

# Give Her the Gun (Bob Harris Session)

## UFO

Give Her The Gun  
Downtown, drive by, a drink card in her hand  
All night hustler parking by the stand  
Full blown engine, she comes on like a fight  
Give her the gun, boy you'd better hold on tight  
I don't know why, she brings me on  
I don't know why, ooh but she brings me on  
She's a right runner, real mean mother too  
I can't wait to see her break in front of you  
Making a movie star upon the screen  
If daddy's looking, you come on like a queen  
I don't know why, she brings me on  
I don't know why, but she brings me on  
Downtown drive by, a drink card in her hand  
All night hustler parking by the stand  
Full blown engines she comes on like a fight  
Give her the gun, boy you better hold on tight

Songwriters

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