

## Running Gun Blues

David Bowie

I count the corpses on my left, I find I'm not so tidy  
So I better get away, better make it today  
I've cut twenty-three down since Friday but I can't control it  
My face is drawn, my instinct still emotes it

I slash them cold, I kill them dead  
I broke the gooks, I cracked their heads  
I'll bomb them out from under the beds  
But now I've got the running gun blues

It seems the peacefuls stopped the war  
Left generals squashed and stifled but I'll slip out again tonight  
'Cause they haven't taken back my rifle  
For I promote oblivion and I'll plug a few civilians

I'll slash them cold, I'll kill them dead  
I'll break them gooks, I'll crack their heads  
I'll slice them till they're running red  
But now I've got the running gun blues

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Oh oh oh  
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