

## **B.R.M.C. (Black Rebel Motorcycle Club) "Rifles"**

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Rifles

I see the rifles coming over the hill  
And if you shout maybe they stop and won't kill  
But if you think like me  
You'll be as dead as he

I see the lion crawling over your bed  
And if you stay he'll make you walk in your bed  
To what you're gonna be  
It never lets you be

I see the colour in your eyes  
I see the images I own  
I see more colour in your eyes  
Than the reflections from purple skies

I won't let you take him away  
And I won't give to you the fires of hate  
So I will never see  
What you've done to me

I see the colour in your eyes  
I see the images I own  
I see more colour in your eyes  
Than the reflections from purple skies

Now  
You come alive  
With the world at your side

Now  
You come alive  
With the world at your side

I see the rifles coming over the hill  
And if you shout maybe they stop and won't kill  
But if you think like me  
You'll be as dead as he  
Some day

I see the colour in your eyes

I see the images I own  
I see more colour in your eyes  
Than the reflections from purple skies

Now  
You come alive  
With the world at your side

Now  
You come alive  
With the world at your side

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