

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
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