

Stina Nordenstam, The Man With The Gun

I'm out of my senses
I'll only smile
The night I meet the man with the gun

Not that I'd be defenceless
but I don't think I'll fight
The night I meet the man with the gun

Maybe I'll say What kept you?
I knew you would come
I somehow didn't expect to
Be spared for so long

Was it a whim of fortune
Or was I hard to find
What's the routine of a man with a gun

Was it a kind of torture
Have you been out of town
What is like to a man with a gun

Maybe I'm glad to see you
It's hard to believe
but standing here beside you
is such a relief

This is gonna hurt me
I do know why you've come
but I got this feeling
that it's already been done