

# Gun

## Mick Jagger

Your friends will say it's self defense  
And with no hope of recompense  
And anyway it makes no sense  
The way you hurt me, baby You always turn the other cheek  
Always acted mild and meek  
You always played me for a geek  
The way you dressed to kill Why don't just get a gun and shoot it  
Why don't you just get a gun  
Why don't you just get a gun  
And shoot it through this heart of mine  
Through this heart of mine You tried to stretch me on the rack  
I saw you laughing when I cracked  
You broke my will, you broke my back  
On the wheel of uncertainty You tried to push me to the edge  
You wouldn't listen when I begged  
Why don't you push me off the ledge  
It's just torture, baby Why don't just get a gun and shoot it  
Why don't you just get a gun  
Why don't you just get a gun  
And shoot it through this heart of mine  
Through this heart of mine  
Through this heart of mine  
Through this heart of mine Why don't you just buy a gun  
Why don't you just buy a gun and shoot it  
Why don't you just buy a gun Your friends will say it's self defense  
They say it's cheap and no expense Why don't you just get a gun and use it  
Why don't you just get a gun  
Why don't you just get a gun  
And shoot it through this heart of mine  
Through this heart of mine  
Through this heart of mine  
Through this heart of mine Through this heart of mine  
Through this heart of mine  
Through this, through this heart of mine  
Why don't you just get a gun  
Why don't you just get a gun  
Why don't you just get a gun  
Why don't you just get a gun

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