

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  
Hey hey! 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

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The saloon doors stopped swingin'  
The piano player stopped playin' (Hey hey!)  
In the shadows I could hear  
Archaic Spanish phrases (Hey hey!)  
The preacher stood up from his table  
In his right hand he held a bible (Hey hey!)  
And in his left, the business end of a Winchester rifle

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Galveston, El Paso, Nacogdoches, Abilene  
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