

## Guy Chadwick

# "The Last Gunfighter Ballad"

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The old gunfighter on the porch  
Stared into the sun  
And relived the days of living by the gun  
When deadly games of pride were played  
And living was mistakes not made

And the thought of the smell of the black powder  
smoke  
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke  
Ah, the smell of the black powder smoke  
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke

It's always keep your back to the sun  
And he can almost feel the weight of the gun  
It's faster than snakes or the blink of an eye  
And it's a time for all slow men to die  
And his eyes get squinty and his fingers twitch  
And he empties the gun at the son of a bitch

And he's hit by the smell of the black powder smoke  
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke  
Hit by the smell of the black powder smoke  
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke

Now the burn of a bullet is only a scar  
He's back in his chair in front of the bar  
And the streets are empty and the blood's all dried  
And the dead are dust and the whiskey's inside  
So buy him a drink and lend him an ear  
He's nobody's fool and the only one here

Who remembers the smell of the black powder smoke  
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke  
Remember the smell of the black powder smoke  
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke

He said I stood in that street before it was paved  
Learned shoot or be shot before I could shave  
And I did it all for the money and fame  
Noble was nothing but feeling no shame  
And nothing was sacred but stayin' alive

And all that I learned from a Colt 45

Was to curse the smell of the black powder smoke  
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke  
Curse the smell of the black powder smoke  
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke

Now he's just an old man that no one believes  
Says he's a gunfighter, the last of the breed  
And there are ghosts in the street seeking revenge  
Calling him out to the lunatic fringe  
Now he's out in the traffic checking the sun  
And he's killed by a car as he goes for his gun

So much for the smell of the black powder smoke  
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke  
So much for the smell of the black powder smoke  
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke

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