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 lineYou 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 arrivedA 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 handYou 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 lastSometimes promise
Sometimes goodbye
Confessed to all through bloodshot eyes
I just want you to feel the gun in your hand yeahIt 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 coldI 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?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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