

## **Elvis Costello**

# **"Shot With His Own Gun"**

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How does it feel now? You've been undressed  
By a man with a mind like a gutter press  
So disappointed to find it's no big sin  
Lying skin to skin

Shot with his own gun  
Now, dad is keeping mum  
Shot with his own gun

Now somebody has to pay  
For the one who got away

What's on his mind now is anyone's guess  
Losing his touch with each caress  
Spend ev'ry evening looking so appealing  
He comes without warning, leaves without feeling

Shot with his own gun  
Now, dad is keeping mum  
Shot with his own gun

On your marks, man, ready, set  
Let's get loaded and forget

The little corporal got in the way  
And he got hit by an emotional ricochet  
It's a bit more now than dressing up dolly  
Playing house seems so melancholy

Shot with his own gun  
Now, dad is keeping mum  
Shot with his own gun

Oh, it's too sad to be true  
Your blue murder's killing you

Shot with his own gun  
Now, dad is keeping mum  
Shot with his own gun  
Now, dad is keeping mum

