

James and the Cold Gun

Kate Bush

James, come on home
Youve been gone too long, baby
We cant let our hero
Die aloneWe miss you day and night
You left town to live by the rifle
You left us to fight
But it just aint right to take away the lightRemember Genie from the casino?
Shes 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
Theyre only lonely for the life that they led
With their old friendOoh, James, are you selling your soul to a cold gun?Where lies your heart?
Its not there in the buckskin', baby
Its not there in the gin
That makes you laugh long and loudYoure a coward, James
Youre running away from humanity
Youre running away from reality
It wont be funny when they rat-a-tat-tat you downRemember Genie from the casino?
Shes 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
Theyre only lonely for the life that they led
With their old friendOoh, James, are you selling your soul to a cold gun?

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