

Ellis Paul, Autobiography Of A Pistol

I'm a pistol, a forty-five,
I just shot two men in this hot-house dive.

Now I'm smoking - burning hot barrel of metal.
Believe it or not, I was bought by this guy named Ray,
a card carrying member of the NRA,

But he left me out in his car one day,
And now the finger on my trigger hasn't seen it's sixteenth birthday.
Some things they never tell you when you're riding the assembly line.
Like who'll be the hands to hold you and what's their state of mind - -
Hey, I'm not much bigger than a pointed index finger.
So who am I to lay the blame?
I'm only here to cause some pain...

The sirens --
I can hear them, they're singing ...
They're singing my song,
"When the sun sets, I get upset --

Darkness fills me and I want to light up the world"...

Would you believe I've seen better days?
I starred in westerns and won rave reviews.
Now I sit on a shelf, tagged for judgment day.
I've got to change the jury's point of view.
You see, guns don't kill people, it's the bullets that do.
I said guns don't kill people, bullets do.
Yeah, the bullets do...