

I've Got a Gun

Candlebox

I come from humility
From the dirt beneath your feet
I feel I'm fucking crazy
Like I'm the last to please
And I, I've got no answers
But I've got a creed
I've got my America bleeding through me

Because I, I hide behind these scenes
And my, oh my cold dead hands they bleed

So you better
Run, run, run
Run, run, run
This rhetoric amended these rights belong to me
And I've got a
Gun, gun, gun
Gun, gun, gun
This argument of ignorance makes perfect sense to me

You're the wild one spinning
Spinning round my head
Defensive, overloaded, overloaded and bent
It'll make you crazy
It'll get you high
A burden like its maybe
I'm out my fuckin mind

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