

Edmond

"The Rifleman"

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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
Render love to your world
Render love to your world
Render love
Let there be peace in the land

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