

# Guns / Napoleon

**John Mark McMillan**

You're sinking all my ships  
You're climbing all my fences  
The storm upon my gate  
The breach in my defenses Like the sun against the morning  
You set your face against the doors in  
All the houses where I run  
And I'm laying down my guns And you keep coming on  
Like Napoleon  
And I'll lose my head and throne  
In the bloody revolution You fill the hollows of the halls  
In the houses where I walk  
You're hanging pictures on the walls In the houses where I haunt  
You're standing on my harbor  
You're landing on my shore  
I'm handing down my armor  
I'm landing on my sword On the brink of kingdom come  
And I'm standing in the flood  
Of everything I ever was  
And I'm laying down my guns And you keep coming on  
Like Napoleon  
And I'll lose my head and throne  
In the bloody revolution You fill the hollows of the halls  
In the houses where I walk  
You're hanging pictures on the walls  
In the houses where I haunt [Love can break your bones  
Broken bones sing songs  
I'm laying down my guns  
So I can sing along]

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