

Wanda Jackson, This Gun Don't Care

I don't like the way you touch my baby if you're smart you turn him loose
Unless you crave danger or you're crazy cause this gun don't care who it shoots
You better take your hands off my baby or they're gonna bury you in your boots
Keep what I'm saying for I ain't fooling and this gun don't care who it shoots
This old gun of mine has no conscience shows no favors as never caught the tree
So it's all up to you now pay attention cause this gun don't care who it shoots

(guitar)

I'm glad to see you've made a right decision just stuck away you'd better pull up roots
And let's hope that you'll never cross my vision

Cause this gun don't care who it shoots

This old gun of mine...

No this gun don't care who it shoots