

# The Rifle

Alela Diane

I've been knockin' on that door in my sleep  
Fighting the fireplace glow  
Knockin' on that door in my sleep  
Fighting the fireplace glow  
To keep me away  
To keep me away from home  
Papa, get the rifle from its place above the French doors!  
They're comin' from the woods!  
Oh! They're comin' from the woods!  
And mama you're running too  
Oh! My mama, you're running too  
Brother, I'm so sorry that you watched the paintings burn  
I've been holding onto the gold  
When letting go would free my hand  
And I've been tying your tongue in a knot  
Oh! I've been tying your tongue in a knot  
To wrap this death  
To wrap this death in a sheet  
Papa, get the rifle from its place above the French doors!  
They're comin' from the woods!  
Oh! They're comin' from the woods!  
And mama you're running too  
Oh! My mama, you're running too  
Brother, I'm so sorry that you watched the paintings burn  
I can't hide the dirty paths down that carpet anymore  
There were too many heavy boots  
There were too many heavy boots  
There were too many big black boots  
And there were too many little brown shoes  
Marching through  
So I'm counting it to the sky  
Oh! I'm counting it to the sky  
And moving back to face the lack of home