

# 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 home I 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 hurts You wanna get up, let go, I said no  
You wanna get up, let go  
You wanna get up, I said no  
You wanna get up, let go You 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 lives You wanna get up, let go, I said no  
You wanna get up, let go  
You wanna get up, I said no  
You wanna get up, let go 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 home You wanna get up, let go, I said no  
You wanna get up, let go  
You wanna get up, I said no  
You wanna get up, let go You wanna get up, let go, I said no  
You wanna get up, let go  
You wanna get up, I said no  
You wanna get up, let go

Songwriters

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