

# Solitary Gun

Rogue Wave

Will I follow you down the line?  
Will I follow you down the line?

Stepped off the the train and looked for Fruitvale signs  
The January air it whips across my spine  
Whoa, whoa

We've been suffering the six days since he died  
I saw a picture of his mother as she cried  
Go to where the people go  
We'll dig some decent wine  
And it burns hard and real  
To feel his feel

They're putting close to flame, an imaginary sun  
A little boot heel down for a solitary gun  
Dana punches his own face, it begs for mocking  
Shouldn't go lonely from a solitary gun  
Oh, yeah

Shops saluted and the windows of open eyes  
She said it's emotional in here and it's not nice  
Will you be the bed for me when they set the world on fire  
Just to see it burn

In a consolation urn  
And my stomach turns to steel

They're putting close to flame, an imaginary sun  
A little boot heel down for a solitary gun  
This moment doesn't happen every night  
Shouldn't go lonely from a solitary gun

This brother's sister's mother's business is all gone  
Stepped on her neck when we used to just sing songs  
Whoa, whoa

We're setting close to flame, an imaginary sun  
A little boot heel down for a solitary gun  
This moment doesn't happen every night  
Shouldn't go lonely from a solitary gun  
Oh  
Oh, oh, oh  
Uh  
Oh  
Oh, oh, oh