

The Smoking Gun

The New Amsterdams

An empty house will leave you fatherless
The cycle is coming 'round like my mother did
But it's in her blood, but oh, my brother
You've gotten over it, gotten older yet But it's only what our hearts will power
I think I might have found the smoking gun
And my thoughts trail off for hours
But maybe time has come to be the one An empty house will leave you fatherless
But the cycle is coming 'round like my mother did
And it's in her blood for the love of another
If the habit fits, then you must admit But it's only what our hearts will power
I think I might have found the smoking gun
And my thoughts trail off for hours
But maybe time has come to be the one

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