

# 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