

# Cannons

## Little Scream

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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