

Nine Black Alps, Get Your Guns

Two summers with the light on
Too tired to fall asleep
Too dumb to keep your clothes on
Too cynical to speak

Is there any wonder why I bother?
Hanging round to take the pain
Is there any wonder why I bother?
Hanging round for you to feel the same

Cause in my world I couldnt wait
Turn you round to your face
For a time
For a place to do you wrong
So get your guns

Her picture in your pocket
Her memory at your door
Too tired to unlock it
Too scared to ask for more

Is there any wonder why I bother?
Hanging round to take the pain
Is there any wonder why I bother?
Coming down for you to fix the blame

Cause in my world I couldnt wait
Turn you round to your face
For a time
For a place to do you wrong
So get your guns

Yeah
Run
Yeah
Yeah

Is there any wonder why I bother?
Hanging round to take the pain
Is there any wonder why I bother?
Hanging round for you to feel the same

Cause in my world I couldnt wait
Turn you round to your face
For a time
For a place to do you wrong
So get your guns

So get your gun
So get your gun
So get your gun