

# Son Of A Gun

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So let me get this story straight  
This was just a chance you had to take  
Did I even cross your mind?

This will be the last time you cross mineWe were as thick as thieves  
Just like a thief you stole the best of me

White lies and what lies in betweenWhoa, for Heaven's sake I see right through you  
Whoa, I've got secrets too

You're the gun and I can be your bullet you bite down on  
Take your best shot 'cause you only get oneMarionette  
(Are your strings tied tight for proper movement?)

Take a deep, deep breath  
(I'm dying just to wrap these strings around your neck)

But I'll stitch my eyes wide open  
'Cause I don't want to miss the look on your face  
When I drive awayYou know you're sharp  
But sharp just doesn't cut it anymore

I'll show you a side of me you've never seen beforeWhoa, for Heaven's sake I see right through you  
Whoa, I've got secrets too

You're the gun and I can be your bullet you bite down on  
Take your best shot 'cause you only get oneWell blame it all on bottoms up  
And all the boys that kept filling your cup

I love the way you say  
You don't remember anythingWhoa, for Heaven's sake I see right through you  
Whoa, I've got secrets too

You're the gun and I can be your bullet you bite down on  
Take your best shot 'cause you only get oneWhoa, for Heaven's sake I see right through you  
Whoa, I've got secrets too

You're the gun and I can be your bullet you bite down on  
Take your best shot 'cause you only get one

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