

Johnny Cash

"The Last Gunfighter Ballad"

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The old gunfighter stood on the porch and stared into
sun
And relived all the old days back when he was livin' by
the gun
When deadly games of pride were played and livin'
was mistakes not made
And he thought of the smell of the black powder smoke
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke
The thought of the smell of the black powder smoke
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke

And it's always keep your back to the sun
And he can almost feel the weight of that gun
And it's faster than snakes or a blink of the eye
And it's a time for all slow men to die
His eyes get squinty and he's straight as log
and he empties his gun at the dirty dog
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
And he's back in his chair in front of a bar
And the streets're empty and the blood's all dried
The dead 're dust and and the whiskey's inside
So buy him a drink and lend him an ear
He's nobody's fool and he's 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

Said I stood in that street before it was paved
I learned the shoot or be shot before I could shave
And I did it all for the money and the fame
Noble was nothing but feelin' no shame
And nothing was sacred but stayin' alive
And all that I learned from a Colt 45
Was to cuss the smell of the black powder smoke
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke

Cuss 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 nobody believes
Says he's a gunfighter the last of this breed
And there's ghosts in the street seekin' revenge
Callin' him out to the lunatic fringe
He's out in the traffic down 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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