

Olivia Newton-John, My Old Man's Got A Gun

(John Farrar)

Hey boy, I better warn you
To make your reservation
Your exit's overdue
I can only promise he ain't the soul to laugh
I've known him long enough to speak on his behalf

My old man's got a gun
And he knows you're a tricky one
He can't fail to make you run
And I don't need you
My old man's got a wife
And she loves him and her life
Silver tongue could be his strife
And I don't need you

Hey boy, don't let him fool you
I'll tell you something about him, gonna cool you
He'll get you in a corner
And make you really crawl
You'll never realize
A man could feel so small

My old man's got a gun
And he knows you're a tricky one
He can't fail to make you run
And I don't need you
My old man's got a wife
And she loves him and her life
Silver tongue could be his strife
And I don't need you

I don't need you, I don't need you
Hey boy, I better warn you
To make your reservation