

## **Dead Confederate "Run From The Gun"**

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I got mad at history  
Picked it up and fell in love with everything

Mean on pen and paper  
Like when you let em in i would never leave

Run from the gun, dont be afraid  
Run from the with the deadly  
Run from the gun, dont be afraid  
Run from the gun

You were sweet as poison  
Dried my mouth, took me out, and left me glad  
You did me no favors  
It was done by the last one that i ever had

Run from the gun, dont be afraid  
Run from the gun with the deadly  
Run from the gun, dont be afraid  
Run from the gun

Run from the gun, dont be afraid  
Run from the gun with the deadly  
Run from the gun, dont be afraid  
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It was loaded with the pressure  
Too much pressure to be measured  
I was holding you off the wrong  
And the right...

I got let down gently  
Never even knew the end was on the way  
Then I made my peace there  
Opened eyes and to my surprise it was a waste

Run from the gun, dont be afraid  
Run from the gun with the deadly  
Run from the gun, dont be afraid  
Run from the gun

