

Nancy Sinatra, Bang Bang My baby shot me down

I was five and he was six.
We rode on horses made on sticks.
He was black and I was white.
He would always win the fight.
Bang bang - He shot me down.
Bang bang - I hit the ground.
Bang bang - That off the sound.
Bang bang - My baby shot me down.
Seasons came and change the time.
When I grow up I could him mind.
He would always laugh and say:
Remember when we use to play.
Bang bang - I shot you down.
Bang bang - You hit the ground.
Bang bang - That off the sound.
Bang bang - You hit the ground.
Music play and people sing.
Just for me the church bell ring.
Now he's gone.
I don't know why and to this day, sometimes I cry.
He didn't say "goodbye".
he didn't take the time to lie.
Bang bang - he shot me down.
Bang bang - I hit the ground.
Bang bang - That off the sound.
Bang bang - My baby shot me down.