

A Song is a Weapon

Stars

Waiting at arrivals by the baggage carousel
Time can be a tyrant but it always served you well
A game is just a game and a prize is just a prize
How do you keep a straight face when you're telling all those l
ies

You are the one, you are the bullet in the chamber of the gun
You are the long forgotten prodigal son
And you will be here ages after I'm gone
I can only hope to kill you with a song

The television tells me you're a father to a son
You held us in your arms and pressed our backs against the wall
What is that you're looking at, tell me what you see
A spectre in the corner looks awful alot like me

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You are the long forgotten prodigal son
And you will be here ages after I'm gone
I can only hope to kill you with a song, with a song, with a so
ng
I can only hope to kill you with a song, with a song
I've got one shot to kill you with a song, with a song

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