

Black Rebel Motorcycle Club, Screaming Gun

Well you run from your reasons as you slip on your soul
Now you're keeping a hold of something you've never known
You're tying your mind claiming life is your side yeah
You're dyin alone, you should've known it be cold yeah
cold yeah cold yeah
Now you know you're alone, you're a screaming gun yeah
Gun yeah, gun yeah, gun yeah
Well you hold down the sign and slipping deeper below
You scream for you purpose as you're lettin it go
Now all that you hold is whats left of your soul
But whats left of your soul
You can't keep a hold and no soul yeah
soul yeah
Now you know you're alone you're a screaming gun
yeah gun yeah gun yeah gun yeah
Well you run from your reasons as you slip on your soul
Now you're keeping a hold of something you've never known
You're tying your mind claiming life is inside yeah
You're dyin alone, you should've known it be cold yeah
cold yeah cold yeah
Now you know you're alone, you're a screaming gun yeah
Gun yeah, gun yeah, gun yeah