

# Barrel of a Gun

music and lyrics by Tom Schena

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## **Verse 1**

Pointing at you,  
Is a cold forty-five,  
And suddenly you just can't tell,  
If you're dead or alive,  
You miss them Georgia hills,  
And the Tennessee moon,  
Just like a lonesome drifter, Lord,  
Whistling out a tune.

Oh mama, what has your boy done?  
'Cause now he may die  
Living by the barrel of a gun  
Oh, father, was he just having fun,  
Making his way, living by the barrel of a gun.

## **Verse 2**

Well they laid him to rest,  
At the south end of town,  
On the top of a hill,  
Where all the angels come down,  
And they faced his grave,  
Towards the rising of the sun,  
To let everybody know,  
That this was someone.

## **Chorus**

Oh mama, what has your boy done,  
Cause now he has died,  
Living by the barrel of a gun  
Oh father was he just having fun,  
Making his way, living by the barrel of a gun.

TOM SCHEANA LYRICS