

# Put the Gun Down

Jonatha Brooke

Put the gun down, and come talk to me  
You got a lotta nerve, bitchin' bout your freedom  
You say you had it rough? Everybody got their cross

So you bear it up, seek your prophets, tally your loss

And then you carry on, carry on, carry on  
Carry on, carry on, carry on  
Nobody done you wrong  
So you carry on... and you put the gun down

Was your daddy mean? Mama couldn't be saved  
No one keeping you clean? Is it just attention that you crave?  
Put the gun down, nobody has to lose  
You got no way out 'cept forgiveness, so you'd better choose

And then you carry on, carry on, carry on  
Carry on, carry on, carry on  
Nobody done you wrong

It's Tuesday, you can make it to Wednesday  
Thursday, you might feel the sun.  
Friday knows nothing 'bout Saturday  
Sunday don't need no gun

Don't aim, don't swing, nobody has to bleed  
No fat lady gonna sing, and you may never get what you need

Until you carry on, carry on, carry on  
Carry on, carry on, carry on  
Nobody done you wrong  
So you carry on...

Carry on, carry on, carry on  
Carry on, carry on, carry on  
Nobody done you wrong.  
So you carry on... and you put the gun down.