

Get Your Guns

The Young Evils

Two summers with the light on
Too tired to fall asleep
Too dumb to keep your clothes on
Too cynical to speak Is there any wonder why I bother?
Hanging 'round to take the pain
Is there any wonder why I bother?
Hanging 'round for you to feel the same 'Cause in my world I couldn't wait
Turn you 'round to your face
For a time, for a place
To do you wrong so get your guns Her picture in your pocket
Her memory at your door
Too tired to unlock it
Too scared to ask for more Is there any wonder why I bother?
Hanging 'round to take the pain
Is there any wonder why I bother?
Coming down for you to fix the blame 'Cause in my world I couldn't wait
Turn you 'round to your face
For a time, for a place
To do you wrong so get your guns Yeah, run
Yeah, yeah Is there any wonder why I bother?
Hanging 'round to take the pain
Is there any wonder why I bother?
Hanging 'round for you to feel the same 'Cause in my world I couldn't wait
Turn you 'round to your face
For a time, for a place
To do you wrong so get your guns So get your gun
So get your gun
So get your gun

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