

## Dave Carter and Tracy Grammer "41 Thunderer"

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In fair silver city on the blind side of fate  
I grew up to manhood on the narrow and straight  
But prideful i stumbeled, and foolish i fell  
In the silken fine trammels of a cruel yankee belle

Slender and wicked, flame in her eyes  
Pearl white and nickel 'round the curve of her thighs  
Smooth as dry whiskey, but cold to caress  
She slid like a viper from her tooled leather dress

Forty-one thunderer, colt repeater  
She's a silver-tongued wonder and a mean mistreater  
Six-eyed delilah, brazen and bold  
Now it's stand and deliver, and fire in the hole  
Forty-one thunderer turn loose o' my soul

I feared not the lawman nor the thief in the night  
Nor angel nor devil when she went by my side  
And her hunger burned blazes till it felt like my own  
Her wanderin' heart drove me wild and alone  
Forty-one thunderer...

We rode out from canaan in search of our fortune  
Or something' worth dyin' for, beauty or evermore  
Over the blackwater flats with her jackrabbits running  
Under a sky burnin' brimstone and reckoning  
Sweet for the hope of rain  
And the sand in your teeth grindin' tiny white diamonds  
To moments of loss that you cannot explain

So come demon lover when the long night is through  
And sing me your lullaby, simple and true  
For legends will tarnish and trigger will rust  
And the road over glory come to ashes and dust

Forty-one thunderer...

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