Get Your Gun

Scarlet

Johnny, get your gun. I'm not afraid to die.
Johnny, get your gun. For a suicide pact tonight.
Burning out with the Hollywood hopefuls.
Ultra violence. Wrapped in cellophane.That cardboard cut out icon was my swinging rope and skipping toes.
Johnny, I'm not your dying star.
Bound and gagged in the back of my car.My world came crashing down.

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