

# point/ counterpoint

## Streetlight Manifesto

i've got a gun in my hand but that gun won't cock  
my finger's on the trigger but that trigger seems locked  
and i can't stop staring at the tick tock clock  
and even if i could i would never give up  
with a vest on my chest and a bullet in my lung  
i can't believe i'm dying with my song unsung  
so if and when i die won't you bury me alone?

because i'll never get to heaven if i'm singing this song:if there was something wrong would you be oh so  
strong?

would you do what it takes to move this hollow life along?  
i'd like to think i would, you know i'd like to think i would  
but i guarantee that what you see is not reality  
and every time i make a point she makes a counterpoint  
she said it's easy but in the end you'll have no choice  
and you know that's only just the way it goes  
(you said it right man, that is just the way it goes)  
and the days, and the days they seem like forever  
and the days, and the days they seem like forever  
but forever isn't ever enough

i'd like to sing a song (please swear you won't be long)  
i'll try not to be long but i don't want to get this story wrong  
there was a kid who never cared about the little things  
don't even bother because i'm tired and i'm sick of it  
and every time she makes a point i'll make a counterpoint  
she said it's easy but in the end you'll have no choice  
and you know that's only just the way it goes

(you said it right man, that is just the way it goes)i've got a gun in my hand but that gun won't cock  
my finger's on the trigger but that trigger seems locked  
and i can't stop staring at the tick tock clock  
and even if i could i would never give up  
with a vest on my chest and a bullet in my lung  
i can't believe i'm dying with my song unsung  
and if and when i die won't you bury me alone?

because i'll never get to heaven if i'm singing this song:oh, you don't know where i've been  
oh, you don't know what i've seenif i did something right  
would you give up this fight?

would you say you were wrong and maybe someone else was kind of right  
i'd like to think you would  
you know i'd like to think you would

but i can't guarantee that what you get is an apology  
jump back to the day we met  
i never thought that it would end this way  
if ever i let you down i want to ask of you  
to take it down a notch and we can talk it on throughand the days, and the days they seem like forever  
and the days, and the days they seem like forever  
but forever isn't ever enough  
i'd like to sing a song (please swear you won't be long)  
i'll try not to be long but i don't want to get this story wrong  
there was a kid who never cared about the little things  
don't even bother because I still don't give a shit  
and every time she makes a point i'll make a counterpoint  
she said it's easy but in the end you'll have no choice  
and you know that's only just the way it goes  
(you said it right man, that is just the way it goes)i've got a gun in my hand but that gun won't cock  
my finger's on the trigger but that trigger seems locked  
and i can't stop staring at the tick tock clock  
and even if i could i would never give up  
with a vest on my chest and a bullet in my lung  
i can't believe i'm dying with my song unsung  
so if and when i die won't you bury me alone?  
because i'll never get to heaven if i'm singing this song:oh, you don't know where i've been  
oh, you don't know what i've seenso tell me friend: how's it going to end?  
when the shit goes down  
and there's no one left around to get your back  
you'll crack  
you'll smile and agree with everything they say  
they'll try to tell you that it's all okay  
but it's not and you're shot and you're bleeding pretty bad  
and you can't stop thinking about the things you never had  
like a wife and a kid and the things you never did  
you're running around  
you're living a life that's empty in the end, my friend  
oh, you'll take back all you've said  
oh, when the regrets fill your head  
trust me i've been there before  
i would not wish it upon my greatest enemy  
what irony  
once friends, but i find: you'll have to learn this lesson on your ownso i waited by the phone but that phone  
never rang  
and i sang so loud so i wouldn't hear the bang  
when the bang never came  
and i never got the call: fuck it! thank you! i love you all!  
some are going to say that we're doomed to repeat  
all our past mistakes

great  
but that's not me  
and even if it was i would always disagree  
because in the end i always get the better of mei've got a gun in my hand but that gun won't cock  
my finger's on the trigger but that trigger seems locked  
and i can't stop staring at the tick tock clock  
and even if i could i would never give up  
with a vest on my chest and a bullet in my lung  
i can't believe i'm dying with my song unsung  
so if and when i die won't you bury me alone?  
because i'll never get to heaven if i'm singing this song:oh, i don't know where i've been  
oh, i don't know what i've seen

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

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