

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