

Blondie, Under The Gun [For Jeffrey Lee Pierce]

I still can picture him: his hands in his back pockets.

He wasn't much for words, but when the wise kids made a racket he'd just have to go downtown, th

"Say did you hear I've got a band?

Some guys I know from L.A.

We'll own the Rio Grande.

I'll pay you back next Friday.

You know it sure ain't big, just some cats I dig.

They said they'd do the gig."

Oh Desperado, why don't you spend your life in Colorado?

Oh Restless Shadow, out in the blue hills you're feeling hollow.

Oh El Diablo, why did you spend your life in California?

I should have warned ya.

No place to go now but falling over.

Some hands can't make it on the run, under the gun.

Not for the younger.

Oh Jack Daniels, I feel your hunger.

I know you did your best, but you thought that you did not.

I wish that I had known before I heard the last shot.

You know, it's not a sin, that little badge of tin.

Just a momento.

So sad you loved in vain.

My comrades lost in battle.

The music wars are done from London to Seattle.

We all pay to play and all our yesterdays are starting over.

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Ready to die.

Now he's ready to die.