

## Son Of A Gun

The La's

If you want I'll sell you a life story  
About a man who's at loggerheads with his past all the time  
He's alive and living in purgatory  
All he's doing is rooming up in hotels  
And scooping up lots of wine  
There was once a boy of life  
Who lived upon a knife  
He took his share of everywhere  
But he never took a wife...  
He was born to live like a mercenary  
Well personally I think that's fine  
If you're in the right mind  
He was burned by the twentieth century  
Now he's doing time  
In the back of his mind  
He can hear them outside  
Better run, Rabbit run  
Run into the sun  
Kick your heels in the killing fields  
Run rabbit run  
You're a son of a gun