

Running Gun Blues

David Bowie

I count the corpses on my left, I find I'm not so tidy
So I better get away, better make it today
I've cut twenty-three down since Friday but I can't control it
My face is drawn, my instinct still emotes it I slash them cold, I kill them dead
I broke the gooks, I cracked their heads
I'll bomb them out from under the beds
But now I've got the running gun blues It seems the peace-fuls stopped the war
Left generals squashed and stifled but I'll slip out again tonight
'Cause they haven't taken back my rifle
For I promote oblivion and I'll plug a few civilians I'll slash them cold, I'll kill them dead
I'll break them gooks, I'll crack their heads
I'll slice them till they're running red
But now I've got the running gun blues I'll slash them cold, I'll kill them dead
I'll break them gooks, I'll crack their heads
I'll slice them till they're running red
But now I've got the running gun blues Oh oh oh
Oh oh oh
Oh oh oh
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