

B.r.m.c.
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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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