

Frankie Laine, Wanted Man

bullet in my shoulder
blood running my vest
20 in the posse
and they're never going to let me rest
till i became a wanted man i never even owned a gun
but now they hunt me like a mountain cat
and i'm always always always on the run
i killed poor jet brian
in a real bad fight
killed him with my bare hands
for the girl i loved that night
jets' brothers' out to get me
he's coming with a gang
i'd rather shoot it out like that
than let them watch me hang
chorus
bullet in my shoulder
blood running down my vest
twenty in the posse
and they're never going to let me rest
till i became a wanted man i never even owned a gun
but now they hunt me like a mountain cat
and i'm always always always on the run
she had spangles on her red dress
she had laughter in her voice
when he tried to lay his hands on her
my heart left me no choice
but was she really worth it
i guess i'll never know
she'll be drinking someone else's rye
when i'm six feet below
chorus
bullet in my shoulder
blood running down my vest
twenty in the posse
and they're never going to let me rest
till i became a wanted man i never even owned a gun
but now they hunt me like a mountain cat
and i'm always always always on the run
a wanted man
a wanted man
on the run