

Everything But The Girl

"Gun Cupboard Love"

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There's a time I cried beady and took to much you
But I'm a way you stand and interested in how not to
feel

The guns are hurting my dreams
For you don't hardly see

We may only show you some
Watch your stupid guns you son
When nothing matters anymore
I not believe you enough to go to war
When nothing matters anymore
I not believe you enough to go to war

There's a time I cried any man is better than none
The time alone I spent and dreaded the day the battle
is won
The joy son and could be dead (The joy son could be
dead)
The stranger in my bed (The stranger in my bed)

Meet me in a carefree half
Swings me around the garden path
When nothing matters anymore
I not believe you enough to go to war
When nothing matters anymore
I'm not the girl you left to go to war

I thought I knew the man you were
Nightmares are the things you must have done when
you could
I been singing all you could say loving you anymore is
gone
I won't trust those arms to hold those hands to mould
my soul

I don't want him to rush at you
So I don't want him to grow up like you
I don't want him to rush at you
So I don't want him to grow up like you

