

Machine Gun

Jimi Hendrix

Machine gun,
tearin' my body all apart.

Machine gun, yeah,
tearin' my body all apart.

Evil man make me kill you.

Evil man make you kill me.

Evil man make me kill you,
even though we're only families apart.

Well, I pick up my axe and fight like a farmer,
You know what I mean?

Weh, hey, and your bullets keep knockin' me down.

Hey, I pick up my axe an' fight like a farmer, now,
yeah, but you still blast me down to the ground.

The same way you shoot me baby,
you'll be goin' just the same, three times the pain.

And with your own self to blame, machine gun! I ain't afraid of your bullets no more, baby.

I ain't afraid no more.

After awhile, your, your cheap talk won't even cause me pain,
so let your bullets fly like rain.

'Cause I know all the time you're wrong, baby,
and you'll be goin' just the same.

Machine gun, tearin' my family apart.

Hey yeah, alright, tearin' my family apart.

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