## 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'

Liľ 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

Gone shootin

I used to love her so