

# 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 CIA Who 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, yeah When 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 All 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 gates I 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, yeah When 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 Panic knows this face  
Yeah, I know, yes I know  
Like a holiday  
Yeah, I know, yes I know When 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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