

Nocturnal Goatsucker - A Ballad Of Crime
Misc Unsigned Bands

Db A E B
Johnny was a cowboy and Jonas was a thief
Startin' brawls and raisin' hell, the world lay at their feet
Then one day at half-past ten, beneath a stormy sky
The sheriff rode into the town and said, "One-a you's a gonna die".

Db A E B
Now, Johnny never meant no harm, he's just havin' fun
But Jonas, on the other hand, heard this and drew his gun
He said, "Listen, sir, I may be a thief, but I deserve to live".
"So git on off that horse yer on, we'll see whose life to give".

Db A E B
As the sheriff jumped off that horse of his, his head began to spin
He glared into the eyes of Jonas, who flashed an evil grin
Ten paces each, the best man wins, the lesser's full of lead
The legend goes that four steps in, the sheriff was shot dead

Johnny watched all this alone, his mouth agape in fear
"My gawd Jonas, what've ya done!? Le's git outta here!"
Into the rain with two stolen horses and half a bottle of booze
A posse of twelve was on their trail, they had no time to lose

The sun went down behind the hills as day turned into night
The only thing that kept them warm was frigid, shakin' fright
For seven days and seven nights the culprits roamed the land
Sleepin' in holes and eatin' rats to escape the upper hand

But on day eight, upon a tall hill, silhouetted by the dawn
The bounty hunters appeared in force to nail right into wrong
The two were dragged back into town amid the jeers and screams
Said Jonas to his only friend, "I pray this is a dream".

The courtroom judge slammed his gavel so entrusted to its time
The boys were led down to their cell, encrusted with raw crime
With nothin' left to live for but with somethin' left to die
The friends decided to take a risk and give escape a try

The date was set for a summer night, the twenty-fourth of June
Wolves were howlin' under stars at the brazen, shinin' moon
With nothin' but their own bare hands and a rusty dinner knife
A tunnel was dug between the two, in time to save their lives

Before long the two were out and runnin' with all their strength
In their cement grave they left behind the burden of deadly angst
They ran with both arms wavin' high and joyful shouts of glee
The town folk all rushed outside their homes, into the street to see

Mistaken for two bandits whoâ€™d just robbed a nearby train
An unknown gunman found his marks, leavinâ€™ thief and cowboy slain
The moral of this story is to try and follow laws
But most of all follow friends, for they are worth it all