

# Cave In, Beautiful Son

Nothing in his mind, the rent there is much too high  
It doesn't make him want to occupy this life  
Hiding all the things he prays the world won't find  
Still it makes him run away so paranoid  
Beautiful son, without your guns, you'd be someone  
Beautiful son, without your guns, you'd be someone  
Nothing in his mind but childhood memories  
It doesn't make him want to live those years again  
Hair is finally growing back over his wounds  
Still it makes him want to hurt the ones he loves  
Beautiful son, without your guns, you'd be someone  
Beautiful son, without your guns, you'd be someone  
So the future never came while past is just the same  
Though we both know you'll go far when you discover who you are, who you are  
Still on a mountain peak of anger, well...  
All that he can do is yell  
To all of us down far, far below  
But we all know  
Beautiful son, without your guns, you'd be someone  
Beautiful son, without your guns, you'd be someone