

# Guns for Hands

## Twenty One Pilots

I know what you think in the morning  
When the sun shines on the ground  
And shows what you have done  
It shows where your mind has gone.

And you swear to your parents  
That it will never happen again  
I know, I know what that means  
I know

That you all have guns  
And you never put the safety on  
And you all have plans  
To take it, don't take it

I'm trying, I'm trying to sleep  
I'm trying, I'm trying to sleep  
But I can't, but I can't when you all have  
Guns for hands, yeah.

I'm trying, I'm trying to sleep  
I'm trying, I'm trying to sleep  
But I can't, but I can't when you all have  
Guns for hands, yeah.

Let's take this one second at a time  
Let's take this one song, this one rhyme  
Together, let's breathe  
Together, to the beat

But there's hope out the window  
So that's where we'll go  
Let's go outside and all join hands  
But until then you'll never understand

That you all have guns  
And you never put the safety on  
And you all have plans  
To take it, don't take it

I'm trying, I'm trying to sleep  
I'm trying, I'm trying to sleep  
But I can't, but I can't when you all have  
Guns for hands, yeah.

We've turned our hands to guns, trade in our thumbs for ammunition,  
I must forewarn you, of my disorder, or my condition,  
'Cause when the sun sets, it upsets what's left of my invested interest,  
Interested in putting my fingers to my head,  
The solution is, I see a whole room of these mutant kids,  
Fused at the wrist, I simply tell them they should shoot at this,  
Simply suggest my chest and this confused music, it's,  
Obviously best for them to turn their guns to a fist.

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I'm trying, I'm trying to sleep  
But I can't, but I can't,

When you all have  
Guns for hands, yeah.

I'm trying, I'm trying to sleep  
I'm trying, I'm trying to sleep  
But I can't, but I can't,  
When you all have  
Guns for hands, yeah.