

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

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