

Bruce Hornsby & The Range

"My Daddy's Gun"

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I lost my job man at the lumber yard
That's when times got hard
You see I got a letter from the bank man
They were going to take my home
So I went out back to ease my mind
And drank a six pack alone
Than I walk to my daddy's house
And I took my daddy's gun
I went out back firing at some cans
I wasn't hurting any one
Just a man killing time
Cause I'm with no job
And force to be man to rob.
Now I tuck the gun in my pants
Heading to the store where I open the door
And I took out my daddy's gun
Pointing it at the clerk
Saying hand over the cash
And the clerk gave it up fast
Than I ran down the street
Back to my daddy's home
Where I hid the gun
And still I was only killing time
Cause still I got no job
And still I hated I had to robbed.
And still I'm a man killing time
Cause still I got no job
And still I hated I had to rob.

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