

Under The Gun

Robin Trower

There's a stranger staring back
And you in the mirror
Guessed that you're a man on the run

There's a ghost from the past
Looking over your shoulder
Your chance to escape is a million to one

But your eyes are on the future
But your back's against the wall
You're walking on a tightrope
Watch you don't fall

Coz its down to the wire
Time to deliver
The hang tough
When you're under the gun
Your rhythm and a fire
There's a hand on the trigger
Nowhere to run
When you're under the gun

You were captain of the ship
And master of the game
Anything you want it to be
Oh but then the rules got changed
And the ship went up in flames
And you found yourself
Lost out at sea

You've been counted out of action
Scattered in the wind
Are you walking on water
Coming back again?
Repeat Chorus then solo

You've been counted...

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