

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