

Frankie Laine "Wanted Man"

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Bullet in my shoulder
Blood runnin' down my vest
Twenty in the posse
And they're never gonna let me rest

Till I became a wanted man I never even owned a gun
But now they hunt me like a mountain cat
And I'm always, always
Always on the run

I killed poor Jed Kline
In bad Laredo fight
Killed him with my bare hands
For the girl I loved that night

Jed's brother's out to get me
He's comin' with a gang
But I'd rather shoot it out, by God
Than let 'em watch me hang

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She had spangles on her red dress
She had laughter in her voice
When he tried to put his hands on her
My heart left me no choice

But was she really worth it?
Well, I guess I'll never know
She'll be drinking someone else's rye
When I'm six feet below

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Blood runnin' down my vest

Twenty in the posse
And they're never gonna let me rest

Till I became a wanted man I never even owned a gun
But now they hunt me like a mountain cat
And I'm always, always, always, always
Always on the run

A wanted man
A wanted man
On the run

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