

Cattleman's Gun

Dean Brody

He rode into town one dust storm
sheepskin cloak across his back
A preacher man with kind old eyes
and a mystery for a pastHe said he'd come to teach about the love of god
but he soon learned what they were missin'
there was justice and the lawThere was a cattleman who claimed his clan
owned all the land around
And any brave fool that might dispute he was quick
to snuff'em out
He'd say take my heed and you won't pay the price
Cause honour and a name ain't worth a damn
if you don't have your life.
Cause ain't nobody faster than this cattleman's gun
I'm a rattlesnake on the trigger
Your last stand will be lyin' in the sand
Fallin' to the slam of my hammerSo one man taught forgiveness while the other
taught suffering
Preacher said deliverance could be found
down on their knees.
He'd say i know you want justice
and you want blood
But believe me when I say to you
don't try and be that man's judgeCause ain't nobody faster than this cattleman's gun
He's a rattlesnake on the trigger
Your last stand will be lyin' in the sand
Fallin' to the slam of his hammer
One day a young farmer brought his sons
to town for feed
And he noticed that the streets were quiet
and he knew what that might mean
As smoke rose in the distance his farm burned
to the ground
And he let the fury overtake him
When cattleman came back to townWell his boys ran out from behind
the crowd and watched their daddy die
The big man laughed and said now look at that
anybody else wanna give it a tryWell the church doors opened with
that black cloak flowin' behind preacher's
fiery eyes
He said your ticket to hell is a comin' to you
and I got a hollow point to give you a rideAnd the only thing faster than the cattleman's gun
was the preacher man's hand and finger

He pulled iron from his side and let that bullet fly
and beat the rattlesnake to the hammer
Why preacher embraced forgiveness,
they finally understood
Under that sheepskin cloak of his
was a history of blood

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