

# I Got A Gun

John Hiatt

She took some blood and tears  
From an old fruit jar  
She rubbed it on her belly  
Where he left his scars  
She's such a fragile thing  
Like pigeon bones  
He couldn't whip my little brother  
He wouldn't leave her alone

So if you see that man  
Done these things to her  
Tell him, he'd better run  
I got a gun  
I got a gun y'all  
Justice will be done  
I got a gun, got a gun

They say a man with a weapon  
He gets 99 years  
But I would give my life  
To wash away her tears  
So if you see that man  
Done these things to her  
Tell him, he'd better run  
I got a gun  
I got a gun y'all  
Justice will be done  
I got a gun, got a gun

Now I never looked at a pistol  
But now I lost my grip  
The judge would only give him a slap on the wrist  
I ain't had it very long  
But now it's in my hand  
She took her very last whippin' from that spineless man  
I got a gun  
I got a gun y'all  
Justice will be done  
I got a gun, got a gun