

Under the Gun

Lucy Wainwright Roche

All of the neighbours went and closed their eagle eyes
Stacked one by one and floor by floor
The halls are empty, nothing left but our goodbyes
Behind a heavy door And I know that you're tired
And it's been a long week
I know that the sun is steady on the rise
Is this the last time I'll hold you in my arms?
I would like nothing more than to see your open eyes What do people under the gun say?
This trouble, it was born on a Monday
Maybe we'll look back on this one day and we will laugh again Once several years ago, we spoke for the first
time
Lonely in a crowded room
Looking for trouble or an exit or a sign
Knowing you'd find it soon And you said you were happy
You said you were moving
You said that you knew it was time to leave New York
But this is a city
That showed you the next way
And I said, "I bet you will find that hard to ignore" What do people under the gun choose?
You know just as many as I do
Take the chance and hope someday, win or lose, we will laugh again It's nearly the next day
It's nearly the new world
It's nearly the funny glow behind the window pane
But nearly is not now
And nearly is not here
And so for now, all things are clearly just the same What do people under the gun know?
Tell me how to hurt so it won't show
Think about a day when you will not go and we'll laugh again

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