

Webb Pierce

"Scattergun"

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Standing tall, he doesn't flinch, he knows what must be
done
But his eyes are weak, his aim is bad, his feet too big to
run
If he wants to live to know his lover's kiss
He can't afford to miss
In the blinding glare of the burning desert sun
There's not much a man can do outnumbered six to
one
Unless he is the man they call Scattergun

Scattergun
You don't have to be a good shot
With a scattergun

(Scattergun)

A man who knows his bottle like his woman knows his
touch
Who keeps to his own business as he tinkers in his
hutch
But if some pack of devils act a fool
Make him lose his cool
They'll think a dragon has them in it's clutches
His scattergun will fill the air with smoke and fire and
such
And if you look to see what's left, you won't see much

Scattergun
You don't have to be a good shot
With a scattergun

(Scattergun)

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