

Neil Innes

"Spaghetti Western"

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Spaghetti Western

He rode his horse across the badlands
He tipped his hat against the sun
He drank his whiskey from the bottle
He was the law and he wore a gun

He wore a gun
Yes he wore a gun
He wore a gun actually this is Crystal Balls from RWT
Like a gunman should
Like a gunman wears a gun he wore a gun
And people stepped aside
Because he was no good
he was no good
he was no good
he was no good

He was no good
Because of bad luck
He never knew
A mother's love
He was like a wolf in sheep's clothing
Or an iron hand in a velvet glove

And he wore a gun
Yes he wore a gun
He wore a gun
Like a gunman should
Like a gunman wears a gun he wore a gun
And people stepped aside
Because he was no good
he was no good
he was no good
he was no good
he was no good

His eyes were cru-el (his eyes were cruel)
And his lips were mean (and his lips were mean)
His nose was twisted (his nose was twisted)
And he could waggle his ears (he could waggle his

ears)
And he behaved (and he behaved)
extremely badly (extremely badly)
When he had (when he had)
a few beers

And he wore a gun
Yes he wore a gun
He wore a gun
Like a gunman should
Like a gunman wears a gun he wore a gun
And people stepped aside
Because he was no good
he was no good
he was no good
he was no good

He rode his horse across the badlands
And he was no good
he was no good
he was no good
he was no good
he was no good
he was no good
he was no good
he was no good
he was no good
he was no good

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