

## **Bruce Martone**

### **"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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