

Sleeping With A Gun Under My Pillow

The Boy Least Likely To

Pushing through the topsoil, I'm blinking in the light
Shading my eyes from the morning sun
I just wish that I could still see the world sometimes
The way I saw the world when I was young

Sleeping with a gun, sleeping with a gun
Sleeping with a gun under my pillow

Sometimes it gets lonely, being valiantly alone

Sometimes I wish I was there with you
I get sad just thinking of all the little things
I never ever had the heart to do

Sleeping with a gun, sleeping with a gun
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If I looked out of a different window
Would the snow still fall as beautiful?