

Throw Down Your Guns (Album Version)

Wild Belle

Throw down your guns, throw down your guns
In the name of love, I put my hands up Is this some fucked-up situation?
I'm feeling like a mental patient
Tell me why my heart can't stop misbehaving
Gambling won't ever save me
I run around with the wrong men for days
I'm looking for all that it takes to get wasted Give me a hit of amnesia
So that I can forget that I need you
Give me morphine to make it much easier Throw down your guns, throw down your guns
In the name of love, I put my hands up
Throw down your guns, throw down your guns
In the name of love, I put my hands up
Nobody move, nobody get hurt
Nobody move, nobody get hurt
Throw down your guns, throw down your guns
In the name of love, I put my hands up I'll give 'em another dimension
I miss you so much, I'd rather be dead
Baby, take me on a ride up to heaven
I had you deep in my lungs
You took the breath out of me all at once
And I'm sorry for all that I've done Give me amnesia
So I can forget I need you
Take my morphine
I don't wanna hurt no more, babe
I don't wanna hurt no more, babe Throw down your guns, throw down your guns
In the name of love, I put my hands up
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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