

Shotgun

Gallant

Feeble bones took me to a valuable weakness
There's no comfort in silence
No real violence in words
So I, sharpened my blade and bowed my head before I ceased and desisted
And though my stomach was a ball of resistance
I went straight for the course With burns on the backs of my palms
Will I regret my cause? or revel in my thoughts?
I'm caught in the winds of remorse
'Cause everybody knows What good is a sword, next to a shotgun
What good is a sword, next to a shotgun
What good is a sword, next to a shotgun How did I get stuck in this valiant position
When either I'll survive for an instant
Or cradle the earth?
My God forsaken, weakened pulse, I knew I had to amend this
Though I never was a force to be reckoned, or
A sight to behold With burns on the backs of my palms
Will I regret my cause? or revel in my thoughts?
I'm caught in the winds of remorse
Cause everybody knows What good is a sword, next to a shotgun
What good is a sword, next to a shotgun
What good is a sword, next to a shotgun Am I biting the bullet alone?
Oh I know that I'd rather be bold
(What good is a sword, next to a shotgun)
And we're biting the bullet alone
Oh I know that I'd rather be bold
(What good is a sword, next to a shotgun)
Am I biting the bullet alone?
Oh I know that I'd rather be bold
(What good is a sword, next to a shotgun)

Songwriters

Christopher Gallant Published by
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