

Richard Thompson

"Guns Are The Tongues"

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(Richard Thompson)

Carrie ran a murderous crew
Dedicated through and through
And the chance to prove
They never squandered
And they liked to kill so clean
Save the innocent, kill the mean
But from time to time,
A bullet wandered

Carrie kept her souvenirs
Kept her scrapbook down the years
Of her brave boys, how she cried to read it
And a few fell by the way
Or lost the stomach for the fray
So young blood was always needed

Carrie noticed him right away
The way his whole body would sway
Like a trawler boy
Finding his legs ashore
They said he was just nineteen
A head case but his record was clean
Just the kind
They were looking for

Carrie watched him through the crack
As they teased him behind his back
They called him Little Joe
'Cos he scraped the ceiling
And when he was the worse for wear
She took him up the stair
And soon he fell
For her brand of healing

She said, I'll lie like a rose on your pillow
Let me twine the laurel in your hair
I want to smell my love on your fingers

If you want to be mine, Little Joe
You must harden your mind, Little Joe

We've got to fight for what is ours
Bring peace to the grave of my brother
Bring peace to the grave of my father
Dry the old eyes of my mother
Little Joe

There's a roadblock down the way
Thick with soldiers night and day
They'll hear the noise
All the way to Glengarry
If you show you've got the stuff
That you're sworn and brave enough
Then you'll stand tall
In the eyes of your Carrie

And I will lie like a rose on your pillow
And I'll twine the laurel in your hair
I want to smell revenge on your fingers

Guns are the Tongues, Little Joe
The only words we know
The only sound that'll reach their ears
Bring peace to the grave of my brother
Bring peace to the grave of my father
Dry the old eyes of my mother
Little Joe

Now Little Joe would've jumped clear
But for the awful fear
Of scraping his knees there on the gravel
The car was a rolling bomb
Blew all to Kingdom Come
They marvelled how far
His boots had travelled

Another hero snatched from my pillow
I used to twine the laurel in his hair
I want to smell sacrifice on my fingers

Guns are the Tongues, Little Joe
The only words we know
The only sound that'll reach their ears
Bring peace to the grave of my brother
Bring peace to the grave of my father
Dry the old eyes of my mother
Little Joe

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