

Echobelly, Give Her A Gun

Let the fear dislocate,
Lest we frown upon the female agressor,
Makes no sense, goes against the gender,
Let her anger curse the years of oppression,
Blame the mother, sell the sister,
Before she blows you away.

Won't someone give her a gun, won't someone,
Won't someone give her a gun, won't someone.

In a lifetime full of changes,
A woman's group is still a second-class convention,
Look around who has the power,
Am I a big mouth with a fix of paranoia,
On your side, on your side,
Not here for the ride.

Won't someone give her a gun, won't someone,
Won't someone give her a gun, won't someone.
Oh oh a gun.

Half the population, one percent of wealth,
Half the population, one percent of wealth,
Blame the mother sell the sister,
Blame the mother, sell the sister,
Oh before I blow you away.

Won't someone give her a gun, won't someone,
Won't someone give her a gun, won't someone,
Won't someone give her a gun, won't someone,
Won't someone give her a gun, won't someone.