

# Gun in Your Hand

## Lagwagon

You jump in front of the bullet  
The family put you to it  
You might survive the first thousand shots  
Back to the end of the line You hold the will to survive them  
Answer to those you have failed  
Time to clean your room and show you are able to stop  
Beating yourself down  
You've arrived A wealth of respect, a world of a regard  
You've always belonged  
You have to go on  
I just want you to feel the gun in your hand You used to hold aspiration  
You couldn't see the limitations  
Even in your youth you were unsurpassed  
But driven by grief and it couldn't last Sometimes promise  
Sometimes goodbye  
Confessed to all through bloodshot eyes  
I just want you to feel the gun in your hand yeah It only breaks you until you get off  
I'm not gonna watch you kill yourself to live  
It's all so average until you get off  
I'm not gonna wait here until the body's cold I was young too I felt just like you  
Hated authority, hated all my bosses  
Thought they were full of shit  
Well it's like they say:  
If you're not a rebel at the age of twenty,  
You got no heart  
But if you haven't turned establishment by thirty,  
You got no brains  
Because there are no storybook romances  
No... fairy tale endings  
so before you run out to change the world,  
(I just want you to feel the gun in your hand)  
Ask yourself:  
What do you really want?

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