

Chris Knight

"Love And A .45"

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Badge number 301
Sits in his car and stares at his gun
He wipes the the blood from his shirt,
The sweat from his brow
He got out this time but he don't know how

Well he'd go on home but nobody's there
No one to hold no one to care
There was a time he had someone
But one day he came home, she was gone

Love and a .45
Are all you need to get through the night
One'll kill you one'll keep you alive
Love and a .45

Parole number fourteen two
Stands on the corner like she used to do
She's been away awhile so she's a little afraid
And the judge said he didn't want to see her again

But she's got no money she's got no rent
The money she had is already spent
Cause a couple of weeks ago she learned her lesson

Went and brought herself a little Smith and Wesson

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Are all you need to get through the night
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At 3:15 he got a call, somebody heard a scream behind
a wall
At a little motel down by the bay
But before he got there, they got away

Well she was all right just a little roughed up
So he took her down to the coffee shop
The report he filed said victim unknown
Now she waits up nights for him to come home

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