

Gone Shootin'

[AC/DC](#)

Feel the pressure rise
Hear the whistle blow
Bought a ticket of her own accord
To I dunno
Packed your heart in a travellin' bag
And never said bye bye
Something missing in the neighbourhood
Of her cryin' eyes
I stirred my coffee with the same spoon
Knew her favourite tune
Gone shootin'
My baby's gone shootin'
Wrap herself around
Like a second skin
Backed her favourite nag
But she could never win
I took an offer in another town
She took another pill
She was runnin' in overdrive
A victim of overkill
She never made it past the bedroom door
What was she aiming for
Gone shootin'
She's gone, gone gone gone
Gone shootin'
My baby's gone shootin'
Gone shooting, how am I gonna get her down
Gone shooting, look out, look out, look out
Gone shooting, she can hurt someone
Gone shooting, yeah she sure is loaded
Gone shooting, she's gone gone gone gone, she's gone
Gone shooting

Songwriters

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