

## 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