

Shotgun Son

Masters of Reality

When they come the hear the shotgun sing
And it shines just like a diamond ring
Can't wait to see what the night will give
The wind hits hard where the losers live
White light white light
They're talking about a war again
Settling a score again about salt and rain and babies born
About paying back and being scorned
White light white light
Shotgun son
Shotgun run