

Steve Winwood, If That Gun's For Real

If that gun is for real, I'm in trouble
We're not gonna make it, and I'm caught
It's no use to make appeal
I wheel and I deal
Now I'm down on my offers, help me, lord

I've been been running for the whole of my young life
I keep taking and I never pay
It's the good old honest trust
You can't see me for the dust
I'll walk before your get-away
Get-away, get-away
Gone before your get-away
Though it gets rough
Gonna take off in a huff
I'm the golden wonder boy, I'll get away

If a thing is worth having, it's worth stealing
If'n I get in, I get out quick
Say goodbye to your hello
You go easy and slow
On some greyhound I may come [to your?] city
Get-away, get-away
Gone before your get-away
Though it gets rough,
Gonna take off in a huff
I'm the golden wonder boy, I'll get away

Going, going once, going, going twice
Going on three times, sold to the devil for a short, sweet lie

If that gun is for real, I'm in trouble
[?] make it, and I'm caught
It's no use to make appeal
I wheel and I deal
Now I'm down on my offers, help me, lord
Get-away, get-away
Gone before your get-away
Though it gets rough
I just take off in a huff
I'm the golden wonder boy, I'll get away

Get away, get away
What if I would get away
Though it gets rough
Gonna take off in a huff
I'm the golden wonder boy, I'll get away

Get away, get away
Help me, lord, please, to get away
Get away, get away
I'm gonna, gonna take this golden wonder boy
And get away, get away
Help me, lord, please