

Gunpowder

Patty Griffin

Here we go, easy flow
The setting sun is sinking low
Watch it now, wait for the flash
You got the view if you got the cash

A little powder from the gun
On everything and everyone
Shooting doves out of the sky
I just like to, I don't know why

Robbing cradles and the graves
Just realistic, not depraved
Yawn and stretch, my little cats
I'm the water in your taps

I'm your sidewalk and your street
I own the bones, own the meat
Own the thoughts you ain't had yet
My little fish caught in the net
My little fish caught in the net

A little powder from the gun
Nothing but a blazing sun
Draining all the rivers dry
I just like to, I don't know why
I just like to, I don't know why

Voices down an empty hall
You'll never see me at all
You will never see my face
And then my kids will own this place
And then my kids will own yours, too
If you were me, wouldn't you?

A little powder from the gun
Little soldiers run and run
Silver birds up in the sky
There's nothing that escapes my eye
There's nothing that escapes my eye
There's nothing that escapes my eye
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