

Rollins Band, Gun In Mouth Blues

Hard times, got hard times, hard times

Got blues, got blues, you got, you got, got, got, got, got, got, got, got

Yeah! Blues!

You got "My boss, man, is a bastard and I wanna kill him" blues.

You got "My boyfriend's a motherfucker

and I wanna cut his balls off and shove 'em right down his throat" blues.

Can't take it, can't take it no more, can't take it, can't take it no more

Blues!

I got gun in my mouth blues

I got gun-in-my-mouth blues.

Lookin' out my window, sun comes up, sun comes burnin' down

No answer, no answer, no answer, no answer, no answer, no answer, no answer

I'm alone in my room, but I'm not by myself

I'm alone in my room, but I'm not by myself

I've got my hands wrapped 'round my gun

I've got my hands wrapped 'round my gun

No answer, no answer, no answer, no answer, no answer, no answer, no answer

Can't touch me, can't touch me, can't touch me, can't touch me, can't touch me

Suck in.

Pull it, pull it, pull it, pull it.