

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 me 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, i don't know where i've been
oh, i don't know what i've seen

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