Cannons

Jeremy Enigk

Rolling up the windows of my '96 Buick
So the rain can't get inside of it
I have more dreams than you have posters of your favorite teams
You'll never talk me out of this

It takes more than I got to hold my tongue
You shot me with a wooden gun
And though the shot won't kill me it still bruises skin
that you don't believe in what your mouth runs

Get your cannons ready, light the wick
It will take more than an argument to change my mind
So why keep trying?
Keep trying, and you will never talk me out of it

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