

# Jenny Lewis, The Big Guns

Well you praise him  
Then you thank him  
Til you reach the by-and-by  
And I've won hundreds at the track  
But I'm not betting on the afterlife

Then you kiss his lips  
He forgives you for it  
He forgives you for all you've done  
But not me  
I'm still angry

What have I done?  
Why am I always missing...  
The big guns?

First I'll build a sword  
Get some words to explain  
It's a plan, brother, at least  
And I'll pretend that everybody here wants peace  
Have mercy, have mercy, have mercy on me  
Cause we're tired and lonely and we're bloody

What have we done?  
Why are we still running  
From our own failing bodies?  
The big guns, the big guns...

Sing mercy, sing mercy, sing mercy on me  
Let's pretend that everybody here wants peace

What have we done?  
Why are we still chasing our own tails?  
The big guns, the big guns, the big guns