

## 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