

Audioslave

"Sound Of A Gun 4:20"

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In the here and the now I wait,
down among the young and the old.
With the moon and the ground I play,
with my children in my home.
This is for the daughters and sons,
of forgotten ones.
learning how to stand.
This is for the innocent unknowns,
buried in the same.

Running from the sound of a gun.
Running from the sound of a gun.
Till you're weary.
Running from the sound of a gun.
Running from the sound of a gun.

From the crack in the blackness I wake,
it's getting closer every night.
In my city the playground is a battleground,
between the wrong and the right.
I could run as free as a child,
I was safe and wild,
naked and unarmed.
Now I'm grown and safe in my home,
but some will never stop.

Running from the sound of a gun.
Running from the sound of a gun.
Till you're weary.
Running from the sound of a gun.
Running from the sound of a gun.

The open mouth of the city swallowed up the town,
with that same old concrete that I still walk down.
And it seems they put a shine on this place when I was
young,
maybe I just don't see it now.

Running from the sound of a gun.
Running from the sound of a gun.
Till I'm weary.
Running from the sound of a gun.

Running from the sound of a gun.

Hey.

Running from the sound of a gun.

Running from the sound of a gun.

Running from the sound of a gun.

Running from, running from the sound of a gun.

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