

## JUMP THE GUN

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I was wrong I admit it  
I pointed the finger at you  
In the moment I did it  
That's when I knew you'd be on the run

Maybe I jumped the gun (just a little)  
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I jumped the gun

Between what's fact and what's opinion  
And what's distorted my view  
With my eyes blindly opened  
I tried to search for the clues  
And it was like staring into the sun

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I throw up my hands can't understand  
Why you're angry and so bitter  
The same lips that seal my fate  
Holds the answer to the riddle  
Jury's about to deliberate and I'm ready to face the fiddle  
I'd be glad just knowing that you could meet me in the middle

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