

Charlie Get Your Gun

Overkill

Hey, hey smoky with the iron grip
Bang bang knocking it down
Hangman headed on the psycho trip
He gives the best stretch around I got the hear say, no where to run
I got a bed on the sun
I got it loaded before we were found
They give the best holes around Looking down the barrel of your best friend
Something in the air smells just like you've already won Sweet Mother Mary, will you let me be?
I'm trying just to find my way home
Everything coming up catastrophe
Pandemonium ruling the dome They got the numbers and the outside won
They got a rope around the sun
But I put the hangman in a cold dirt mound
He gave the best stretch around Looking down the barrel of your best friend
Something in the air smells just like you've already won
Looking down the barrel [Incomprehensible]
Something in the air smells just like Charlie get your gun Call me suicide, call me getting stronger
Call me when the sun is gone
Call me homicide, call me sane no longer
Call me when the race is won Call me suicide, call me getting stronger
Call me when the sun is gone
Call me homicide, call me sane no longer
Call me when the race is won Call me suicide, call me getting stronger
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Call me when the race is won

Songwriters

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