

Griffin Anthony "Calico Queen"

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Dust Bowl. High-noon.Â
Hot Sun, down the back bone.
Whiskey, yeah you pull it.
I can't believe your right hand shook you in it.

Ten steps plotted underneath my boots.
Takin' my time just waitin' on your-
Fools-gold. Yeah, she's a banshee.Â
Gone' catch yourself a cold with the cards you dealt
me.
Chamber-stock full, all you need is two.
One to stun me and the other to prove...

(Rumor has it you're a) gunslinger.
Bringin' the broom-tail, black-strap, buffalo fire.
Contract killer.Â Hidin' between all the dreams of the
calico queens.

Breach-load. Goddamn.
All these vultures are ready to eat again.
Redheaded woman all pretty and proud.
Kickin' your way through this here town.
One step left before you shoot.
Squeeze that trigger, girl.

(Rumor has it you're a) Gunslinger.
Bringin' the broom-tail, black-strap, buffalo fire.
Contract killer.Â Hidin' between all the dreams-

(Rumor has it you're a) Dead ringer.
Raisin' the hair on the back of a gentleman's neck.
Sideways grinner.Â Hidin' between all the dreams of
the calico queens.

Chamber-stock full, all you need is two-
One to stun me and the other to proveÂ (you're a)
gunslinger.
Hidin' between all the dreams of the calico queens.

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