

All Kinds of Guns

Tilly and the Wall

My baby don't hold me back
He don't ever try nothin' like that
My baby loves me just how I am
He loves me like nobody can
He says "lets blow this town and get high
Lets go where the weather is nice
I'll hold your hand if you hold mine
I'll hold your hand if you hold mine"

My baby's got all kinds of guns
And he sticks to every one
My baby's got all kinds of guns
And he sticks to every one
Every one

When my baby says he'll be there
You better run yeah you better get scared
When my baby tells you watch your step
You better listen to what he says
Because he aint the kind of soul you wanna test
You better listen close if you know what's

Oh yeah that boy is fine
Oh yeah he loves me so right

My baby's got all kinds of guns
And he sticks to every one
My baby's got all kinds of guns
And he sticks to every one
Every one

He's got all kinds of guns oh yeah
He's got all kinds of guns uh huh