Son Of A Gun

Search The City

So let me get this story straight
This was just a chance you had to take
Did I even cross your mind?
This will be the last time you cross mineWe were as thick as thieves
Just like a thief you stole the best of me
White lies and what lies in betweenWhoa, for Heaven's sake I see right through you
Whoa, I've got secrets too
You're the gun and I can be your bullet you bite down on
Take your best shot 'cause you only get oneMarionette
(Are your strings tied tight for proper movement?)
Take a deep, deep breath
(I'm dying just to wrap these strings around your neck)
But I'll stitch my eyes wide open
'Cause I don't want to miss the look on your face
When I drive awayYou know you're sharp
But sharp just doesn't cut it anymore
I'll show you a side of me you've never seen beforeWhoa, for Heaven's sake I see right through you
Whoa, I've got secrets too
You're the gun and I can be your bullet you bite down on
Take your best shot 'cause you only get oneWell blame it all on bottoms up
And all the boys that kept filling your cup
I love the way you say
You don't remember anythingWhoa, for Heaven's sake I see right through you
Whoa, I've got secrets too
You're the gun and I can be your bullet you bite down on
Take your best shot 'cause you only get oneWhoa, for Heaven's sake I see right through you
Whoa, I've got secrets too
You're the gun and I can be your bullet you bite down on
Take your best shot 'cause you only get one

Songwriters
James William Czech;Adam Joel Mcmillion;Alexander Joseph Sheldon;Joshua Robert FrostPublished by SEARCH THE CITY PUBLISHING;THIRSTY MOON RIVER PUBLISHING INC. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/