

# Mary Lou Lord, Supergun

I ran out of Lexington - I ran out of time  
I hooked up with anyone that I could find  
Why don't you answer me  
I bear you no ill  
You never notice me but someday you will  
And there you go lead and time  
Skin and chrome supergun so fine

I'm burned up with jealousy  
You're burned up with speed  
You ditch your paramour  
I got what you need

And I'm not a child  
And I'm not a fool  
Oh no not again - your supergun so cruel

I got up - a new day dawned  
I believe I've been reborn  
I threw out my dolls and pins  
I go out and reel you in at last  
Oh yea, yea yea

No injured innocence - no wounded pride  
Accept what has to be, I so long denied  
And I take it off and you follow suit  
I close my eyes  
But your supergun won't shoot  
No it won't shoot  
No it won't shoot  
No it won't shoot

It's my fault and it's your fault too, you know

And you harbored in your sheltering bay  
Still watching as she's sailing away  
No movement on the ocean today  
But for two boats drifting apart