

Me and a Gun

Tori Amos

Five a.m. Friday morning
Thursday night far from sleep
I'm still up and driving
Can't go home obviously
So I'll just change direction
'Cause they'll soon know where I live
And I want to live
Got a full tank and some chips
It was me and a gun
And a man on my back
And I sang "holy holy"
As he buttoned down his pants
You can laugh, it's kind of funny
The things you think at times like these
Like I haven't seen Barbados
So I must get out of this
Yes, I wore a slinky red thing
Does that mean I should spread
For you, your friends
Your father, Mister Ed
It was me and a gun
And a man on my back
But I haven't seen Barbados
So I must get out of this
And I know what this means
Me and Jesus a few years back
Used to hang and he said
"It's your choice, babe, just remember
I don't think that you'll be back
In three days time so you choose well"
Tell me what's right, is it my right
To be on my stomach of Fred's Seville
It was me and a gun
And a man on my back
But I haven't seen Barbados
So I must get out of this
And do you know Carolina
Where the biscuits are soft and sweet?
These things go through you head
When there's a man on your back
And you're pushed flat on your stomach
It's not a classic Cadillac
Me and a gun
And a man on my back
But I haven't seen Barbados
So I must get out of this
I haven't seen Barbados

So I must get out of this
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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