# Straight And Arrow

## Indica

Roadâ€™s getting narrow, with snakes in the shadow
And the shade where you sleep is formed by the gallows
Where a man with an arrow was hung by the shallow
little boys little boys little boys who became what they feared

Who would have thought that the ones who spoke of trust would come to betray us?
Who would have sought love from those who prayed for peace while sewing hatredâ€™s seed?
Who would have fought for a land where blood flows till it clots each river?
Who would have sons knowing all the orphans they would soon deliver?

Kneel beside me, in this field of memory
Donâ€™t become those you fear; donâ€™t kill what youâ€™ve been

When the road gets narrow, with snakes in the shadow
And the shade where you sleep is formed by the gallows
Where a man with an arrow was hung by the shallow
little boys little boys little boys who became what they feared

You should have known that the snakes were figments of (your) imagination
You should have shown that the roads and gallows were your own creation

Sleep beside me, thereâ€™s no time to worry
The sound that you fearâ€¦ it comes from your ear

When the road gets narrow, with snakes in the shadow
And the shade where you sleep is formed by the gallows
Where a man with an arrow was hung by the shallow
little boys little boys little boys thereâ€™s a choice
When the road gets narrow, with snakes in the shadow
And the shade where you sleep is formed by the gallows
Where a man with an arrow was hung by the shallow
little boys and their toys; little boys you became what you fear

Weep beside me, in this sea of memory
Donâ€™t you see what I seeâ€¦ youâ€™re the men that you fear

When the road gets narrow, with snakes in the shadow
And the shade where you sleep is formed by the gallows
Where a man with an arrow was hung by the shallow
Whatâ€™s the point

When the road gets narrow, with snakes in the shadow
And the shade where you sleep is formed by the gallows
Where a man with an arrow was hung by the shallow
little boys little boys thereâ€™s a choice thereâ€™s a choice
When the road gets narrow, with snakes in the shadow
And the shade where you sleep is formed by the gallows
Where a man with an arrow was hung by the shallow
little boys little boys little boys donâ€™t become what you fear

Song by: Jonsu Salomaa & Rory Winston

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