

## Spiritualized

### "Borrowed Your Gun"

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Daddy I'm sorry I borrowed your gun again  
Shot up your family and shot for the city  
Daddy I'm sorry I borrowed your gun again  
Shot up my mother, my beautiful mother

Hold out your hands, I'm coming home  
Hold out your arms, I'm all alone  
My mind is made up and I'm down on my luck  
I've run out of bullets again

Daddy I'm sorry I borrowed your gun again  
Shot up your family and shot for the city  
Daddy I'm sorry I borrowed your gun again  
Shot up my mother, my beautiful mother

Hold out your hands, I'm coming home  
Hold out your arms, I'm all alone  
My mind is made up and I'm down on my luck  
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Hold out your hands, I'm coming home  
Hold out your arms, I'm all alone  
My mind is made up and I'm down on my luck  
I've run out of bullets again

Hold out your hands, I'm coming home  
Hold out your arms, I'm all alone  
My mind is made up and I'm down on my luck  
I've run out of bullets again

Hold out your arms, I'm coming home  
Hold out your hands, I'm all alone  
My mind is made up and it's time to make up  
I've run out of bullets again

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