








# Baby You're a Gun

||: A<sup>m</sup>  A<sup>m</sup>  A<sup>m</sup>  A<sup>m</sup> 

## [Verses]

A<sup>m</sup>  | 2/4 G  | 4/4 A<sup>m</sup>  | A<sup>m</sup>  | A<sup>m</sup> 

When they look at you, they see a lover.  
When they look at you, they see a lady.

Tongue of fire,  
China tea cup

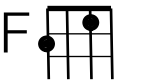





F  E<sup>m</sup>  | D<sup>m</sup>  | 2/4 D<sup>m</sup>  | 4/4 A<sup>m</sup>  | A<sup>m</sup> 

dark velvet hands, existing for their pleasure, waiting their command  
pour yourself out, graciously accepting only what's allowed

A<sup>m</sup>  | 2/4 G  | 4/4 A<sup>m</sup>  | A<sup>m</sup>  | A<sup>m</sup> 

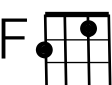
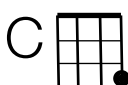


When they look at you, they see a mother.  
When they look at you, they see a daughter.

Soft as feathers,  
Kneeling bedside,

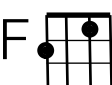


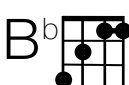
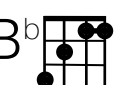
F  E<sup>m</sup>  | D<sup>m</sup>  | 2/4 D<sup>m</sup>  | 4/4 A<sup>m</sup>  | A<sup>m</sup> 

warming the nest. All your children rising up to call you blessed  
head bowed in prayer. The beautiful, devoted, dutiful and fair

## [Chorus]

F  | C  | G  | A<sup>m</sup> 

Oh baby, you're a gun. They better run, they better run (and hide)

F  | C  | E<sup>7</sup>  | B<sup>b</sup>  | B<sup>b</sup>  :||

Bang a bullet to the brain, before the pain, the damage done.

Baby, you're a gun