

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