

# Revolver

## The Autonomics

Father's not a gambling man  
He never picked a fight  
Never raised his hand  
Unless he knew that it was right

Spoke just like a pioneer  
I've never seen him cry  
Laughs just like its killing him  
He says he'll never die

And he wore an old revolver  
That he carried in the war  
He pulled me to the side one day  
He told me what it's for

He said well son I'm not a fighting man  
That's not how I was raised  
But if you push then I'll push back  
That's how you play the game

And he'll sing this song to please you  
And he'll plead with saint maria  
He'll say won't you come and talk to me  
And put me in my bed  
And my mind is full of old lines  
And my voice is cracked from all the times  
I smoked too many cigarettes  
Told you that you'd never guess my name

Said son this ain't a perfect world  
It's the only one I know  
And I won't tell you where to live  
Won't tell you where to go

And I won't keep you safe at night  
But I'll help you when I can  
And I won't tell you what to think  
No you don't give a damn

And he killed a man in Idaho

But never saw him die  
He put the fear of god in me  
I never asked him why

Because he carried round a bible  
It was worn and leather bound  
Says if the life goes out of me  
Don't put me in the ground

Oh just throw me in the river  
And in time I will forget  
I'll just sink down to the bottom  
And I'll never make a sound

He said son I'm just an old man  
But tonight I'll do the best I can  
So hand me one more cigarette  
Tell you how the deal is going down

He says my hand to god  
I'm gonna put you in the fire  
He's calling all the saints by name  
He's calling me a liar

He says well son this ain't a perfect world  
It's the only one I know  
And he pulls out his revolver  
And he says before I go

Lyrics Submitted by Niyazi Aydın Pekin

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