

Scared Of Guns

John Wesley Harding

Well, the power of the bullet is fascinating
They're polishing the luga facsimiles
The little kids grow up imitating
Cowboys shoot Indians before puberty
Don't get me to the battle on time
I'd be useless in the front line
Don't point that thing at me
You know I'm scared of guns

You can argue, say it's harmless
In the nightmare fairground gallery
We're all under pain of death
To keel right over gracefully
I ached to be a uniform man
And toss that baton in a marching band
Don't point that thing at me
You know I'm scared of guns

I'm scared of guns, they're out of your hands
I'm scared of guns, they might go bang
I'm scared of guns, Hey Joe, they're out of control
I'm scared of guns, fear eat the soul
Don't shoot me

I want to put flowers in the barrels
Like the famous photo, understand
That I'd rather get hit on the head
That hold cold metal in my hand
The new arrival, the latest addition
The little boys running out of ammunition
Don't point that thing at me
You know I'm scared of guns