

John Hiatt, I Got A Gun

She took some blood and tears

From an old fruit jar

She rubbed it on her belly

Where he left his scars

She's such a fragile thing

Like pigeon bones

He couldn't whip my little brother

He wouldn't leave her alone

So if you see that man

Done these things to her

Tell him, he'd better run

I got a gun

I got a gun y'all

Justice will be done

I got a gun, got a gun

They say a man with a weapon

He gets 99 years

But I would give my life

To wash away her tears

So if you see that man

Done these things to her

Tell him, he'd better run

I got a gun

I got a gun y'all

Justice will be done

I got a gun, got a gun

Now I never looked at a pistol

But now I lost my grip

The judge would only give him a slap on the wrist

I ain't had it very long

But now it's in my hand

She took her very last whippin' from that spineless man

I got a gun

I got a gun y'all

Justice will be done

I got a gun, got a gun