John Cale, Gun

Me and my partner we work on the run The quick try to get quicker And the creepers get hung Now it's you that got wasted tonight on the job One lost his liquor And the other lost his hand Ten sticky thumb prints on the door and the sink But nothin' saw nothin' - just smell the stink Five hundred mugshots and a hundred to one Four forgotten and the rest just won't come When you've begun to think like a gun The rest of the year has already gone When you've begun to think like a gun The days of the year have suddenly gone (Well) blood on the windows and blood on the walls Blood on the ceiling and down in the halls And the papers keep downing on everything I burned And the people getting restless but they'll never learn I picked up a doctor - he's good with a knife Says anaesthetic's a waste of his time Works in a hurry but always worthwhile Knows they won't be back for a long long time Top of the staircase was ready to fall We were still waiting downstairs in the hall Watch out for big mama, she'll set you on fire Or go for your neck with the chicken wire When you've begun to think like a gun The days of the year have suddenly gone Once you've begun to think like a gun The days of the year have already gone Mother of plenty, mother of none You've got me cornered and still on the run I don't care nothing about you anyway Stuck in this hole I'm on my way Yeah when you've begun to live like a gun The days of the year have already gone When you've begun to think like a gun The days of the year have suddenly gone