

Borrowed Your Gun

Spiritualized

Daddy I'm sorry I borrowed your gun again
Shot up your family and shot for the city
Daddy I'm sorry I borrowed your gun again
Shot up my mother, my beautiful mother

Hold out your hands, I'm coming home
Hold out your arms, I'm all alone
My mind is made up and I'm down on my luck
I've run out of bullets again

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Hold out your arms, I'm coming home
Hold out your hands, I'm all alone
My mind is made up and it's time to make up
I've run out of bullets again