

Eric Burdon & War

"Gun"

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Throw away your gun,
All it takes to have fun.

Throw away your knife,
Ain't nobody got it made.

Throw away your,
Distorted life.

Throw away your anger, would save some tears.
Throw away your anger, would save some tears.

Save the tears from all who are still back there,
Who have not seen the love we share. Ooo, baby.

Throw away your hunger,
I'll feed you.

Throw away your anger,
I'll soothe you.

Throw away your hatred,
You've got my hand.

Throw away your mis-
understanding.

Throw it all away, come with me.
Throw it all away, come with me.

I'll take you to a place, you will smile.
I'll take you to a place, where you will,
Where you will, be at peace, be at peace with you,
You, yourself.

Take me baby.
Throw away your grass,
Your cocaine too.

Throw away your rage,
And those blues.

You won't need any of that,
When I do the things I've got,
To say to you will get you high,
The things I do will make you cry.

Throw away your gun,
Your hatchet too.

Throw your mad,
Body too.

Throw it all away,
Throw it all away,
Come with me,
Come with me,
Come on let's go with me,
Don't hold on, baby,
Let go now, let's go now.

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