

I Got A Gun

Treat Her Right

Aw don't tell me the way it's gonna be
You're a liar
You never stop that talk talk talk
Let me fix your mouth
For toungees that wag like little slimy tails

I got a gun, know how to use it
I got a gun, now you know

Three bucks car fare, two fifteen for lunch
You get a hotdog, shake and fries
You wind up making fifteen bucks a day
Taking shit from nine to five
Aw them big feet step step stepping on my toes

Hey! I got a gun, know how to use it
I got a gun, now you know
I got a gun, know how to use it
I got a gun, now you know

Aw models, critics, wimpy art-school punks
Gettin' on my nerves
They're killing all the fun in rock 'n roll
I hope it's not too late
To say the only thing I ever know

Hey! I got a gun, know how to use it
I got a gun, now you know
I got a gun, know how to use it
I got a gun, now you know

I got a gun, now you know
I got a gun, now you know
Now you know
Now you know
Now you know

I got a gun and I shot 'em