

Three-Fingered Jack

Hours waiting on the trail
Hear it through the hills, the armored stagecoach rolling near
Get the horses on the run
Leave 'em cold in the desert sun

Hit the train on native land
Some passengers shot back, he lost two fingers on his shooting hand
Had to take the marshall down
To the hills is where he's always bound

Catch the redeye freighter down the track
Keep your best friends near and tell 'em all to watch your back
Think your safe but before you can react
You're looking down the barrel of the Three-Fingered Jack

Sipping slow a second shot
Eyeing over easy prey, the Faro table's getting hot
Diamonds shining through the hand
'Till his knife takes 'em back again

A man can't always be at large
Thunder comes and shakes the ground, the Cavalry are on the charge
Fate is pushed upon his soul
Like a walk to the gallows pole

Catch the redeye...