

Dirty Harry

Gorillaz

Aism **Gis** **Aism**

I need a gun to keep myself from harm

Aism **Gis** **Aism**

The poor people are burning in the sun

Aism

But they ain't got a chance

Gis **Aism**

They ain't got a chance

Aism

I need a gun

Gis **Aism**

Cos all I do is dance

Gis **Aism**

Cos all I do is dance

I need a gun to keep myself from harm

The poor people are burning in the sun

No, they ain't got a chance

They ain't got a chance

I need a gun

Cos all I do is dance

Cos all I do is dance

In my backpack

I got my act right

In case you act quite difficult

And yo is so weakin'

With anger and discontent

Some are seeking and searching like me, moi

I'm a peace-loving decoy

Ready for retaliation

I change the whole occasion to a pine box six-under

Impulsive don't ask wild wonder

Orders given to me is:

strike and I'm thunder with lightning fast reflexes on constant alert
from the constant hurt that seems limitless with no dropping pressure

Seems like everybody's out to test ya

'til they see your brake

They can't conceal the hate

That consumes you

I'm the reason why you flipped your soosa

Chill with your old lady at the tilt

I got a 90 days digit

And I'm filled with guilt

From things that I've seen

Your water's from a bottle

mine's from a canteen

At night I hear the shots

Ring so I'm a light sleeper

The cost of life,

it seems to get cheaper

out in the desert

with my street sweeper

The war is over
So said the speaker with the flight suit on
Maybe to him I'm just a pawn
So he can advance
Remember when I used to dance
Man, all I want to do is dance.:

(Dance!)

(Dance!)

(Dance!)

I need a gun to keep myself from harm