

Jeannie Needs a Shooter

Warren Zevon

I was born down by the river where the dirty water flows
And the cold wind cut through me, it cut right through my clothes
And the anger and the yearning, like fever in my veins
Set the fire burning

She came down from Knightstown with her hands hard from the line
From the first time I laid eyes on her
I knew that she'd be mine
Her father was a lawman, he swore he'd shoot me dead
'Cause he knew I wanted Jeannie and I'd have her like I said

Jeannie needs a shooter
Shooter like me
Jeannie needs a shooter
Shooter on her side
Jeannie needs a shooter

We met down by the river, on the final day in May
And when I leaned down to kiss her, she did not turn away
I drew out all my money and together we did vow
To leave that very evening and get away somehow

Jeannie needs a shooter
Shooter like me
Jeannie needs a shooter
Shooter on her side
Jeannie needs a shooter

The night was cold and rainy down by the riverside
I was riding hard to meet her when a shot rang out behind
As I lay there in the darkness with a pistol by my side
Jeannie and her father rode off into the night

Jeannie needs a shooter