

# Machine Gun

## World Saxophone Quartet

Well, the first time that I saw you  
I could not speak a word  
My tongue was tied in giant knots  
And I felt so disturbedAt the feeling rushing through me  
The heat inside my veins  
At the way my nerve ends tingle  
Every time you call my nameI've got a lust ignited fever  
And I can't put out the flameNext time that I saw you  
I felt so at ease  
You had a languid disposition  
I had an willingness to pleaseAnd your candy apple red lips  
Full of violets and sex  
Had me harder than a coal train  
Had my collar wringing wetNow I'm gonna crash and burn  
But I'm not finished yetMy heart is pounding like a big bass drum  
Excited at the thought I might get me some  
Lick it off my fingers  
Taste it on my tongue  
Love you little baby like a machine gunYou're a symphony of elegance  
A masterpiece of grace  
And animated work of art  
Who's acquired a tasteFor the flesh of weaker lovers  
Lie down on their backs  
To be ridden at your leisure  
And be taken off like hatsI'm not here for you to walk on  
And I'm not your welcome matMy heart is pounding like a big bass drum  
Excited at the thought I might get me some  
Lick it off my fingers  
Taste it on my tongue  
Love you little baby like a machine gunA machine gun, yeahThe first time that I saw you  
I could not speak a word  
My tongue was tied in giant knots  
And I felt so disturbedAt the feeling rushing through me  
The heat inside my veins  
At the way my nerve ends tingle  
Every time you call my nameI've got a lust ignited fever  
And I can't put out the flameMy heart is pounding like a big bass drum  
Excited at the thought I might get me some  
Lick it off my fingers

Taste it on my tongue

Love you little baby like a machine gunMa-ma-ma-machine gunMachine...

Songwriters

JOHN OSWALD  
Published by

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