Cowboys And Indians

The Cross

We used to go out,
Together all the time,
I would look between my fingers while you tried to hide,
When the stars came out,
They would call our names,
We tried to pretend,
That we never heard a thing,Remember when we could see,
Things as they were meant to be,
I'll get my gun,
And shoot you down,
And you will hit the ground,Now I am so vein,
Now I am so tired,
Well looking at my bedroom walls,
I fail to feel inspired,
So knock up on my door,
And I promise this time,
When I'm counting to one hundred I will shut my eyes,Postcards won't you write,
I don't want to be alone tonight,Remember when we could see,
Things as they were meant to be,
You get your gun,
And shoot me down,
And now I'm on the ground

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/