

# Guns & Ammo

## Minus the Bear

You've got files on me, little girl  
I've got your number (I'm callin' in)  
You've got files on me, little girl  
I've got your number (I'm callin' in)

Skip to the end  
Exhausted bodies in bed  
Fallin' asleep with the lights on  
Skip the "You don't understand,"  
Skip the "You're such a petty man,"  
Skip the way you'll never listen  
You never listen

I've got files on you, little girl  
You've got my number (Don't call, don't call it in)

Back to the start  
You call the planet a star  
Or something else of consequence  
I can lose my wits so easily  
And you're circlin' around  
Baby won't you bring me down

You've got files on me, little girl  
I've got your number (I'm callin' in, callin' it in)  
You've got files on me, little girl  
I've got your number (I'm callin' in, callin' it in)

We go round and round and round and round  
We go round and round and around and round  
We go around and around and around and around  
We go around and around and around and around

You've got the files on me, don't you?  
I'm not saying that you're wrong  
You've got the files on me, don't you?  
I'm not saying that you're wrong

You've got the files on me, don't you?  
I can't say that you are wrong

You've got the files on me, don't you?  
I can't say that you are wrong  
You've got the files, you've got the files on me, don't you?  
I can't say that you are wrong

You've got my number.

---

Lyrics submitted by Sunny Akane.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>