

David Bowie, Running Gun Blues

I count the corpses on my left, I find I'm not so tidy
So I better get away, better make it today
I've cut twenty-three down since Friday
But I can't control it, my face is drawn
My instinct still emotes it

I slash them cold, I kill them dead
I broke the gooks, I cracked their heads
I'll bomb them out from under the beds
But now I've got the running gun blues

It seems the peacebuds stopped the war
Left generals squashed and stifled
But I'll slip out again tonight
Cause they haven't taken back my rifle
For I promote oblivion
And I'll plug a few civilians

I'll slash them cold, I'll kill them dead
I'll break them gooks, I'll crack their heads
I'll slice them till they're running red
But now I've got the running gun blues