

Edwin McCain Band

"Take Me"

Visit "[Take Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I pull me boots off throw my weapons on the floor.
Cry my eyes out in my private little war.
Well it seems Ive been a soldier heaven knows Ive been
know saint.
In my camouflage and armor cold heart and grease
paint.
To you this has no meaning the Armistice laid down.
The armies all are quiet and the guns dont make a
sound
Cause you melted the steel walls tore down the barbed
wire
Filled in the trenches, demanded a cease fire
And now youre leaving, theres nothing I can do
I want you know youre gonna take me with you
Well now three on a match is suicide in the foxhole of
my mind
And way off in the distance air raid sirens whine
And they sing your song of rescue to my tattered worn
out shell
You drag me to your safety from this my front line hell
The blood that was spilled in heartache before
Left road maps of scars that I never could ignore
Chorus

Visit [Edwin McCain Band](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.