

# Everything Is Gonna Be All Right

John Farnham

Put up your shot gun Papa  
Everything is gonna be all right  
All right, all right, all right  
Put up your shot gun Papa  
Everything is gonna be all right  
All right, all right, all right  
Here come the preacher  
There's gonna be a weddin' tonight  
All right, all right  
I'm not gonna try to run  
I know it ain't no use  
So you can tell your brothers  
To turn me loose  
Put up your shot gun Papa  
Everything is gonna be all right  
All right, all right, all right  
Here comes the preacher  
There's gonna be a weddin' here tonight  
All right, all right  
All ri-i-ight (all right), ahh... yeah-yeah  
I didn't want to marry  
But now I'll tie the knot  
'Cause somethin' made me realise  
What I really got  
Drop your shot gun Daddy  
You don't have to worry 'bout a thing  
No-no, not a thing, no-no  
Here come the preacher  
Your little girl will get her weddin' ring  
All right, all right, a-a-a-all right  
Put up your shot gun Papa  
Everything is gonna be all right  
Put up your shot gun Papa  
Everything is gonna be all right  
Ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh  
Everything is gonna be a-a-a-a-a-all right