

Hands Up

Parker Millsap

Easy or hard kid it's up to you
I don't wanna be here any more than you do
See the lump in my jacket?
Yeah that's a pistol
Open up the register
And grab me a fistful
Of twenty dollar bills but keep your hands where I can see 'em
I got babies at home and brother I gotta feed 'em I know you think I'm some kind of trash
Stickin' up a kid at the Quik-Trip gas
But I've been to the desert man I served three tours
Crawlin' in the dirt while you were sweepin' the floors
And it's hard to keep a job when you just can't pretend
That you never heard a body bag zipping over your best friend
Put your hands up
Put your hands up
Put your hands up
Put your hands up I did what anybody else would do
I went the church sat in the very last pew
Preacher said Jesus
Would save my soul
But he never showed up when we were out on patrol
And a bomb went off
And there he was pointing at me
He didn't speak a word of English but I swear I heard him scream
Put your hands up
Put your hands up
Put your hands up
I ain't a bad man just a man outta luck
And I know how it feels how it feels to be stuck
Like everywhere you're turning the door's slammed shut
Now I hate to be the one to pour the salt down in your cut
But put your hands up
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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