

Run From the Gun

Dead Confederate

I got mad at history
Picked it up and fell in love with everything
Men and pen and paper
Like the wind you let em in now they'll never leave
Run from the gun, dont be afraid
Run from the where the dead lay
Run from the gun, dont be afraid
Run from the gun
You were sweet as poison
Dried my mouth, took me out, and left me glad
You did me no favors
It was done by the last one that i ever had
Run from the gun, dont be afraid
Run from the gun where the dead lay
Run from the gun, dont be afraid
Run from the gun
Run from the gun, dont be afraid
Run from the gun where the dead lay
Run from the gun, dont be afraid
Run from the gun
It was loaded with the pressure
Too much pressure to be measured
I was holding you off the wrong
And it felt right...I got let down gently
Never even knew the end was on the way
Then I made my peace there
Opened eyes and to my surprise it was a waste
Run from the gun, dont be afraid
Run from the gun with the deadly
Run from the gun, dont be afraid
Run from the gun

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