

Boy Least Likely To, The "Sleeping With a Gun Under My Pillow"

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Pushing through the topsoil,
I'm blinking in the light,
Shading my eyes from the morning sun.
I just wish that I could still
See the world sometimes
The way I saw the world when I was young.

Sleeping with a gun,
Sleeping with a gun,
Sleeping with a gun under my pillow.

Sometimes it gets lonely
Being valiantly alone.
Sometimes I wish I was there with you.
I get sad just thinking
Of all the little things
I never ever had the heart to do.

Sleeping with a gun,
Sleeping with a gun,
Sleeping with a gun under my pillow.

If I looked out of a
Different window would the
Snow still fall as beautiful?

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