

Solitary Gun

Rogue Wave

Will I follow you down the line?
Will I follow you down the line?

Stepped off the the train and looked for Fruitvale signs
The January air it whips across my spine
Whoa, whoa

We've been suffering the six days since he died
I saw a picture of his mother as she cried
Go to where the people go
We'll dig some decent wine
And it burns hard and real
To feel his feel

They're putting close to flame, an imaginary sun
A little boot heel down for a solitary gun
Dana punches his own face, it begs for mocking
Shouldn't go lonely from a solitary gun
Oh, yeah

Shops saluted and the windows of open eyes
She said it's emotional in here and it's not nice
Will you be the bed for me when they set the world on fire
Just to see it burn

In a consolation urn
And my stomach turns to steel

They're putting close to flame, an imaginary sun
A little boot heel down for a solitary gun
This moment doesn't happen every night
Shouldn't go lonely from a solitary gun

This brother's sister's mother's business is all gone
Stepped on her neck when we used to just sing songs
Whoa, whoa

We're setting close to flame, an imaginary sun
A little boot heel down for a solitary gun
This moment doesn't happen every night
Shouldn't go lonely from a solitary gun
Oh
Oh, oh, oh
Uh
Oh
Oh, oh, oh