

I'll Give Up My Gun

Steve Lee

there are so many rules,
for things that matter to me
 like driving on beaches
and a licence to fish in the sea
 used to live like a gypsy,
i'd camp by the side of the road
 but now they just move me along,
there's no where to gowell i'll give up my gun
when the ocean runs drywell i remember when fireworks
 were always a family affair
 the whole town would turn up
 to join the event of the year
well there where crackers and sparklers
 and rockets and fountains and shells
 when they took them away
they took some of our freedom as welli'll give up my gun
 when the sun doesn't shinewhich I lock up my house
 locked up my car and my shed
 if i, try to defend them
 im likely to get locked up instead
 because the scumbags have lawyers and rights
 so the law lets them be
 while the, honest hard-working get shafted
 and fight to stay freei'll give up my gun
when the birds don't fly...well i'll give up my gun
when the ocean runs dryand i'll give up my gun
when the sun doesn't shineI'll give up my gun,
 when the birds don't flyI'll give up my gun,
 when politicians don't lie

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