

Give Me Your Gun

Words by Tysa Goodrich

Music by Tysa Goodrich and Dale LaDuke

The western sky is filled with smoke
Across the prairie, blood runs cold
Shadows long, the man stands still
Against the setting sun, against his will
He shoots a man down

She will question him for the first time
Knowing something's wrong, a change in their lives
Never had he gone quite this far
Innocence was lost
Pleading with him, she cries

CHORUS

Come, now that it's over
Give me your shoulder, give me your gun
Sing, glory be given
Nothing forsaken, nothing undone
Give me your gun, give me your gun... (Oh---)

The outlaw died, was laid to rest
Before the dawn, a bugle wept
Comes the day, a line gets crossed
From now on the hero, forever lost
A lawman is born

She will need to use discretion now
Knowing he will rise, a star in the sky
On his chest it shines all too bright
She will play piano all night
In the dark saloon, she serenades

Come, now that it's over
Give me your shoulder, give me your gun
Give me your gun, give me your gun

BRIDGE (1st half: vocals, no words / 2nd half: instrumental)

She will wait for him, pray through the night
One more sunset bleeds, anointing the sky
Will she see him at dawn's first light
Precious time is lost
When he returns, she'll say to him

CHORUS