

Jeffrey Foucault

"Pearl Handled Pistol"

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That old one-trick pony
Sat down in the dust
He pawed the air
The gunshots died away
The sun was red as rust
It was red as rust

General G.A. Custer
He was a mighty handsome man
He loved dogs and children
He loved the military band
The military band

Chorus:
Well the vaudeville tramps and churchbell tollers
Harlequins and holy rollers
Lay their nickel down to raise the dead
With a tune sung low and wistful
And a pearl handled pistol
And a mirror hung up above the bed
Hung up above the bed

Buffalo Bill he said good-bye to the boys
Said they're spilling blood
And taking scalps
And making a joyful noise
Make a joyful noise

He said I'm off to fight the Indians
And take a little off the top
When I get home we'll all dress up
And ride around the old big top
Around the old big top

Chorus

Sitting Bull was sitting
In his cabin all alone
And the cops they come to fetch him out
They could not leave him alone
Just leave him alone

And that old one-trick pony
He sat down in the dust
And he danced for the ghost of Sitting Bull
Because baby the show must go on
The show must go on

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