

## Lake & Palmer Emerson "The Sheriff"

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(emerson - lake)

Wicked josie rode away  
In the sunset covered sky  
A lynching mob had strung his friend up  
Right before his eyes  
He didnt know what theyd both done  
He sure as hell would end up one  
A hot tin notch on the sheriffs gun  
If he didnt move on  
Get out of here

The sheriff followed josies journey  
>from kansas in the west  
He said hed put a bullet right  
Through poor old josies chest  
But josie wasnt like the rest  
He dont like bullet holes in his vest  
In fact hed do his very best  
Dont want any arrest  
Dont want to be the guest  
Of the sheriff

The nights got so damned cold  
He couldnt stand the pace  
He looked again for sheriffs men  
But couldnt see the chase  
Josie found a nice warm place  
But then the sheriff solved the case  
Hoped to find josies face  
And said lookie here...

Sheriff rode him into town  
With josie look inside  
He didnt know about the six-gun  
Wicked josie had  
Then josie drew his gun real fast  
Gave the sheriff one big blast  
And josie was a song at last  
A legend from the past  
Nobody ever messed with the sheriff

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