

Big Guns

Rory Gallagher

Well, you think you're sitting pretty
But you're sitting on a powder keg
Well, you think you're standing steady
But you're weak as a matchstick leg

Well, there's a rumble in the city
There's a call out for your head
Now isn't it a pity
Your future's just a lump of lead?

But now you're running scared
You've got no place to run
You're caught between the law and the Big Guns

Well, it's a long way from the pool halls
Through the rackets and the petty crime
Well, you thought you were a tough one
But you've bitten off too much this time

You've stepped on the wrong toes
Now look, who you've upset
Well, you walked on the wrong toes
You've got your picture on the police gazette

Well, now you're running scared
Got no place to run
You're caught between the law and the Big Guns

Your back's against a wall
You don't like it there at all
Now you [Incomprehensible] about to fall
You got no friends, you can call

Well, you never felt so gritty
And sweat's pouring down your back
You're like a tiger in the jungle
And you can't find no way back

You hadn't played your cards right
You hadn't seen the signs
Well, you tried to run the whole game
Now you've come to the end of the line

Well, now you're running scared
You've got no place to run
You're standing face to face with the Big Guns