

Six Gun Blues

Words and Music by Dan Curtis

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Well I'm on my way to Gainesville,
Late on Friday night
Said I'm on my way to Gainesville
Gonna get real tight.
'cause my baby left me,
We had a big fight.

I can still 'member
Every word that she said
I--- can still remember
Every word that she said.
Put that gun away, now
Don't you point it at my head. (*she said*)

Baby don't you point it at my head
'cause I'm afraid your six gun is gonna blow me away.

I can see the lights a flashin'
Up in the road up ahead.
I--- can see the lights a flashin'
Got de road block up ahead.
Done called the law on me
'cause I left my baby dead.

Get out the damn car boy,
Face down on the ground. (*he said*)
Out the damn car boy.
Get down on the ground!
Give me one good reason, son -
Gonna give you one round.

Lawman don't you point it at my head
'cause I'm afraid your six gun is gonna blow me away.

I ain't makin' no excuses
I know I done real bad.
I--- ain't makin' no excuses
I know I done real bad.
But my baby lied to me,
Just makes me so damn mad.

Now I'm on my way to Gainesville
Late on Friday night.
Said I'm on my way to Gainesville,
Shackled and chained up, very tight.
Gotta date with six rifles
Come the mornings first light (*that's right*)

No matter now if you point it at my head
I know you six guns are gonna blow me away (ad lib & fade)