

# Gunpowder

[Patty Griffin](#)

Here we go, easy flow  
The setting sun is sinking low  
Watch it now wait for the flash  
You can get the view if you got the cash  
A little powder from the gun  
Everything and everyone  
Shooting doves out of the sky  
I just like to I don't know why  
Robbing cradles and the graves  
Just realistic, not depraved  
Yawn and stretch my little cats  
I'm the water in your taps  
I own your sidewalk and your street  
Own the bones, own the meat  
Own the thoughts you ain't had yet  
My little fish caught in the net  
A little powder from the gun  
Nothing but a blazing sun  
Draining rivers till they're dry  
I just like to I don't know why  
Voices down an empty hall  
You'll never see me at all  
You will never see my face  
And then my kids will own this place  
And then my kids will own yours too  
If you were me, wouldn't you?  
A little powder from the gun  
Little soldiers run and run  
Silver birds up in the sky  
There's nothing that escapes my eye

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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