

# D:a:d, Jonnie

Hey Jonnie...  
Put that gun down  
You see we're not alone  
You look so square  
Standing there, with your greasy  
Grey long hair.  
I remember growing up together  
Sharing all kinds of weather  
We were to small kids  
In a dusty town...  
Your trail was trouble, mine was  
homebound:

That's when you reach for  
Your revolver...  
That's when you reach for  
Your gun...

Well, we heard the stories  
On the wire  
Death was your only desire  
Stayin' away made you hard to  
Blame..  
But killing my love made me  
Stop your game:

That's when I reach for  
My revolver...  
That's when I reach for  
My gun...