# You Don't Want Me With A Gun

Words and Music by David J. Gorsky

## VERSE ONE

E I see you comin' at me E Α Eyes all buzzin' at the end of each working day. With those magazines all stashed up in your drawer F# B About protecting the U.S.A. **E7** E But you know, some of that talk just ain't my thing. Α F# So, go on off and have your fun. E I will tell straight up: B7sus4 E Α You don't want me with a gun.

### VERSE TWO

I know I come across as slick, cool dude. With an easy-going smile. As I teeter inside between calm and crude Putting every mini-thought on file. And I still indulge in those simple things Even a burger on a bun. But to put Bambi there, You don't want me with a gun.

# **BRIDGE ONE**

A Oh yes, I hear you when you say there is no end E When they're rolling out another tax. A And with a flick of a switch of C.N.N., C B I'm like a Seeger with an axe. C B Check Snopes for facts.

# **VERSE THREE**

My mom and dad enrolled me in Saint Andrews To get me on that righteous path. And while I scored a few letters in track and field, I just couldn't get a grip on math. But between Father McMahon up my can And the steel edge of a nun, You might say I aced that course. You don't want me with a gun.

# ALT BRIDGE

 $\begin{array}{ccc} C & G \\ \text{So, how is that for a little T.M.I.?} \\ C & G \\ \text{Other than that, I'm a regular guy} \\ C \\ \text{Come on, Rambo.} \\ G & C & B \\ \text{Don't it make you want to cry?} \\ E \\ \text{You can try.} \end{array}$ 

## SOLO TO VERSE

#### **BRIDGE TWO**

These days it's best to stay clear from big ideas. That make you feel ten feet tall. Because once that dog whistle hits our ears, You know we won't be fetchin' ball. Down we fall.

# FINAL VERSE (different chords at end)

I even try to be progessive. (Passive-aggressive) Because it's all about being nice. I walked my daughter down the aisle for her lesbo wedding And voted for that black guy twice. But still it's the same old back-and-forth With nothing ever getting done. E A B Next time, I will abstain. E A B There's T.H.C. for pain. C#m I'll be too blitzed to aim. G#m E Α E You don't want me with a gun. With a gun. Α Е With a gun. With a gun. A7 E With a gun. With a gun. A7 D E With a gun. With a gun.