

Giving Up The Gun

Vampire Weekend

Your sword's grown old and rusty
Burnt beneath the rising sun
It's locked up like a trophy
Forgetting all the things it's done
And though it's been a long time
You're right back where you started from
I see it in your eyes
That now you're giving up the gun
When I was 17, I had wrists like steel
And I felt complete
And now my body fades behind a brass charade
And I'm obsolete
But if the chance remained to see those better days
I'd cut the cannons down
My ears are blown to bits from all the rifle hits
But still, I crave that sound
Your sword's grown old and rusty
Burnt beneath the rising sun
It's locked up like a trophy
Forgetting all the things it's done
And though it's been a long time
You're right back where you started from
I see it in your eyes
That now you're giving up the gun
I heard you play guitar down at a seedy bar
Where skinheads used to fight
Your Tokugawa smile and your garbage style
Used to save the night
You felt the coming wave, told me we'd all be brave
You said you wouldn't flinch
But in the years that passed since I saw you last
You haven't moved an inch
Your sword's grown old and rusty
Burnt beneath the rising sun
It's locked up like a trophy
Forgetting all the things it's done
And though it's been a long time
You're right back where you started from
I see it in your eyes

That now you're giving up the gun
I see you shine in your way
Go on, go on, go on
I see you shine in your way
Go on, go on, go on
I see you shine in your way
Go on, go on, go on
I see you shine in your way
Go on, go on, go on
I see you shine in your way
Go on, go on, go on
I see you shine in your way
Go on, go on, go on
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