**There Might be a Gun**

Melody: The Little Drummer Boy

Lyrics by Sheila Plotkin for the Madison Raging Grannies

Teacher told me, there might be a gun

I’ll have to hide or run, there might be a gun

I want to learn to read, there might be a gun

I am afraid to bleed, there might be a gun

Might be a gun

Might be a gun

So, we had a drill, there might be a gun

Where can I run?

I am fi-ve, there might be a gun

Please help me stay alive, there might be a gun

Can grown-ups tell me why there might be a gun?

Will grown-ups let me die? there might be a gun

Might be a gun

Might be a gun

When I go to school, there might be a gun

Might be a gun

It’s a new rule, there might be a gun

I worry all the time, there might be a gun

I wonder where it is, there might be a gun

I wonder who will shoot, there might be a gun

Might be a gun

Might be a gun

Don’t just smile at me, there might be a gun

Where can I run?

Where can I run?

Where can I run?

Nov. 8, 2019