

## Six Barrel Shotgun

Black Rebel Motorcycle Club

I kill you all with a 6-barrel shotgun  
I kill you all but I need you so  
I tear my finger from the trigger baby  
I tear my fingers 'cause I'm feeling low and son  
Son Sunday's sun never shone on me  
Son Sunday's sun never shone on me

You got it bad nothing can save you  
Don't look back you gotta a lot of nerve to  
Break your word and throw it away  
You'd give your soul but it's just too little too late

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It's in your skin moving too quickly  
Shut your eyes or they'll show you no mercy  
It's in your love but it don't make it right  
It's not my time still I've got to be brave  
We've shaken hands and the criminals won  
I never liked it but I'm carryin' on  
To the end with an empty grin  
You come when I say, you come when I say  
Son Sunday's sun never shone on me  
Son Sunday's sun never shone on me

You lose your tongue but you know you'll never need it  
Hush your head I don't wanna remind you  
You held my hand when you couldn't take the pressure  
Save yourself 'cause I need some simulation baby

We've shaken hands and the criminals won  
I never liked it but I'm carryin' on  
You never liked it till the killin' was done  
You come when I say, you come when I say run

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Never shone on me  
I never liked it but I'm carryin' on  
You never liked it till the killin' was done