

# 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