

Sweet Thing "Gun"

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I never knew
What you could do with just a sharpened tongue
Words so violent
Break the silence like a shooting gun
She knows how to shoot you down

I try to reason
But the reason's never good enough
Run for cover
When my lover starts talking tough
One side-weapon
She's got a gun

She's got a gun, She's got a gun, She's got a gun
She's got a gun, She's got a gun, She's got a gun
Shoot you down like a mongrel
Make you scream for your mother

A round of ammo
Make a sound you hear the battle call
She reels you in
So feminine just to watch you fall
Just to watch you fall

Try to defend
This is the end she's got you in a trance
No time for thought
The safety's off and you don't stand a chance
Put your hands up
She's got a gun

She's got a gun, She's got a gun, She's got a gun
She's got a gun, She's got a gun, She's got a gun
Shoot you down like a mongrel
Make you scream for your mother

Yeah!
She's got a gun, She's got a gun, She's got a gun
She's got a gun, She's got a gun, She's got a gun
Shoot you down like a mongrel
Make you scream for your mother

She's got a gun, She's got a gun, She's got a gun
She's got a gun, She's got a gun, She's got a gun
Shoot you down like a mongrel
Make you scream for your mother

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