

# Mother Mother, Hayloft II

Whatever happened to the young, young lovers?  
One got shot and the other got lost in  
Drugs and punks and blood on the street  
Bla-blood on her knees  
Bloody history

Whatever happened to the hayloft?  
Burnt to the ground, and what about Pop?  
He took his ass back to the crack shack  
With his long johns on  
Singing that old song

My baby's got a gun  
My baby's got a gun  
My baby's got a gun  
I better run  
My baby's got a gun  
It goes  
Boom boom crack  
Ga-ga-ga-ga boom boom

An eye for an eye, a leg for a leg  
A shot in the heart doesn't make it un-break  
She really didn't wanna make it messy  
She really, really didn't but the girl gone cray

My baby's got a gun  
My baby's got a gun  
My baby's got a gun  
I better run  
My baby's got a gun  
It goes  
Boom boom crack  
Ga-ga-ga-ga boom boom

She crucify (she crucify)  
She crucify (she crucify)  
Hey Pop, you die, you die

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I better run  
My baby's got a gun  
It goes  
Boom boom crack  
Ga-ga-ga-ga boom boom

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Ga-ga-ga-ga boom boom

My baby's got a gun  
My baby's got a gun  
My baby's got a gun  
I better run

My baby's got a gun  
It goes  
Boom boom crack  
Ga-ga-ga-ga boom ga-ga-ga-ga

She's not a bad kid  
She's not a bad kid  
But she had to do it  
She had to do it

They're not a bad kid  
But they had to do it  
They couldn't not  
They had to face off

She's not a bad kid  
But they had to do it  
She had to crack  
She had to kill Pop