

Ryan Adams, Take Your Guns To Town

on the eastern highway we ride
windshield wipers disperse the rain from the sky
what's left is ivy and vine
all the letters i'd sent back home
never express the idea of how a young man
can be so far from home

take your guns to town
don't take your guns to town
take your guns to town
don't take your guns to town

stumble down main street alone
just gotten home with my hand on the phone
i was drinking alone on the quilted (?)

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