

Randy Travis

"Young Guns"

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There was Dirty Steve, Charlie, Dick Brewer and Doc,
Chavez and Billy the Kid.
They all rolled together for a moment in time, believin'
in all that they did.
Each one was different, but they all were the same,
with one common reason in mind
The cold hand of justice delivered to all who had shot a
good friend from behind...they shot a good friend from
behind.

Young guns who were driven by hatred and anger with
no way to win in the end,
Some would be dyin' and some would be livin', the
question remaining was when.

The battle to come wasn't theirs for the choosin', but
they knew it wouldn't be long,
With no way to turn back and no way to stop, the anger
that burned was too strong...
They rode into town unaware they were noticed, with
what they must do on their minds.
They met face to face with the ones who had killed the
best friend that they ever would find, the best friend
they ever would find...

Young guns who were driven by hatred and anger with
no way to win in the end...
Some would be dyin' and some would be livin', the
question remaining was when.

It happened so quick there was no time for thinkin, the
battle was finally at hand...
And down through the years we have all heard the
tales of what happened time and again.
And sometimes the wind seems to echo the sounds of
hoof beats and the screamin' through town,
And some people say that their ghosts can be seen
when that hot desert sun's beatin down', when that hot
desert sun's beatin down...

Young guns who were driven by hatred and anger

finally had evened the score.
Some were left bleedin' and some were left dyin', but
some things are worth dyin' for.

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