

# Guns Are The Tongues

Richard Thompson

Carrie ran a murderous crew  
Dedicated through and through  
And the chance to prove  
They never squandered  
And they liked to kill so clean  
Save the innocent, kill the mean  
But from time to time,  
A bullet wandered

Carrie kept her souvenirs  
Kept her scrapbook down the years  
Of her brave boys, how she cried to read it  
And a few fell by the way  
Or lost the stomach for the fray  
So young blood was always needed

Carrie noticed him right away  
The way his whole body would sway  
Like a trawler boy  
Finding his legs ashore  
They said he was just nineteen  
A head case but his record was clean  
Just the kind  
They were looking for

Carrie watched him through the crack  
As they teased him behind his back  
They called him Little Joe  
'Cos he scraped the ceiling  
And when he was the worse for wear  
She took him up the stair  
And soon he fell  
For her brand of healing

She said, I'll lie like a rose on your pillow  
Let me twine the laurel in your hair  
I want to smell my love on your fingers

If you want to be mine, Little Joe  
You must harden your mind, Little Joe  
We've got to fight for what is ours  
Bring peace to the grave of my brother  
Bring peace to the grave of my father  
Dry the old eyes of my mother  
Little Joe

There's a roadblock down the way  
Thick with soldiers night and day  
They'll hear the noise  
All the way to Glengarry  
If you show you've got the stuff  
That you're sworn and brave enough  
Then you'll stand tall  
In the eyes of your Carrie

And I will lie like a rose on your pillow  
And I'll twine the laurel in your hair

I want to smell revenge on your fingers

Guns are the Tongues, Little Joe  
The only words we know  
The only sound that'll reach their ears  
Bring peace to the grave of my brother  
Bring peace to the grave of my father  
Dry the old eyes of my mother  
Little Joe

Now Little Joe would've jumped clear  
But for the awful fear  
Of scraping his knees there on the gravel  
The car was a rolling bomb  
Blew all to Kingdom Come  
They marvelled how far  
His boots had travelled

Another hero snatched from my pillow  
I used to twine the laurel in his hair  
I want to smell sacrifice on my fingers

Guns are the Tongues, Little Joe  
The only words we know  
The only sound that'll reach their ears  
Bring peace to the grave of my brother  
Bring peace to the grave of my father  
Dry the old eyes of my mother  
Little Joe