

Black Rebel Motorcycle Club "Screaming Gun"

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Well, you run from your reasons as you slip on your
soul
Now you're keeping a hold of something you've never
known
You're tying your mind claiming life is your side, yeah

You're dyin' alone, you should've known
It be cold, yeah, cold yeah cold, yeah
Now you know you're alone, you're a screaming gun,
yeah
Gun yeah, gun yeah, gun yeah

Well, you hold down the sign and slipping deeper
below
You scream for you purpose as you're lettin' it go
Now all that you hold is what's left of your soul
But what's left of your soul?

You can't keep a hold and no soul yeah, soul yeah
Now you know you're alone you're a screaming gun
Yeah gun, yeah gun, yeah gun, yeah

Well, you run from your reasons as you slip on your
soul
Now you're keeping a hold of something you've never
known
You're tying your mind claiming life is inside yeah

You're dyin' alone, you should've known
It be cold yeah, cold yeah, cold yeah
Now you know you're alone, you're a screaming gun,
yeah
Gun yeah, gun yeah, gun yeah

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