

Edge Graeme Band

"Shotgun"

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A. Gurvitz)

Far off in a distant land

A man lying dead in the sand

Lying by his side was a song

Written down on a parchment fair

Overgrown with ageing hair

You could see this man died alone

>From riding shotgun on the 4.42

REPEAT

Riding shotgun was his dream

But he's fallen dead it seems

Riding shotgun on the 4.42

When the sun it got too hot

I was glad of what I'd got

Living on the food that I found

Twenty minutes left to go

Another town's in sight you know

Think I'll rest my boots while I can

Riding shotgun on the 4.42

Here comes Lucy Springer

You know that she's a ringer

She'll take you for a ride for awhile
You know that she looks fancy
Much more slick than Nancy
You know you'll have to pay for a smile
Riding shotgun on the 4.42
I know that I ain't been mean
And I always kept my sixguns clean
And I feel I'm at the end of my road
I'll make way for someone new
Do you think it could be you
As I lie face down, dead in the road
Riding shotgun on the 4.42

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