

Little Toy Gun

honeyhoney

I know you sat alone so many nights waiting for me.
Cold, your face like a stone, I hang up the phone when we disagree.

Standing there by my side when the fighting is done,
glaring at me in the light is my little toy gun.
Shining in black like shoes on a rack with a trigger
that's dressed up in gold.

It's always warm inside my home but its handle is always
so cold.

Whispering into my ear, all the lies you spun.
My single greatest fear is my little toy gun.

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Wait for the day when I can save face and come to a happy
home.

I know it's turning me to the count of girl who'd rather
be alone.

Just wait til I get my way – I promise you it won't be
fun.

If you feel like you should pray, pray for my little toy
gun.