

Fire Your Guns

AC/DC

you gotta fire your guns, you redneck
Taste your kiss, sweet lips divine
She got moves, drips of sweat
She got eyes of blue, body curves
'n Legs that'll break your nerves
CHORUS:
Fire - when she's going down
Fire - then she make you drown
Fire - then she blow you round
Yeah, You want some fun
Fire your guns
Fire your guns
Fire your guns
Fire your guns
That lady bites, hard style
Drips of sex, eyes are wild
She got moves, long long legs
She got eyes of blue, body curves
Legs that'll shake the earth
CHORUS
Yeah, you want some fun
You gotta fire your guns
fire your guns
you gotta fire your guns
fire your guns
(yeah, yeow!)

Yeah
CHORUS
yeah, you want some fun
Gotta fire your guns
Fire your guns (x9)

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