

Madonna, He's A Man

All work and no play,
Makes Dick a dull dull boy, career gets in the way.
Square jaw, ooo, such a handsome face,
Why do you have to save the human race?

Life of crime, no it never pays,
Clean up the streets and make your secret get-away.
All alone, in your room with your radio,
No one to hold you, had to let her go.

[Chorus:]

You're a man with a gun in your hand,
Waging a war between good and evil can be a bore.
If you don't take time, it's not nice,
So here's my advice:
Take your love on the run,
Oh God, let me be the one.
Ah, ah, ah, man with a gun

All boss and no brains,
Bullies and thugs, they take up all your time in vain.
Can't let go, someone cries and you hear the call,
Who's gonna catch you, don't good guys ever fall?

[chorus]

All alone, in your room with your radio,
No one to hold you, I would never let you go.

[chorus, with last line:]
'Cause I can show you some fun

[spoken]
And I don't mean with a gun. No.

You are a man with a gun in your hand;
Waging a war between good and evil can be a bore.
If you don't take time, it's not nice,
So here's my advice:
Take your love on the run,
Oh God, let me be the one.
Ah, ah, ah, man with a gun, take it out of your hand;

Waging a war between good and evil can be a bore.
If you don't make time, it's not nice,
So here's my advice:
Take your love on the run,
Oh God, let me be the one.