

Shoot

Stacy Barthe

I don't know 'bout y'all
But my feet are tired
Tired of runnin' and runnin'
Prayin' but nothing's comin'
It's just sweat and tears
Mixed drippin' down my ears
As I lay with fear
Wonderin', "How did I get here?"

I'm a stranger in these woods
If they catch they gon'
Shoot
I'm a stranger in these woods
If they catch me they gon'
Shoot

I don't know 'bout y'all
But my back got tired
Tired of buildin' this country up
Still they tell us we ain't enough
Tired of all of these beatings
Rather be dead than mistreated
So tonight I can leave
Thinking 'bout ten in the evening

I'm a stranger in these woods
If they catch they gon'
Shoot, shoot, shoot
Shoot, shoot, shoot
I'm a stranger in these woods
If they catch they gon'
Shoot, shoot, shoot
Shoot, shoot, shoot

Oh, Lord, Lord
Can You hear me up there?
Oh, Lord, Lord
Can You hear me up there?
Oh, Lord

Say, Lord, Lord
Can You hear out prayer?
Lord, Lord, Lord
Can You hear me up there?
Oh, oh, Lord
Oh, Lord

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Shoot, shoot, shoot
Shoot, shoot, shoot