

Kate Bush, James and the cold gun

James, come on home.
You've been gone too long, baby.
We can't let our hero
Die alone.
We miss you day and night.
You left town to live by the rifle.
You left us to fight,
But it just ain't right to take away the light.
Remember Genie from the casino?
She's still a-waiting in that big brass bed.
The boys from your gang are knocking whisky back,
'Til they get out of hand and wish they were dead.
They're only lonely for the life that they led
With their old friend.
Ooh, James, are you selling your soul to a cold gun?
Selling your soul to a
Ooh, James, are you selling your soul to a cold gun?
Where lies your heart?
It's not there in the buckskin, baby.
It's not there in the gin
That makes you laugh long and loud.
You're a coward, James.
You're running away from humanity.
You're running away from reality.
It won't be funny when they rat-a-tat-tat you down.
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