

AC/DC, GONE SHOOTIN'

AC-DC
Powerage
GONE SHOOTIN'
Powerage (1978)
(Young, Young & Scott)

Feel the pressure rise
Hear the whistle blow
Bought a ticket of her own accord
To... I don't know
Packed your heart in a travelling bag
And never said bye bye
Something missing in the neighbourhood
All the crying eyes
I stirred my coffee with the same spoon
Do a favourite tune

Gone shootin'
My baby's gone shootin'

Wrap yourself around
Like a second skin
Backed a favourite nag
But she could never win
I took your number in another town
She took another pill
She was running in an overdrive
Up until my overkill
She never made it past the bedroom door
What was she aiming for?

Gone shootin'
She's gone, gone gone gone

Gone shootin'
My baby's gone shootin'
I'm gonna have to get a gun
Look out, look out
She could have anyone
She sure is loaded

I used to love her so