

# Gun, Borrowed Time

So many questions I don't really know the answers  
Too many secrets I just wanna know the truth  
There is talk on the street asking why are we here today  
I hear a sound and I can feel the light surround me  
Call and I'll be there now that change is on the way  
So I'm dead on my feet I was born to believe  
Say the words I wanna hear

And you run, run helpless  
When are you gonna come round?  
This is the last time  
This is the last time  
Living on borrowed time

Where do we turn when they say black is white  
Are we the victims when they cover up the lies  
There are so many things that I don't understand anymore  
We live and learn in the dark of night  
Are we to blame it's a struggle to survive  
So we all make mistakes there are no guarantees  
Just say the things I wanna hear

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