

Mick Jagger, Gun

Your friends will say
It's self defense
With no hope of recompense
And anyway it makes no sense
The way you hurt me baby

You always turn the other cheek
Always acted mild and meek
Ya always played me for a geek
The way you dressed to kill

Why don't just get a gun and shoot it
Why don't you just get a gun
Why don't you just get a gun
And shoot it through this heart of mine
Through this heart of mine

You tried to stretch me on the rack
I saw you laughing when I cracked
You broke my will you broke my back
On the wheel of uncertainty

You tried to push me to the edge
You wouldn't listen when I begged
Why don't you push me off the ledge
It's just torture baby

Why don't just get a gun and shoot it
Why don't you just get a gun
Why don't you just get a gun
And shoot it through this heart of mine
Through this heart of mine
Through this heart of mine
Through this heart of mine

Why don't you just buy a gun
Why don't you just buy a gun and shoot it
Why don't you just buy a gun

Your friends will say it's self defense
They say it's cheap and no expense

Why don't you just get a gun and use it
Why don't you just get a gun
Gun [cont]

Why don't you just get a gun
And shoot it through this heart of mine
Through this heart of mine
Through this heart of mine