

Rory Gallagher, Big Guns

Well, you think you're sitting pretty,
But you're sitting on a powder keg.
Well, you think you're standing steady,
But you're weak as a matchstick leg.
Well there's a rumble in the city,
There's a call out for your head.
Now isn't a pity,
You're future's just a lump of lead.

But now you're running scared you've got no place to run,
You're caught between the law and the Big Guns.

Yeah...

Well, it's a long way from the pool halls,
To the rackets and the petty crime.
Well, you thought you were a tough one,
But you've bitten off too much this time.
You've stepped on the wrong toes,
Now look who you've upset.
Well, you walked on the wrong turf,

You got your picture on the police gazette.

Well, now you're running scared, got no place to run,
You're caught between the law and the - Big Guns.

Yeahhh..

Your back's against a wall, you don't like it there at all.
Now your world's about to fall, you got no friends you can call.

Well, you never felt so gritty,
Well, the sweat's pouring down your back.
You're like a tiger in the jungle,
And you can't find your way back.
You haven't played your cards right,
You hadn't seen the signs.
Well, you tried to run the whole game,
Now you've come to the end of the line.

Well, now you're running scared, you've got no place to run.
Now you're face to face with the Big Guns.