

Gun

Mick Jagger

Your friends will say it's self defense
And with no hope of recompense
And anyway it makes no sense
The way you hurt me, baby You always turn the other cheek
Always acted mild and meek
You always played me for a geek
The way you dressed to kill Why don't just get a gun and shoot it
Why don't you just get a gun
Why don't you just get a gun
And shoot it through this heart of mine
Through this heart of mine You tried to stretch me on the rack
I saw you laughing when I cracked
You broke my will, you broke my back
On the wheel of uncertainty You tried to push me to the edge
You wouldn't listen when I begged
Why don't you push me off the ledge
It's just torture, baby Why don't just get a gun and shoot it
Why don't you just get a gun
Why don't you just get a gun
And shoot it through this heart of mine
Through this heart of mine
Through this heart of mine
Through this heart of mine Why don't you just buy a gun
Why don't you just buy a gun and shoot it
Why don't you just buy a gun Your friends will say it's self defense
They say it's cheap and no expense Why don't you just get a gun and use it
Why don't you just get a gun
Why don't you just get a gun
And shoot it through this heart of mine
Through this heart of mine
Through this heart of mine
Through this heart of mine Through this heart of mine
Through this heart of mine
Through this, through this heart of mine
Why don't you just get a gun
Why don't you just get a gun
Why don't you just get a gun
Why don't you just get a gun

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