

Avett Brothers, The

"Wanted Man"

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Bullet in my shoulder, blood running down my vest
Twenty in the posse and they're never gonna let me
rest
'Till I became a wanted man, well I never even owned a
gun
Now they own me like a mountain cat and I'm always on
the run

Well I killed poor Jed Bryce in a bad laredo fight
I killed him with my bare hands for the girl I loved that
night
Jed's brothers out to get me, he's coming with his gang
And I'd rather shoot it out by God than let them watch
me hang

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She had spangles on her wedding dress,
she had laughter in her voice
And when I tried to put my hands on her,
my heart left me no choice
Now was she really worth it, I guess I'll never know
She'll be drinking someone else's rye, when I'm six feet
below.

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