

A Quick Death in Texas

Clutch

My nasty Yankee mannerisms Didn't jive with the local traditions
How was I to know she had a jealous husband?
He was the GM of a Tractor Supply Well acquainted with the guns and knives Sometimes I
swear I have less sense than a bag of hammers
I prayed for courage I prayed for love
I prayed for guidance from the heavens above
I prayed to know divine protections
But now I'm praying for a quick death in Texas Please forgive me, Mr. Gibbons I crawled my
way into The Doom Saloon
In an attempt to cauterize my wounds
I did a terrible job and they became powerfully infected
I found myself atop a stolen roan
Quite convinced that I would never see home
And all on account of my lack of common manners
The saloon doors stopped swinging
The piano player stopped playing
In the shadows I could hear Archaic Spanish phrases
The preacher stood up from his table In his right hand he held a bible
And in his left, the business end Of a Winchester rifle Beaumont, Amarillo, got a line on me
Galveston, El Paso, Nacogdoches, Abilene

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>