

Sweet Apple

"The Ballad Of The Silver Gun"

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Glass rained like diamonds scattered fast across the
gloom
The heavy sound of booted footsteps echoed like a
tomb
As Eddie tripped over the brick he'd thrown into the
room,
A tiny glint of silver caught his eye

Eddie, see, your mother, she was never there for you
A pity that she never raised you right
She'd weep to know her son would grow
To kill a helpless man that night

The papers would read of a chilling misdeed
At the end of a silver gun
But all Eddie left was a trail of regret
Leading into the western sun

Eddie's hands were shaking as he reached for what he
saw
A loaded silver pistol in a cabinet on the wall
As Eddie's fingers closed around the latch, from down
the hall
The pistol's owner gave a startled cry

Eddie turned and pulled the trigger, lighting up the
room
The silver gun flashing coldly in the night
Chester slid down to the floor
With horror on his face, and died

The papers would read of a chilling misdeed
At the end of a silver gun
But all Eddie left was a trail of regret
Leading into the western sun

Eddie, see what's left of Chester spread across the
room
A crimson pattern spattered on the floor
The sirens sing for you my friend
But Chester, he will breathe no more

The papers would read of a chilling misdeed
At the end of a silver gun
But all Eddie left was a trail of regret
Leading into the western sun

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