

# The Rifleman

## The Choir

Nobody gave Mark McCain any trouble  
They knew the rifleman was his pa  
I saw Lucas on one of those "quit smoking"  
Schick Center commercials once  
It must be cool to have an iron jaw

Whatever happened to the Rifleman?  
I've got a job for the Rifleman, the Rifleman

Whenever trouble came riding into North Fork  
The fearful fair folk were never alone  
The tall sod-buster let the bad guys make the first move  
Shot 'em full of lead said "son, let's go home"

Whatever happened to the Rifleman?  
I've got a job for the Rifleman, the Rifleman  
He really knew how to settle a score  
Mercy knocks on the devil's door  
When I pray for peace and revel in war  
I always wanted a shirt like Mark wore

Render love to your world  
Render love to your world  
Render love to your world  
Render love to your world  
Render love  
Let there be peace in the land