

No Guns, No Glory

by Lindsey Eck

You want to stay my friend?
Well, how much can you lend?
I'm trying to defend you
but my ammo's running low
and it's been many moons
since we shot up them saloons
and headed for the dunes
where sheriffs' hounds would never go
If I get home before I die
just wring me out and let me dry
Dream me up an alibi
that I can give the Feds

You say, no guns, no glory
but glory ain't worth its weight in lead
You do it for the fame
and you love to hear your name
so back into the flame you head

Now I've got 50 bucks
says your intuition sucks
and maybe we'd be lucky
just to ride our separate roads
If it's you that makes the news
and you that lights the fuse
I'm not the one you'll use
to hide the bomb when it explodes
Cross my heart, hope we can fly
and land in Texas—I'll try
not blinking at the evil eye
I'll watch the sky instead

You say, no guns, no glory
but glory ain't worth its weight in lead
You do it for the fame
and you love to hear your name
so back into the flame you head

I'd rather spend my nights at home in bed
but back into the flames we head

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