

Graeme Edge "Shotgun"

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Far off in a distant land
A man lying dead in the sand
Lying by his side was a song
Written down on a parchment fair
Overgrown with ageing hair
You could see this man died alone

From riding shotgun on the 4.42

Repeat

Riding shotgun was his dream
But he's fallen dead it seems
Riding shotgun on the 4.42

When the sun it got too hot
I was glad of what I'd got
Living on the food that I found
Twenty minutes left to go
Another town's in sight you know
Think I'll rest my boots while I can

Riding shotgun on the 4.42

Here comes Lucy Springer
You know that she's a ringer
She'll take you for a ride for awhile
You know that she looks fancy
Much more slick than Nancy
You know you'll have to pay for a smile

Riding shotgun on the 4.42

I know that I ain't been mean
And I always kept my sixguns clean
And I feel I'm at the end of my road
I'll make way for someone new
Do you think it could be you
As I lie face down dead in the road

Riding shotgun on the 4.42

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