

Home Is Where

Shadow Project

give me back my smoking pistol
i feel lost so far from home
give me back my smoking pistol
ive got problems of my own
i gave you wreaths of gold and silver
rest those laurels on your head
laid you out on sheets of linen
but rest assured that you're far from dead
lay down softly on the left side of my bed
speak softly, oh so softly as the moon light turns
blood red
give me back my smoking pistol so I wont be all alone
give my back my smoking pistol
ive got problems of my own
home is where you find it, you hide it
i gave you diamonds, I gave you emeralds,
weighed you down with precious stones
took you down off of your throne
now I am so alone
lay down slowly on the right side of my bed
whisper softly, oh so softly
shots ring inside my head
i took you in my arms
the night was raining lead
kissed you gently, oh so gently
for the time we had was spent
give me back my smoking pistol
i feel lost so far from home
give me back my smoking pistol
so I don't feel all alone, so all alone
home is where we find it, hide it