

# AC/DC, GONE SHOOTIN'

Feel the pressure rise  
Hear the whistle blow  
Found a ticket of her own accord  
To I don't know  
Packed her heart in a travelling bag [Fought so hard in a travelin' band]  
And never said bye bye  
Somethings missing in the neighbourhood  
All the cryin' eyes  
I stirred my coffee with the same spoon [a stupor caught me with the sin spoon]  
Do a favourite tune [to her favourite jewel]  
Gone shootin'  
My baby's gone shootin'  
Wrap yourself around  
Like a second skin  
Packed her favourite bag [packed|picked her favourite nag]  
But she could never win  
I took [your number | an offer] in another town  
She took another pill  
She was runnin' in overdrive  
Up until my overkill [a victim of overkill]  
She never made it past the bedroom door  
What was she aiming for? [why I'd thought she'd even pour]  
Gone shootin'  
She's gone, gone gone gone  
Gone shootin'  
My baby's gone shootin'  
Lil' child  
Gone Shootin'  
I thought that she wouldn't even know  
Gone Shootin  
hey look out, look out, look out, look out!  
Gone shootin  
She's shootin heroin!  
Gone shootin  
She's shootin loaded  
She's gone, she's gone, she's gone, she's gone  
Gone shootin  
I used to love her so