

Elephant Gun (covered by Vinish B.)

Beirut

If I was young, I'd flee this town
I'd bury my dreams underground
As did I, we drink to die, we drink tonight Far from home, elephant gun
Let's take them down one by one
We'll lay it down, it's not been found, it's not around Let the seasons begin
Let the seasons begin, take the big king down Let the seasons begin
Let the seasons begin, take the big king down And it rips through the silence of our camp at night
And it rips through the night And it rips through the silence of our camp at night
And it rips through the silence, all that is left is

Songwriters

Condon, Zach Published by

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