

# Dirty Harry

## Gorillaz

I need a gun to keep myself from harm  
The poor people are burning in the sun  
But they ain't got a chance  
They ain't got a chance  
I need a gun  
Cos all I do is dance  
Cos all I do is dance

I need a gun to keep myself from harm  
The poor people are burning in the sun  
No, they ain't got a chance  
They ain't got a chance  
I need a gun  
Cos all I do is dance  
Cos all I do is dance

In my backpack  
I got my act right  
In case you act quite difficult  
And your resolve weaken  
With anger and discontent  
Some are seeking and searching like Nimoy

I'm a peace-loving decoy  
Ready for retaliation  
I change the whole occasion to a pine box six-under  
Impulsive don't ask why or wonder  
Orders given to me is:  
Strike and I'm thunder with lightning fast reflexes on constant alert  
From the constant hurt that seems limitless with no dropping pressure

Seems like everybody's out to test you  
'Til they see your brake  
They can't conceal the hate  
That consumes you  
I'm the reason why you fill up your Isuzu

Chill with your old lady at the tilt  
I got a 90 days visit  
And I'm filled with guilt

From things that I've seen  
Your water's from a bottle  
mine's from a canteen

At night I hear the shots  
Ring so I'm a light sleeper  
The cost of life,  
It seems to get cheaper  
Out in the desert  
With my street sweeper  
The war is over  
So said the speaker with the flight suit on  
Maybe to him I'm just a pawn  
So he can advance  
Remember when I used to dance  
Man, all I want to do is dance  
  
I need a gun to keep myself from harm

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