

Machine Gun Blues

Leningrad Cowboys

Well, I'm a gangster 1934
Junkies, winos pimps and whores
And all you men women and kids
Best get out the way I just left your town, took all your loot
Bought a pink carnation and a pin-striped suit
Hopped up the V-8 Ford
And some two-tone shoes And I'm already gone
I left a pool of blood and sorrow
I've got the machine gun blues I'll be out of here for the break of dawn
I hit the highway, smoke a big cigar
I gotta stop and bury the cash
Then get some more There's only one thing on my mind
Let's make it across that old state line
Well, I'm a hell of the avenging bullets
Waiting there for me And I'm already gone, I left the path of pure destruction
I've got the machine gun blues
Already gone, my life will soon be through
I've got the machine gun blues Public enemy number one
I'm sorry for all the things that I've done
If indeed we do cross paths
It's nothing personal And I'm already gone, I left a trail of devastation
I've got the machine gun blues
Already gone, my life will soon be through
I've got the machine gun blues

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