

# Elton John, Ballad of a well known gun

I pulled out my Stage Coach Times  
And I read the latest news  
I tapped my feet in dumb surprise  
And of course I saw they knew  
The Pinkertons pulled out my bags  
And asked me for my name  
I stuttered out my answer  
And hung my head in shame  
Now they've found me  
At last they've found me  
It's hard to run  
From a starving family  
Now they've found me  
Well I won't run  
I'm tired of hearing  
There goes a well-known gun  
Now I've seen this chain gang  
Lord I say let me see my priest  
I couldn't have faced your desert sand  
Old burning brown backed beast  
The poor house they hit me for my kin  
And claimed my crumbling walls  
Now I know how Reno felt  
When he ran from the law  
Now they've found me  
At last they've found me  
It's hard to run  
From a starving family  
Now they've found me  
Well I won't run  
I'm tired of hearing  
There goes a well-known gun  
Now they've found me  
Lord I say at last they've found me  
It's hard to run  
From a starving family  
Lord I say now they've found me  
Well I won't run  
I'm tired of hearing  
There goes a well-known gun  
Lord I say now they've found me  
At last they've found me  
It's hard to run  
From a starving family  
Now they've found me  
I won't run  
I'm tired of hearing  
There goes a well-known gun