

Beat Farmers

"California Kid"

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I rode into tpwn on a crippled horse
Got fired from a cattle drive up north
The ropes of the gallows were swingin' in the breeze
All the Wanted posters had pictures of me

Tied what was left of my horse to a hitch
Walked into a saloon, they called the 'Busted Bitch'
I ordered up a whiskey, they asked me for my bread
I paid him two bits, then I pumped him full of lead

I got my Colt Forty Five, right by my side
I'm the California Kid, I hope you're quite prepared to die

A lady of the evening was eyeballing me
Staring down from the balcony
She walked up to me with gun powder breath
The ace of hearts was bleeding from her hip
I dragged her upstairs by her lower lip

I got my Colt Forty Five, right by my side
I'm the California Kid, I hope you're quite prepared to die

She untied my boots, she untied my jeans
She untied my tubes I had tied in my teens
'bout that time he front door was kicked in
And there stood some asshole all covered in sin
He said 'That's my woman', I said 'That's no lie'
I blew a hole in him just as big as the sky

I got my Colt Forty Five, right by my side
I'm the California Kid, I hope you're quite prepared to die

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