

Bandana

"The Big Gun Down"

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And did i mention that there are still those days
Where i can hardly lift my head up from the pillow
Or looking out the window of the plane
Rooting for disaster
Sometimes i just run out of reasons
But the clock keeps ticking and the minutes keep
coming
And all i can do is rise to slaughter the hours
Let the air out of these days
Killing time
Staring into corners or at strands of her hair
Waiting for the call that tells me where to next
Wishing i could trade these stupid words
For hollow point shells
Before every move that I make equals check-mate
Did i just say her?
This song is not for her
No matter what iæŠ³e said or longed for
Or that her name still moves along these walls
Lives in this pen
(iæŠ³e made promises)
This song is for Buk, for æ...frane, for Wes, and for
Marty
Who keep their barrels oiled and ready
The few that I would trade ten days to spend one hour
with
Rare like a ruby at the bottom of the sea
Beautiful like the sparrow in the kittens jaw

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