

Guns for Hands

Piano Dreamers

I know what you think in the morning
When the sun shines on the ground
And shows what you have done
It shows where your mind has gone.
And you swear to your parents
That it will never happen again
I know, I know what that means
I know
That you all have guns
And you never put the safety on
And you all have plans
To take it, don't take it
I'm trying, I'm trying to sleep
I'm trying, I'm trying to sleep
But I can't, but I can't when you all have
Guns for hands, yeah.
I'm trying, I'm trying to sleep
I'm trying, I'm trying to sleep
But I can't, but I can't when you all have
Guns for hands, yeah.
Let's take this one second at a time
Let's take this one song, this one rhyme
Together, let's breathe
Together, to the beat
But there's hope out the window
So that's where we'll go

Let's go outside and all join hands
But until then you'll never understand
That you all have guns
And you never put the safety on
And you all have plans
To take it, don't take it
I'm trying, I'm trying to sleep
I'm trying, I'm trying to sleep
But I can't, but I can't when you all have
Guns for hands, yeah.

We've turned our hands to guns, trade in our thumbs for ammunition,
I must forewarn you, of my disorder, or my condition,

'Cause when the sun sets, it upsets what's left of my invested interest,
Interested in putting my fingers to my head,
The solution is, I see a whole room of these mutant kids,
Fused at the wrist, I simply tell them they should shoot at this,
Simply suggest my chest and this confused music, it's,
Obviously best for them to turn their guns to a fist.

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I'm trying, I'm trying to sleep
But I can't, but I can't,
When you all have
Guns for hands, yeah.

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I'm trying, I'm trying to sleep
But I can't, but I can't,
When you all have
Guns for hands, yeah.

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