

Lay Down Your Gun

The Cult

Drifting in on a dust cloud parched and dirty from the ride
He tied his horse to a fence post and strapped a gun to his side

Across the square walked a lady Indian girl dressed in black
As she walked by she smiled and said as she walked by she said

Lay down your gun young boy lay down your gun young man
Lay down your gun young boy if you don't you're going to die

In her eye he saw a tear winter rose she gave to him
On his cheek she placed a kiss and prayed to set him free
Spotted the lady standing waiting there
With outstretched hands to stop that bloody bloody affair

Lay down your gun young boy if you don't you're going to die young man
Lay down your gun young boy if you don't you're going to die going to die
If you don't
Lay down stay down
Lay down lay down your gun young man
Lay down stay down young boy
Lay down your gun