

## Ac Dc "Gone Shootin'"

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Feel the pressure rise  
Hear the whistle blow  
Found a ticket of her own accord [on her roller car]  
[To | Yeah | That] I don't know  
Packed her heart in a travelling bag [Fought so hard in  
a travelin' band]  
And never said bye bye  
Somethings missing in the neighbourhood  
All the cryin' eyes  
I stirred my coffee with the same spoon [a stupor  
caught me with the sin spoon]  
Do a favourite tune [to her favourite jewel]  
Gone shootin'  
My baby's gone shootin'  
Wrap yourself around  
Like a second skin  
Packed her favourite bag [packed|picked her favourite  
nag]  
But she could never win  
I took [your | a | her] number in another town  
She took another pill  
She was runnin' in overdrive  
Up until my overkill [a victim of overkill]  
She never made it past the bedroom door  
What was she aiming for? [why I'd thought she'd even  
pour]  
Gone shootin'  
She's gone, gone gone gone  
Gone shootin'  
My baby's gone shootin'  
Lil' child  
Gone Shootin'  
I thought that she wouldn't even know  
Gone Shootin'  
Hey look out, look out, look out, look out!  
Gone shootin'  
She's shootin heroin!  
Gone shootin  
She's shootin loaded  
She's gone, she's gone, she's gone, she's gone  
Gone shootin  
I'm gonna have to get a gun

Look out, look out  
She could have anyone  
She sure is loaded  
I used to love her so [like a rubber soul]

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