

Steve Spurgin "Bullet Bob"

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Bullet Bob is a living ghost
A stare as hard as a bois d'arc post
He killed his first one when he was thirteen
Some poor vaquero in a border town
Laughed at Bob so he shot him down
His momma said, "You boys sure made him mean."
His heart's as black as a moonless night
His skin and hair are snowy white
His eyes are burning red with the devil's fire
His mom did the best she knew
There's only so much you can do... with
One more runaway gun for hire
Bullet Bob's in the "Rose Cantina"
All tanked up on cheap tequila
It's best to stay away when he's around
He's here to earn an outlaw's pay
There'll be a funeral any day
Don't even smile when Bullet Bob's in town
When he was just a little lad
The butt of every joke we had
He sure got poked and teased when he was a kid
When he straps on that .44
No one's laughing anymore
It's hard to blame him much for what he did
Charlie One-eye said, "You know,
he's like a wounded buffalo—
Standing hard and pawing up the ground.
We're all a thorn beneath his hide.
We made him swallow too much pride.
One by one, I think he'll burn us down."
Bullet Bob's in the "Rose Cantina"
All tanked up on cheap tequila
It's best to stay away when he's around
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There'll be a funeral any day
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(continued on next page). A gun appeared in Charlie's
fist
He took a shot at Bob and missed
And got three holes in the middle of his shirt
Bob just turned back to the bar
Said, "Tequila, por favor."

And left old Charlie lying in the dirt
Bullet Bob's in the "Rose Cantina"
All tanked up on cheap tequila
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He's here to earn an outlaw's pay
There'll be a funeral any day
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