

# Jethro Tull

## "I'm Your Gun"

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Blew my smoke on a sunny day,  
when the first black powder came my way.  
Hot lead ball from a muzzle cold  
to win fair lady and take your gold.  
I know it hardly seems the time (I am your gun)  
to talk of blue steel so sublime. (I am your gun)  
I can understand your point of view. (I am your gun)  
To tell the truth I'd scare me too.  
Match, wheel and flintlock, they all caught your eye.  
Pearl-handled ladies' models, scaled down to size.  
I am the peacemaker, so the theory goes.  
But I don't choose the company I keep and it shows.

I am your gun.  
Love me, I'm your gun.

Maxim and Browning, they helped me along.  
Stoner, Kalashnikov thrilled to my song.  
Now one of me exists, for each one of you,  
So how can you blame me for the things that I do?

Now I take second place to the motor car (I am your  
gun)  
in the score of killing kept thus far. (I am your gun)  
And just remember, if you don't mind (I am your gun)  
it's not the gun that kills but the man behind.  
I am your gun.  
I am your gun.  
I am your gun.  
I am your gun.

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