

# Reba McEntire, You Can't Get A Man With A Gun

Oh my mother was frightened by a shotgun they say  
That's why I'm such a wonderful shot  
I'd be out in the cactus and I'd practice all day  
And now tell me, what have I got

I'm quick on the trigger  
With targets not much bigger than a pinpoint  
I'm number one  
But my score with a feller  
Is lower than a cellar  
No you can't get a man with a gun

When I'm with a pistol  
I sparkle like a crystal  
Yes I shine like the morning sun  
But I lose all my luster when with a bronco buster  
Oh, you can't get a man with a gun

With a gun! With a gun!  
No you can't get a man with a gun  
If I went to battle with someone's herd of cattle  
You'd have steak when the job was done  
But if I shot the herder  
They'd holler bloody murder!  
And you can't get a hug from a mug with a slug  
Oh, you can't get a man with a gun

I'm cool, brave and darin'  
To see a line a-blarin' when I'm out with my Remington  
But a look from a mister  
Will raise a fever blister  
Oh, you can't get a man with a gun

The gals with umbrellers  
Are always out with fellers  
In the rain or the blazing sun  
But a man never traffles with gals who carry rifles  
Oh, you can't get a man with a gun

With a gun! With a gun!  
No you can't get a man with a gun  
A Tom, Dick, or Harry  
Will build a house for Carrie when the preacher has made 'em one  
But he can't build ya houses with buckshot in his trousers  
And you can't shoot a man in the tail like a quail  
Oh, you can't get a man with a gun

A man's love is mighty  
He'll even buy a nighty for a gal who he thinks is fun  
But they don't by pajamas for pistol-packin' mamas!  
Oh, a man may be hot, but he's not  
When he's shot!  
Oh you can't get a man with a gun!