

Sleeping With a Gun Under My Pillow

The Boy Least Likely To

Pushing through the topsoil, I'm blinking in the light

Shading my eyes from the morning sun

I just wish that I could still see the world sometimes

The way I saw the world when I was young
Sleeping with a gun, sleeping with a gun
Sleeping with a gun under my pillow
Sometimes it gets lonely, being valiantly alone

Sometimes I wish I was there with you

I get sad just thinking of all the little things

I never ever had the heart to do
Sleeping with a gun, sleeping with a gun

Sleeping with a gun under my pillow
If I looked out of a different window

Would the snow still fall as beautiful?

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