

Cosmic Surfin'

Yellow Magic Orchestra

It sets above the mantel on a couple rusty nails
And it's worth a bunch of money
And it damn sure ain't for sale
The good Lord only knows all the stories it could tell
Granddaddy's gun He bought it new out of the Sears and Roebuck catalog
And it shot a many shells over the back of an old bird dog
And it backed a burglar down when grandma took the safety off
Granddaddy's gun. It's just an old double barrel twelve
The stock is cracked and it kicks like hell
It wouldn't mean what means to me to no one
I can still hear his voice when I put it to my shoulder,
"A gun's like a woman son, it's all how you hold her."
He taught me a whole lot more than how to hunt
And one of these days I'll pass it on to my grandson
My granddaddy's gun
He handed it to me on the day I turned thirteen
With a half shot box of shells and a kit to keep it clean
I keep a picture in the case of that sweet old man and me
And granddaddy's gun It's just an old double barrel twelve
The stock is cracked and it kicks like hell
It wouldn't mean what means to me to no one
I can still hear his voice when I put it to my shoulder,
"A gun's like a woman son, it's all how you hold her."
He taught me a whole lot more than how to hunt
And one of these days I'll pass it on to my grandson
My granddaddy's gun
There's a long beard hanging on the livin' room wall
That I got with a box call and granddaddy's gun
There's a shot up stop sign on forty nine
That me and Billy Joe took out one night
With granddaddy's gun It sets above the mantel on a couple rusty nails
It ain't worth a lot of money
But it damn sure ain't for sale

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