

# Thousand Loaded Guns

Karin Park

I blame it on your heart I blame your heart for horses running  
wild for lightning in the sky for never get to sleep at night

I blame it on your hands Blame both of them for winters being s  
o cold for no one there to hold for aching, for breaking for fe  
eling so alone

Oh, I wish one day you will find me here Hiding behind the sun  
with a thousand loaded guns

Oh, I wish one day you will find me here The shadow behind the  
light is so dead

I'm running through the rooms I'm caught up in your body labyri  
nth I'm captured in your skin There's no one to let me go

I listen to the rain whispering that you're the one to blame fo  
r lizards and spiders crawling up against the fence

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