

Robert Cray, Smoking Gun

I get a constant busy signal
When I call you on the phone
I get a strong uneasy feeling
You're not sitting there alone
I'm having nasty nasty visions
And baby you're in every one, yeah
And I'm so afraid I'm gonna find you with
A still hot, smokin' gun

Maybe you want to end it
You've had your fill of my kind of fun
But you don't know how to tell me
And you know that I'm not that dumb
I put two and one together
And you know that's not an even sum
And I know just where to find you with
A still hot, smokin gun

I'm standing here bewildered
I can't remember just what I've done
I can hear the sirens whining
My eyes blinded by the sun
I know that I should be running
My heart's beating just like a drum
Now they've knocked me down and taken it
That still hot, smokin' gun

Yeah, still hot, smokin' gun
Yes, they've taken it
Still hot, smokin' gun
Oh, they've taken it
Still hot, smokin' gun
Knocked me down
Taken it