

# Hired Gun

Chris Rea

Morning light meet the day  
Nervous eyes look both ways  
And it just won't matter, spring or fall  
There's bread to win and shots to call  
And there ain't nobody out there  
Just a wild uncertainty  
It's in your stride but it ain't no fun  
Sometimes I feel just like a hired gun  
I feel just like a hired gun  
Always on the run

And how it started, well you can't recall  
Did someone push you, did someone stall  
Whatever the reasons there was lots to learn  
To get home safely and not get burned  
And it's all so cold and empty  
As you watch the setting sun  
You've picked up every dirty trick  
Just to keep yourself always on the run  
And I feel just like a hired gun  
Always on the run

I dream of comfort and friendship long  
But I can't trust you or anyone  
The scars still hurt me and I don't let them heal  
Each one's a lesson, each one's a shield  
And I may even love you dearly  
And I loathe what I have to do  
You see I've picked up every dirty trick  
In my fear of you  
'cos you make me feel just like a hired gun  
Always on the run