

Guns / Napoleon

John Mark McMillan

You're sinking all my ships
You're climbing all my fences
The storm upon my gate
The breach in my defenses

Like the sun against the morning
You set your face against the doors in
All the houses where I run
And I'm laying down my guns

And you keep coming on
Like Napoleon
And I'll lose my head and throne
In the bloody revolution

You fill the hollows of the halls
In the houses where I walk
You're hanging pictures on the walls

In the houses where I haunt
You're standing on my harbor
You're landing on my shore
I'm handing down my armor
I'm landing on my sword

On the brink of kingdom come
And I'm standing in the flood
Of everything I ever was
And I'm laying down my guns

And you keep coming on
Like Napoleon
And I'll lose my head and throne
In the bloody revolution

You fill the hollows of the halls
In the houses where I walk
You're hanging pictures on the walls
In the houses where I haunt

[Love can break your bones
Broken bones sing songs
I'm laying down my guns
So I can sing along]