Rifles

Black Rebel Motorcycle Club

I see the rifles coming over the hill And if you shout maybe they stop and won't kill But if you think like me You'll be as dead as he I see the lion crawling over your bed And if you stay he'll make you walk in your bed To what you're gonna be It never lets you be I see the colour in your eyes I see the images I own I see more colour in your eyes Than the reflections from purple skies I won't let you take him away And I won't give to you the fires of hate So I will never see What you've done to me I see the colour in your eyes I see the images I own I see more colour in your eyes Than the reflections from purple skies Now You come alive With the world at your side Now You come alive With the world at your side I see the rifles coming over the hill And if you shout maybe they stop and won't kill But if you think like me You'll be as dead as he Some day I see the colour in your eyes I see the images I own I see more colour in your eyes Than the reflections from purple skies Now You come alive With the world at your side Now You come alive With the world at your side