

# Run From The Gun (w/ Ben Wigler)

## Dead Confederate

I got mad at history  
Picked it up and fell in love with everything  
Men and pen and paper  
Like the wind you let em in now they'll never leave  
Run from the gun, dont be afraid  
Run from the where the dead lay  
Run from the gun, dont be afraid  
Run from the gun  
You were sweet as poison  
Dried my mouth, took me out, and left me glad  
You did me no favors  
It was done by the last one that i ever had  
Run from the gun, dont be afraid  
Run from the gun where the dead lay  
Run from the gun, dont be afraid  
Run from the gun  
Run from the gun, dont be afraid  
Run from the gun where the dead lay  
Run from the gun, dont be afraid  
Run from the gun  
Run from the gun  
It was loaded with the pressure  
Too much pressure to be measured  
I was holding you off the wrong  
And it felt right...I got let down gently  
Never even knew the end was on the way  
Then I made my peace there  
Opened eyes and to my surprise it was a waste  
Run from the gun, dont be afraid  
Run from the gun with the deadly  
Run from the gun, dont be afraid  
Run from the gun

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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