

Jethro Tull, I'm Your Gun

Blew my smoke on a sunny day
when the first black powder came my way.
Hot lead ball from a muzzle cold ---
to win fair lady and take your gold.
I know it hardly seems the time ---
(I am your gun)
to talk of blue steel so sublime.
I can understand your point of view.
To tell the truth I'd scare me too.

Match, wheel and flintlock, they all caught your eye.
Pearl-handled ladies' models, scaled down to size.
I am the peacemaker, so the theory goes.
But I don't choose the company I keep ---
and it shows.

I am your gun.
Love me, I'm your gun.

Maxim and Browning, they helped me along.
Stoner, Kalashnikov --- thrilled to my song.
Now one of me exists, for each one of you,
So how can you blame me for the things that I do?

Now I take second place to the motor car
in the score of killing kept thus far.
And just remember, if you don't mind ---
it's not the gun that kills
but the man behind.

I am your gun.