

Guns in the Sky

INXS

See the sound
It crashes in
All around
It gets in
Now take your hands
And raise them up
Into to the air
That's all around ya
Now bring them down
Like a clock at two
Shake your head
You know what to do
They want to put
Guns in the sky
Someone out there
Ain't gonna like it But it could be good
Make us love each other
Have to realize
I own the future Guns in the sky Guns in the sky Guns in the sky Guns in the sky Guns in the sky
Child grows up to see
Guns in the sky
Used to be on TV Want to change
Forgot the joke
It's great to see you
I'm running late, da da da
Love your hair, da da da
Lend me a ten, da da da
I love your big house, da da da Could you spare a dime
Well I'm sick of it, it's a load of shit
We could stop the world and let of all the fools
And let them go live with their guns in the sky Guns in the sky
Guns in the sky
Guns in the sky
Guns in the sky
Guns in the sky
Guns in the sky
Guns in the sky

Songwriters

MICHAEL HUTCHENCEPublished by
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by
U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>