Bury Me With A Gun

Raine Maida

All my life I've been waiting for the day
Looking for angels in a cheap motel
Losers and winners, there's the saints and the sinners
And Jesus' working for the CIAWho got the money, man?
Who got the upper hand?
Who got the keys to the Chevrolet?All my life I've been waiting for the day
But it's all talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, yeahWhen the stars go falling from the sky
When my time has come, I won't ask why
I've been a gunman, if I'm wrong
If I'm wrong, bury me with a gun
Bu-bu-bury me with a gunAll this while I've been looking for a sign
Changing the planets and the radio waves
And sinners and comic book and
The secret code to the pearly gatesI got my head checked
I got no regrets to my confessions in the grocery line
All this while I've been looking for a sign
But it's all talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, yeahWhen the stars go falling from the sky
When my time has come, I won't ask why
I've been a gunman, if I'm wrong
If I'm wrong, bury me with a gunPanic knows this face
Yeah, I know, yes I know
Like a holiday
Yeah, I know, yes I knowWhen the stars go falling from the sky
When my time has come, I won't ask why
I've been a gunman, if I'm wrong
If I'm wrong, bury me with a gun
Bu-bu-bury me with a gun

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