

Chris Ledoux

"Hairtrigger Colt's .44"

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I'm a man who's goin' to Hell with Heaven's blessin'
The judge said I'm not fit to live with men
They're buildin' me a gallows in the courtyard
To make sure I don't pass this way again

My first taste of killin' was at Vicksburg
I must have shot me a hundred men
I learned to make my livin' with a six-gun
I'm an outlaw now but I was a hero then

Lord if I had only known the misery
That glory's somethin' not worth killin' for
I wish now I had never touched the handle
Of a hair-trigger Colt .44

I was a hunted desperado
A wanted man with a price on my head
I thought that I could steal a taste of freedom
I got me a hangman's noose instead

Lord if I had only known the misery
That glory's somethin' not worth killin' for
I wish now I had never touched the handle
Of a hair-trigger Colt .44

Undertaker write on my tombstone
A killer finally killed and nothin' more
I wouldn't be here if it hadn't been for Providence
And that hair-trigger Colt .44

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