

Down in Dallas

It was down in Dallas, the first time I saw a man die.
Out of the shadows, a gleam.
I thought it was a knife.
Someone screaming something about his wife.
I didn't know him but I feared for my life.
So, I turned a fired,
And, slowly watched him fall.

A crowd gathered, as I stood there in the rain.
A man approached me.
He said, "Son, what is your name".
He said, "I think that you will wish that that was you instead.
Because mister, the man you shot is dead.
And for the rest of your life, you will watch him fall."

A crowd gathered, as I stood there in the rain.
Colored lights flashing,
The images in my brain.
Blood on the pavement, the body of a man.
The sound of crying, the gun in my hand

Everyday is a new day, except when you're in jail.
But, time passes slowly, when you're in hell.
And, there's not a day that goes by
That I don't watch him fall.

My woman visits me often, and tells me of our son.
She says grown big and tall.
And, he carries a gun.
He says he has to be a man.
And, live his life the only way he can.
And, when I close my eyes,
I slowly watch him fall.