

# I'm Your Gun

Jethro Tull

Blew my smoke on a sunny day  
When the first black powder came my way  
Hot lead ball from a muzzle cold  
To win fair lady and take your gold  
I know it hardly seems the time  
(I am your gun)  
To talk of blue steel so sublime  
I can understand your point of view  
To tell the truth I'd scare me too  
Match, wheel and flintlock, they all caught your eye  
Pearl-handled ladies' models, scaled down to size  
I am the peacemaker, so the theory goes  
But I don't choose the company I keep and it shows  
I am your gun, love me, I'm your gun  
Maxim and Browning, they helped me along  
Stoner, Kalashnikov thrilled to my song  
Now one of me exists, for each one of you  
So how can you blame me for the things that I do?  
Now I take second place to the motor car  
In the score of killing kept thus far  
And just remember, if you don't mind  
It's not the gun that kills but the man behind  
I am your gun