

Under the Gun

Circle Jerks

like a wolf
in sheep's' clothing
or a snake
in the grass
i've got
six bullets
the first could be your last

my mind is hazy
and when they catch me
they'll say i'm crazy
you put me down
you brushed me off
stepped on
pushed and shoved
i'll show you
i've had enough

under the gun
nowhere to run
under the gun
nowhere to run

my brain
is starting to squeek
i'm so tense and tight
i can't even speak
pissed off
someone's gotta die, tonight