the shadows told me not to turn around  
Said he knew about my fast gun, knew the price paid by the law  
Challenged by a bounty hunter, so I turned around to draw

I knew someday I'd meet him, for his hand like lightning flashed  
My own gun stood in leather as his bullet tore its path  
As my strength was slowly fading, I could see him walk away  
And I knew that where I lie today, he too must lie some day

Now a crowd is slowly gathering but my eyes are growing dim  
And my thoughts return to Jeannie and the home that we had planned  
Oh please tell her, won't you mister, that she's still the only  
one  
But a woman's love is wasted when she loves a running gun