Chris Rea, Hired Gun

Morning light meet the day
Nervous eyes look both ways
And it just won't matter, spring or fall
There's bread to win and shots to call
And there ain't nobody out there
Just a wild uncertainty
It's in your stride but it ain't no fun
Sometimes I feel just like a hired gun
I feel just like a hired gun
Always on the run

And how it started, well you can't recall
Did someone push you, did someone stall
Whatever the reasons there was lots to learn
To get home safely and not get burned
And it's all so cold and empty
As you watch the setting sun
You've picked up every dirty trick
Just to keep yourself always on the run
And I feel just like a hired gun
Always on the run

I dream of comfort and friendship long
But I can't trust you or anyone
The scars still hurt me and I don't let them heal
Each one's a lesson, each one's a shield
And I may even love you dearly
And I loathe what I have to do
You see I've picked up every dirty trick
In my fear of you
'Cos you make me feel just like a hired gun
Always on the run