

# Scared of Guns (Album Version)

**John Wesley Harding**

Well, the power of the bullet is fascinating  
They're polishing the luga facsimiles  
The little kids grow up imitating  
Cowboys shoot Indians before puberty  
Don't get me to the battle on time  
I'd be useless in the front line  
Don't point that thing at me  
You know I'm scared of guns You can argue, say it's harmless  
In the nightmare fairground gallery  
We're all under pain of death  
To keel right over gracefully  
I ached to be a uniform man  
And toss that baton in a marching band  
Don't point that thing at me  
You know I'm scared of guns I'm scared of guns, they're out of your hands  
I'm scared of guns, they might go bang  
I'm scared of guns, Hey Joe, they're out of control  
I'm scared of guns, fear eat the soul  
Don't shoot me I want to put flowers in the barrels  
Like the famous photo, understand  
That I'd rather get hit on the head  
That hold cold metal in my hand  
The new arrival, the latest addition  
The little boys running out of ammunition  
Don't point that thing at me  
You know I'm scared of guns

Songwriters

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