Hold No Guns

Death Cab for Cutie

Darlin', don't you understand?
That there are no winners?
Or metals hung from silken strands
To greet you at the finish
As we're dissolving into the sea
I only take what I can carry
As the council's combing through our debris
For the treasures we never buried

My love, why do you run?
For my hands hold no guns

Darling though you may pretend
Pretend that you are selfless
You break with but the slightest bend
That leaves you lost and helpless
So to whom will you place the call?
In the coldest night of winter?
As numbers change and people fall
And friends, they always splinter

My love, why do you run?
For my hands hold no guns
My love, why do you run?
For my hands hold no guns
They hold no guns
No, not one

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