

# Under the Gun

## Electric Guest

Damon A. born in Santa Fe

To a lovely girl who knew nothing of the world

He said, baby boy, go for the fame, go for the fame

He said, I dont know, let me explainAll his life, it was never right

Still he had his dream, made it work out in-between

Hearing baby boy, go for the fame, go for the fame

But they shut him outSo alone, guess I gotta find a home

(Were we born to be)

So alone, guess I gotta find a home

(Were we born to be alone?)Maya Mi hated Tennessee, so she packed her bag

Halfway gone she called her dad

He said, Baby girl if you want free, you wont see me

He said, Ok, and just let me beGot some work, called the bosses sir

But although she tried, somethings sick inside

Hearing, Baby girl if you want free, you wont see me

And they shot her downSo alone, guess I gotta find a home

(Were we born to be)

So alone, guess I gotta find a home

(Were we born to be alone?)No, sorry, everybody wants their way

Everybody wants their way in the Promise Land

So sorry, everybody has to wait

Everybody has to wait in the Promise LandIts been a long time, I need to go

Maybe Ill hit the road

What Im trying to find, I dont even know

Maybe Ill hit the road

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlrics.com/>