

# Lagwagon, Gun In Your Hand

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 line

You hold the will to survive them  
Answer to those you have failed  
Time to clean up your room and show you are able to stop  
beating yourself down  
You've arrived

A wealth of respect, a world of regard  
You've always belonged  
You have to go on  
I just want you to feel the gun in your hand

You 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 last

Sometimes promise, sometimes goodbye  
Confessed to all through bloodshot eyes  
I just want you to feel the gun in your hand (yeah)

It 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 cold

I just want you to feel the gun in your hand