

La's, Son Of A Gun

If you want I'll sell you a life story
About a man who's at loggerheads
With his past all the time
He's alive and living in purgatory
All he's doing is rooming in hotels
And scooping up lots of wine

There was once a boy of life
Who lived upon a knife
He took his share of everywhere
But he never took a wife...

He was born to live like a mercenary
Well personally I think that's fine
If you're in the right mind
He was burned by the twentieth century
Now he's doing time
In the back of his mind
He can hear them outside

Better run, rabbit run
Run into the sun
Kick your heels in the killing fields
Run rabbit run
You're a son of a gun

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Well personally I think that's fine
If you're in the right mind