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## Steve Wiggins "If That Gun's For Real"

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If that gun is for real, I'm in trouble We're not gonna make it, and I'm caught It's no use to make appeal I wheel and I deal Now I'm down on my offers, help me, Lord

I've been been running for the whole of my young life I keep taking and I never pay It's the good old honest trust You can't see me for the dust I'll walk before your get-away Get-away, get-away Gone before your get-away Though it gets rough Gonna take off in a huff I'm the golden wonder boy, I'll get away

If a thing is worth having, it's worth stealing If'n I get in, I get out quick Say goodbye to your hello You go easy and slow On some Greyhound I may come [to your?] city Get-away, get-away Gone before your get-away Though it gets rough, Gonna take off in a huff I'm the golden wonder boy, I'll get away

Going, going once, going, going twice Going on three times, sold to the devil for a short, sweet lie

If that gun is for real, I'm in trouble [?] make it, and I'm caught It's no use to make appeal I wheel and I deal Now I'm down on my offers, help me, Lord Get-away, get-away Gone before your get-away Though it gets rough I just take off in a huff I'm the golden wonder boy, I'll get away

Get away, get away What if I would get away Though it gets rough Gonna take off in a huff I'm the golden wonder boy, I'll get away

Get away, get away Help me, Lord, please, to get away Get away, get away I'm gonna, gonna take this golden wonder boy And get away, get away Help me, Lord, please

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