

Me and my partner we work on the run  
The quick try to get quicker  
And the creepers get hung  
Now it's you that got wasted tonight on the job  
One lost his liquor  
And the other lost his hand

Ten sticky thumb prints on the door and the sink  
But nothin' saw nothin' - just smell the stink  
Five hundred mugshots and a hundred to one  
Four forgotten and the rest just won't come

When you've begun to think like a gun  
The rest of the year has already gone  
When you've begun to think like a gun  
The days of the year have suddenly gone

(Well) blood on the windows and blood on the walls  
Blood on the ceiling and down in the halls  
And the papers keep downing on everything I burned  
And the people getting restless but they'll never learn

I picked up a doctor - he's good with a knife  
Says anaesthetic's a waste of his time  
Works in a hurry but always worthwhile  
Knows they won't be back for a long long time

Top of the staircase was ready to fall  
We were still waiting downstairs in the hall  
Watch out for big mama, she'll set you on fire  
Or go for your neck with the chicken wire

When you've begun to think like a gun  
The days of the year have suddenly gone  
Once you've begun to think like a gun  
The days of the year have already gone

Mother of plenty, mother of none  
You've got me cornered and still on the run  
I don't care nothing about you anyway  
Stuck in this hole I'm on my way

Yeah when you've begun to live like a gun  
The days of the year have already gone  
When you've begun to think like a gun  
The days of the year have suddenly gone