

# Overkill, Charlie Get Your Gun

Hey, hey smokey with the iron grip  
Bang-bang knocking it down  
Hangman headed on the psycho trip  
He gives the best stretch around  
I got the hear say, no where to run  
I got a bed on the sun  
I got it loaded just before we were found  
They give the best holes around

Looking down the barrel of your best friend  
Something in the air  
Smells just like you've already won

Sweet mother Mary, will you let me be  
I'm trying just to find my way home  
Everything coming up catastrophe  
Pandemonium ruling the dome  
They got the numbers and the outside won  
They got a rope around the sun  
But I put the hangman in a cold-dirt mound  
He gave the best stretch around

Looking down the barrel of your best friend  
Something in the air  
Smells just like you've already won  
Looking down the barrel of your best friend  
Something in the air  
Smells just like Charlie get your gun

Call me suicide  
Call me getting stronger  
Call me when the sun is gone  
Call me homicide  
Call me sane no longer  
Call me when the race is won  
Charlie get your gun