

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
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Render love
Let there be peace in the land