

Jonnie

D-A-D

Hey Jonnie...
Put that gun down
You see we're not alone
You look so square
Standing there, with your greasy
Grey long hair.
I remember growing up together
Sharing all kinds of weather
We were to small kids
In a dusty town...
Your trail was trouble, mine was
homebound: That's when you reach for
Your revolver...
That's when you reach for
Your gun... Well, we heard the stories
On the wire
Death was your only desire
Stayin' away made you hard to
Blame..
But killing my love made me
Stop your game: That's when I reach for
My revolver...
That's when I reach for
My gun...

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