

Latin Quarter

"Smoking Gun"

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I'll just have one to cut the dust", the nameless
Stranger said
"But don't you work my tongue loose - need to keep it
In my head
I need my head on my shoulders, I'm the last one on
the
Run
Need my head on my shoulders, I'm the last one on the
Run

Chorus:
But whose prints, whose prints
Whose prints are you going to find
On the butt of the smoking gun?

These days so many amateurs they get high before
they
Hit
Got no soul, they got no dedication, they will never
Live to quit
Me, I've graduated first in a class of one
Me, I've graduated first in a class of one

Chorus

Outside the depository the third shot really told the
Story
Since then I've been working on the sequel
Who made men? I don't know - but Colonel Colt sure
made
Them equal

Abernathy he took three short steps to where the
Dreamer fell
The softened snout of the bullet left a gaping tale to
Tell
But so little is open, so much needs to be undone
So little is open, so much needs to be undone

Chorus

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