Take Me

Edwin McCain

I pull my boots off, throw my weapons on the floor
Cry my eyes out, in my private little war
Well it seems I've been a soldier
Heaven knows I've been no saint
In my camouflage and armor, cold heart and grease paint
To you this has no meaning the Armistice laid down
The armies are all quiet and the guns don't make a sound

'Cause you melted the steel walls, tore down the barbed wire
Filled in the trenches, demanded a cease fire
And now you're leaving, there's nothing I can do
I want you to know you're gonna take me with you

Well now three on a match is suicide in the foxhole of my mind
And way off in the distance the air raid sirens whine
And they sing your song of rescue to my tattered worn out shell
You drag me to your safety from this my front line hell

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The blood that was spilled in the heartache before
Left road maps of scars that I never could ignore

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