

Guns & Guitars

G.B.H.

Some get kicks by kicking people,
some get high by talking down.
I get mine somewhere in-between,
dumb attitudes make me frown. There are no guns, there's just guitars,
shooting down the hopeful stars.
But it's dog eat dog in this old game,
honesty don't always get you fame. We're up here looking for adventure,
crazy apes on a wicked trapeze.
Entertaining for entertainment,
a two-way mirror reflecting ease. So please don't let us dominate you,
don't let your heads get in a whirl.
We're just devils craving sympathy,
save us from the big bad world.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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