

Machine Gun

Lionel Richie

jimi:

"happy new year first of all. i hope we'll have a million or two million more of them... if we can get over this summer, he he he. right i'd like to dedicate this one to the draggin' scene that's goin' on all the soldiers that are fightin' in chicago, milwaukee and new york... oh yeas, and all the soldiers fightin' in vietnam. like to do a thing called 'machine gun'."machine gun

tearing my body all apartmachine gun

tearing my body all apartevil man make me kill ya

evil man make you kill me

evil man make me kill you

even though we're only families apartwell i pick up my axe and fight lik a bomber

(you know what i mean)

hey and your bullets keep knocking me downhey i pick up my axe and fight like a bomber now

yeah but you still blast me down to the groundthe same way you shoot me down baby

you'll be going just the same

three times the pain

and your own self to blame

hey machine gunoooooooooi ain't afraid of your mess no more, babe

i ain't afraid no more

after a while your your cheap talk don't evern cause me pain

so let your bullets fly like rain'cause i know all the time you're wrong baby

and you'll be goin' just the same

yeah machine gun

tearing my family apart

yeah yeah alright

tearing my family apartdon't you shoot him down

he's about to leave here

don't you shoot him down

he's got to stay here

he ain't going nowhere

he's been shot down to the ground

oh where he can't survive no noyeah that's what we don't wanna hear any more, alright

no bullets

at least here, huh huh

no guns, no bombs

huh huh

no nothin', just let's all live and live

you know instead of killin'

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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