

Elton John

"Ballad Of A Well Known Gun"

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I pulled out my Stage Coach Times
And I read the latest news
I tapped my feet in dumb surprise
And of course I saw they knew

The Pinkertons pulled out my bags
And asked me for my name
I stuttered out my answer
And hung my head in shame

Now they've found me
At last they've found me
It's hard to run
From a starving family

Now they've found me
Well I won't run
I'm tired of hearing
There goes a well-known gun

Now I've seen this chain gang
Lord I say, let me see my priest
I couldn't have faced your desert sand
Old burning brown backed beast

The poor house, they hit me for my kin
And claimed my crumbling walls
Now I know how Reno felt
When he ran from the law

Now they've found me
At last they've found me
It's hard to run
From a starving family

Now they've found me
Well, I won't run
I'm tired of hearing
There goes a well-known gun

Now they've found me
Lord, I say, at last they've found me

It's hard to run
From a starving family

Lord I say, now they've found me
Well I won't run
I'm tired of hearing
There goes a well-known gun

Lord I say, now they've found me
At last they've found me
It's hard to run
From a starving family

Now they've found me
I won't run
I'm tired of hearing
There goes a well-known gun

A well-known gun

Now they've found me
There goes a well-known gun
At last they've found me
There goes a well-known gun

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