

Electric Guest "Under The Gun"

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Damon A. born in Santa Fe
To a lovely girl who knew nothing of the world
He said, "œbaby boy, go for the fame, go for the fame"
He said, "œI don't know, let me explain"

All his life, it was never right
Still he had his dream, made it work out in-between
Hearing "œbaby boy, go for the fame, go for the fame"
But they shut him out

So alone, guess I gotta find a home
(Were we born to be!)
So alone, guess I gotta find a home
(Were we born to be alone?)

Maya Mi hated Tennessee, so she packed her bag
Halfway gone she called her dad
He said, "œBaby girl if you want free, you won't see me"
He said, "œOk, and just let me be"

Got some work, called the bosses "œsir"
But although she tried, something's sick inside
Hearing, "œBaby girl if you want free, you won't see me"
And they shot her down

So alone, guess I gotta find a home
(Were we born to be!)
So alone, guess I gotta find a home
(Were we born to be alone?)

No, sorry, everybody wants their way
Everybody wants their way in the Promise Land
So sorry, everybody has to wait
Everybody has to wait in the Promise Land

It's been a long time, I need to go
Maybe I'll hit the road
What I'm trying to find, I don't even know

Maybe Iâ€™ll hit the road

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