

## **Ridin Shotgun**

### **"Who's Ridin' Shotgun?"**

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(B. Herndon, S. Patterson)

My brocade vest holds my grandpas' watch,  
his sixshooters on my hip.

Had just enough time at the last trail stop  
to get myself a dip.

The sun is hot as a carcass rots  
on the way to Santa Fe.

The coach is rough, and there's lots of dust,  
driver find a way.

Chorus:

Who's ridin' shotgun?

He's a man that saves your life.

Who's ridin' shotgun?

A dead aim to end your strife.

If Billy the Kid or some ol' bandido,  
tries to hold the stage;

Who's ridin' shotgun?

As the coach cuts through the sage.

There's gold in them-thar hills

I heard the old prospector say.

Left wife and child at home back east  
took off to Cali forn i a.

As a refinded man, I know I can  
make a way for them to come.

Headed out west may be right for me  
but I know it ain't right for some.

Chorus

Instrumental

Now the coach is stopped, the drivers dead  
took an arrow to the chest.

I wonder if I was in my right mind,  
to want to head out west?

I crawled up top, my six-gun blazin'  
drippin' sweat, I took the reigns.

My right-hand man sittin' at my side,  
we crossed the sun-scorched plains.

Chorus

Instrumental fade

