

## Flyin' Low

I went down to the corner just to have myself a beer  
I went down to the corner just to have myself a beer  
This big bruiser asked me  
What are you doing here?

I didn't a a word I just stood there by the bar  
I didn't a a word I just stood there by the bar  
He wouldn't leave me alone  
He said who do you think you are?

He hit me in the head and the next thing that I knew  
He hit me in the head and the next thing that I knew  
Somebody pulled out a thirty-eight and they  
Nailed him three times through

I'm flyin' low I'm flyin' low  
I'm flyin' low I'm flyin' low  
Under the gun on the run  
I'm flyin' low

You could have heard a pin drop that place was scary as a tomb  
You could have heard a pin drop that place was scary as a tomb  
Everyone was in shock  
Hearing that boom boom boom

So I left out of Nashville going down the Natchez Trace  
So I left out of Nashville going down the Natchez Trace  
I don't know noth'n about noth'n  
I ain't never even seen that place

I'm flyin' low I'm flyin' low  
I'm flyin' low I'm flyin' low  
Under the gun on the run  
I'm flyin' low

When I get down to Natchez I'm gonna hide under the hill  
When I get down to Natchez I'm gonna hide under the hill  
I'll be lay'n back in my baby's arms  
With noth'n but some time to kill

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Under the gun on the run  
I'm flyin' low  
I'm flyin' low I'm flyin' low  
I'm flyin' low I'm flyin' low  
Under the gun on the run  
I'm flyin' low

by Keith Sykes and Swain Schaffer © 1998