

## **Dirt**

### **"My Gun"**

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She led a life she didn't want to lead, a life of bondage she couldn't breathe. From a child to a girl she violently grew, without the love she never knew. She was pushed around from an early age, from corner to corner, from cage to cage. She learned the hard way, the way of life, to live by the sword and die by the knife. From the slums of the east where the bad boys meet you learn to fight and live on the street, where the only kicks are pills or glue or a job in the army to get you through. Life is tough but you have to learn cause if you don't your life will burn. Police don't care they want your skin, run fast, die hard, don't let them win. My gun is my identity. A job was offered it seemed so good, a chance to be rid of this neighbourhood. She took the chance and took the gun and now she ends up on the run. My gun is my identity. The mistake she made was not her fault, the choice was shoot or be caught, for a few pound notes was her sacrifice not enough to be scared for life. Now alone she makes her plea, her gun became her identity. With arms and weapons we cannot be free, you see I know this girl is me, you see I know this girl is.

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