

JUMP THE GUN

©2015 Stephen John Minotti

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

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

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

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

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