

## Big Exit

## Professional Murder Music

Look out ahead  
I see danger come  
I wanna pistol  
I wanna gun  
I'm scared baby  
I wanna run  
This world's crazy  
Give me the gun

Baby, baby  
Ain't it true  
I'm immortal  
When I 'm with you  
But I want a pistol  
In my hand  
I wanna go to  
A different land

I met a man  
He told me straight  
"You gotta leave  
It's getting late"  
Too many cops  
Too many guns  
All trying to do something  
No-one else has one  
Baby, baby  
Ain't it true  
I'm immortal  
When I 'm with you

But I want a pistol  
In my hand  
I wanna go to  
A different land

Sometimes it rains so hard  
And I feel the hurt  
In my heart  
Feels like the end of the world  
I see the children  
Sharp as knives  
I see the children  
Dead and alives  
Beautiful people  
Beautiful girls  
I just feel like it's the end of the world

I walk on concrete  
I walk on sand  
But I can't find  
A safe place to stand  
I'm scared baby  
I wanna run  
This world's crazy  
Gimme the gun

Baby, baby  
Ain't it true  
I'm immortal  
When I 'm with you  
But I want a pistol  
In my hand  
I wanna go to  
A different land