The Rifle

Alela Diane

I've been knockin' on that door in my sleep
Fighting the fireplace glow
Knockin' on that door in my sleep
Fighting the fireplace glow
To keep me away
To keep me away from homePapa, get the rifle from its place above the French doors!
They're comin' from the woods!
Oh! They're comin' from the woods!
And mama you're running too
Oh! My mama, you're running too
Brother, I'm so sorry that you watched the paintings burnI've been holding onto the gold
When letting go would free my hand
And I've been tying your tongue in a knot
Oh! I've been tying your tongue in a knot
To wrap this death
To wrap this death in a sheetPapa, get the rifle from its place above the French doors!
They're comin' from the woods!
Oh! They're comin' from the woods!
And mama you're running too
Oh! My mama, you're running too
Brother, I'm so sorry that you watched the paintings burnI can't hide the dirty paths down that carpet anymore
There were too many heavy boots
There were too many heavy boots
There were too many big black boots
And there were too many little brown shoes
Marching through
So I'm counting it to the sky
Oh! I'm counting it to the sky
And moving back to face the lack of home

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