So Far From Your Weapon

The Dead Weather

There's a bullet in my pocket burning a hole
It's so far from your weapon and the place you were born
There's a bullet in my pocket burning a hole
You're so far from your weapon and you wanna go homeI tried to give you whiskey but it never did work
Suddenly you're begging me to do so much work
Right away from the get go the bullet was cursed
Ever since I had you every little thing hurtsYou wanna get up, let go, I said no
You wanna get up, let go
You wanna get up, let go, I said no
You wanna get up, let goYou dream of seeing fire in them hills
But you better wipe that smile from your lips
Which of us will be the one to go?
He who hits the road's the one who livesYou wanna get up, let go, I said no
You wanna get up, let go
You wanna get up, let go, I said no
You wanna get up, let goThere's a bullet in my pocket burning a hole
It's so far from your weapon and the place you were born
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You wanna get up, let go

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