

James And The Cold Gun

Kate Bush

James, come on home
You've been gone too long, baby
We can't let our hero
Die alone
We miss you day and night
You left town to live by the rifle
You left us to fight
But it just ain't right to take away the light
Remember Genie from the casino?
She's still awaiting in that big brass bed
The boys from your gang are knocking whiskey back
'Til they get out of hand and wish they were dead
They're only lonely for the life that they led
With their old friend
Ooh, James, are you selling your soul to a cold gun?

Where lies your heart?
It's not there in the buckskin', baby
It's not there in the gin
That makes you laugh long and loud
You're a coward, James
You're running away from humanity
You're running away from reality
It won't be funny when they rat-a-tat-tat you down
Remember Genie from the casino?
She's still awaiting in that big brass bed
The boys from your gang are knocking whiskey back
'Til they get out of hand and wish they were dead
They're only lonely for the life that they led
With their old friend
Ooh, James, are you selling your soul to a cold gun?

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