

Gunpowder & Lead

Miranda Lambert

County road two thirty-three under my feet
Nothin' on this white rock but little ol' me
I've got two miles till he makes bail
And if I'm right, we're headed straight for hell I'm goin' home, gonna load my shotgun
Wait by the door, and light a cigarette
If he wants a fight, well, now he's got one
And he ain't seen me crazy yet
He slapped my face, and he shook me like a rag doll
Don't that sound like a real man?
I'm going to show him what little girls are made of
Gunpowder and lead Well, it's half past ten, another six-pack in
And I can feel the rumble like the cold black wind
He pulls in the drive, the gravel flies
He don't know what's waiting here this time Yeah, I'm goin' home, gonna load my shotgun
Wait by the door, and light a cigarette
If he wants a fight, well, now he's got one
And he ain't seen me crazy yet
He slapped my face, and he shook me like a rag doll
Don't that sound like a real man?
I'm going to show him what little girls are made of
Gunpowder and lead His fist is big, but my gun's bigger
He'll find out when I pull the trigger I'm goin' home, gonna load my shotgun
Wait by the door, and light a cigarette
If he wants a fight, well, now he's got one
And he ain't seen me crazy yet
He slapped my face, and he shook me like a rag doll
Don't that sound like a real man?
I'm going to show him what little girls are made of
Gunpowder and, gunpowder and lead
Gunpowder and lead, hey

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