

Reba**"You Can't Get A Man With A Gun"**

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Oh my mother was frightened by a shotgun they say
That's why I'm such a wonderful shot
I'd be out in the cactus and I'd practice all day
And now tell me, what have I got

I'm quick on the trigger
With targets not much bigger than a pinpoint
I'm number one
But my score with a feller
Is lower than a cellar
No you can't get a man with a gun

When I'm with a pistol
I sparkle like a crystal
Yes I shine like the morning sun
But I lose all my luster when with a crumple buster
Oh, you can't get a man with a gun

With a gun! With a gun!
No you can't get a man with a gun
If I went to battle with someone's herd of cattle
You'd have steak when the job was done
But if I shot the herder
They'd holler bloody murder!
And you can't get a hug from a mug with a slug
Oh, you can't get a man with a gun

I'm cool, brave and darin'
To see a line a-blarin' when I'm out with my rimming
tongue
But a look from a mister
Will raise a fever blister
Oh, you can't get a man with a gun

The gals with umbrellers
Are always out with fellers
In the rain or the blazing sun
But a man never traffles with gals who carry rifles
Oh, you can't get a man with a gun

With a gun! With a gun!

No you can't get a man with a gun
A Tom, Dick, or Harry
Will build a house for Carrie when the preacher has
made 'em one
But he can't build ya houses with buckshot in his
trousers
And you can't shoot a man in the tail like a quail
Oh, you can't get a man with a gun

A man's love is mighty
He'll even buy a nighty for a gal who he thinks is fun
But they don't buy pajamas for pistol-packin' mamas!
Oh, a man may be hot, but he's not
When he's shot!
Oh you can't get a man with a gun!

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