

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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damlyrics.com/>