

Run from the Gun

Dead Confederate

I got mad at history
Picked it up and fell in love with everything

Mean on pen and paper
Like when you let em in i would never leave

Run from the gun, dont be afraid
Run from the with a deadly
Run from the gun, dont be afraid
Run from the gun

You were sweet as poison
Dried my mouth, took me out, and left me glad
You did me no favors
It was done by the last one that i ever had

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It was loaded with the pressure
Too much pressure to be measured
I was holding you off the wrong
And the right...

I got let down gently
Never even knew the end was on the way
Then I made my peace there
Opened eyes and to my surprise it was a waste

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Lyrics submitted by maria.

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