

# Gunshow

## Uncle Green

There's a prize that I know  
Got my rifle in the show  
And I'm sure I'm gonna win

The judges down the hall  
If it's my name they call  
Then the offers will roll in

When they announce it at eight  
That my roses await  
Though I've felt this way before

Oh tell me why oh why  
Does my head stay in the sky  
When I know I'll never win?  
I just need to make my peace  
With the loser in me  
Oh the loathing creeps back in

I've been polishing away  
Just waiting for this day  
Christmas comes twice every year

The barrell's straight and good  
The engraving's in the wood  
It's a weapon without peer

And when they call out my name  
I can stand up without shame  
Though I've been this way before

Oh tell me why oh why  
Does my head stay in the sky  
When I know I'll never win?  
I just need to make my peace  
With the loser in me  
Oh the loathing creeps back in

I've got no say  
It's not my day

There are no choices for me  
It's not my day

There's a prize that I know  
Got my rifle in the show  
And I'm sure I'm gonna win

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Lyrics submitted by Scott.

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