

Guitars And Guns

Kevin Fowler

When I was twelve my daddy gave me a single shot .410
His grand daddy and his daddy before had passed on down to him.
My uncle Joe, God rest his soul, left me an old flattop
Played it 'til my fingers bled no and I ain't never stopped.
Guitars and guns two things that I love
You might take ém from my cold dead hands but I ain't giving ém
up.

Shooters and six strings, both make my ears ring.
I'm gonna raise a little hell and have a lot of fun,
It's guitars and guns.
My momma hated both of them,
She said now listen son.
You're gonna wind up in jail or dead if you keep messin' with t
hem guns.

That beat up old guitar, it's just the devils tool
For singin' all those drinkin songs,
I say yeah ain't it cool
Guitars and guns two things that I love
You might take ém from my cold dead hands but I ain't giving ém
up.

Six shooters and six strings, both make my ears ring.
I'm gonna raise a little hell and have a lot of fun,
It's guitars and guns.
Well when they gather around my grave
To say farewell so long.
Just give me a 21 gun salute
And an old Hank Williams song.
Guitars and guns two things that I love
You might take ém from my cold dead hands but I ain't giving ém
up.

Six shooters and six strings, both make my ears ring.
I'm gonna raise a little hell and have a lot of fun,
It's guitars and guns.
Guitars and guns two things that I love
You might take ém from my cold dead hands but I ain't giving ém
up.

Six shooters and six strings, both make my ears ring.
I'm gonna raise a little hell and have a lot of fun,
It's guitars and guns.
When you wanna raise a little hell, have a lot of fun,
make a little noise, you gotta get you some
Guitars and guns