

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

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