

# Kate Bush, Janes And The Cold Gun

James, come on home  
You've been gone too long, baby  
We can't let out 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 still a - waiting in her big brass bed  
The boys from your gang are knocking whisky back  
'Till they get out of hand  
And I wish they were dead  
They're only lonely for the life that they led  
With their old friend  
Ooh, James are you selling you 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 out of reality  
It won't be funny when they  
Rat - a - tat - tat you down