

Audioslave, Sound Of A Gun

In the here and the now I'll wait down among the young and the old
With the moon and the ground I play with my children in my home
This is for the daughters and sons of forgotten one's learning how to stand
This is for the innocent unknown's buried in the sand

All running from a sound of a gun
Running from the sound of a gun 'till you're weary
Running from the sound of a gun
Running from the sound of a gun

From the crack in the blackness I'll wake, it's getting closer every night
In my city the playground is a battleground between the wrong and the right
I could run free as a child I was safe and wild, naked, and unarmed
Now I'm gone and safe in my home but some will never stop

Running from the sound of a gun
Running from the sound of a gun 'till they're weary
Running from the sound of a gun
Running from the sound of a gun

The open mouth of the city swallowed up the town
On that same old concrete that I still walk down
And it seemed they put a shine on this place when I was young
Well maybe I just don't see it now

Running from the sound of a gun
Running from the sound of a gun 'till I'm weary
Running from the sound of a gun
Running from the sound of a gun
Hey!

I'm running from the sound of a gun
I'm running from the sound of a gun
I'm running from the sound of a gun
I'm running from, running from the sound of a gun