I don't own a single gun
But if I did, you'd be the one
To hold it, aim it, make all of the bad men run
But I don't own a single gun

And I don't have a sweetheart yet
But if I did I'd break my neck
To please her, make her want to stay in my arms we'd rest
But I don't have a sweetheart yet

I can't believe what I found in daddy's sock drawer, sock drawer today
It was a pistol, a Smith & Wesson, holy, holy shit

Lalalala

(One, Two, One, Two, Three, Four!)

Things I knew when I was young
Some were true and some were wrong
And one day, I pray, I'll be more than my father's son
But I don't own a single gun