

# Badfinger, Smoking Gun

Once upon a ruthless time  
Lived a man folks thought was kind  
People called him laughing Will  
But inside he loved to kill

Ruled a city with his mob  
A connoisseur on the way to rob  
And some refused him, they're dead or lame  
And old Will always dodged the blame

Johnny could not help be near  
But he saw Will's face quite clear  
Old Will Parker saw him run  
Followed with his smoking gun

He was just a fairground boy  
A-helping him on the wheel of joy  
He pulled no punches, he played the game  
But Old Will shot him just the same