

# I've Got a Gun

## Candlebox

I come from humility,  
From the dirt beneath your feet,  
I feel I'm fucking crazy,  
Like I'm the last to please.  
I've got no answers  
But I've got a creed  
I've got my America bleeding through me Because I, I hide behind these scenes  
And my, my cold dead hands they bleed  
So you better  
Run, run, run  
Run, run, run  
This rhetoric amended these rights belong to me  
And I've got a  
Gun, gun, gun  
This argument of ignorance makes perfect sense to me You're the wild one spinning  
Spinning round my head  
Defensive, overloaded, overloaded and bent.  
It'll make you crazy  
It'll get you high  
A burden like its maybe  
I'm out my fuckin mind Because I, I hide behind these scenes  
And my, my cold dead hands they bleed  
So you better  
Run, run, run  
Run, run, run  
This rhetoric amended these rights belong to me  
And I've got a gun  
Gun, gun, gun  
Gun, gun, gun  
This argument of ignorance makes perfect sense to me  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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