

New Amsterdams, The Smoking Gun

An empty house will leave you fatherless.
The cycle is coming around like my mother did, but it's in her blood.
Oh, my brother.
You've gotten over it, gotten older yet.
But it's only what our hearts will power.
I think I might have found the smoking gun.
My thoughts trail off for hours.
I think the time has come to be the one.
An empty house will leave you fatherless.
The cycle is coming around like my mother did but it's in her blood.
For the love of another,
if the habit fits then you must admit.
It's only what our hearts will power.
I think I might have found the smoking gun.
My thoughts trail off for hours.
Maybe the time has come to be the one.