

Screaming Gun

Black Rebel Motorcycle Club

Well, you run from your reasons as you slip on your soul
Now you're keeping a hold of something you've never known
You're tying your mind claiming life is your side, yeah You're dyin' alone, you should've known
It be cold, yeah, cold yeah cold, yeah
Now you know you're alone, you're a screaming gun, yeah
Gun yeah, gun yeah, gun yeah Well, you hold down the sign and slipping deeper below
You scream for your purpose as you're lettin' it go
Now all that you hold is what's left of your soul
But what's left of your soul? You can't keep a hold and no soul yeah, soul yeah
Now you know you're alone you're a screaming gun
Yeah gun, yeah gun, yeah gun, yeah Well, you run from your reasons as you slip on your soul
Now you're keeping a hold of something you've never known
You're tying your mind claiming life is inside yeah You're dyin' alone, you should've known
It be cold yeah, cold yeah, cold yeah
Now you know you're alone, you're a screaming gun, yeah
Gun yeah, gun yeah, gun yeah

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