

Dead Weather, The

"So Far from Your Weapon"

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There's a bullet in my pocket burning a hole
Its so far from your weapon, the place you were born
There's a bullet in my pocket burning a hole
Your so far from your weapon and you wanna go home

I tried to give you whiskey but it never did work
(I tried to give you whiskey but it never did work)
Suddenly you're begging me to do so much work
(Suddenly you're begging me to do so much work)
Right away from the get go the bullet was cursed
Ever since i had you every little thing hurts.

You wanna get up, let go, i said no
You wanna get up, let go
You wanna get up, let go, i said no
You wanna get up, let go

You dream of seeing fire in them hills
But you better wipe that smile from your lips
Which of us will be the one to go
(Which of us will be the one to go)
He who hits the roads the one who lives
(He who hits the roads the one who lives)

You wanna get up, let go, i said no
You wanna get up, let go
You wanna get up, let go, i said no
You wanna get up, let go

Theres a bullet in my pocket burning a hole
Its so far from your weapon, the place you were born
There a bullet in my pocket burning a hole
You're so far from your weapon and you wanna go home
(You're so far from your weapon and you wanna go home)

You wanna get up, let go, i said no
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You wanna get up, let go

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