

# Bang

## Broadside

Hang my head out the window  
Watching the cars go  
Hoping that one of them  
Would change my life

They say it's all that ego keeping your feet cold  
I should listen  
To my daddy's advice

I bite my tongue  
Until the blood is running down my chest  
A long pursuit of happiness  
But left with something less  
Thought I'd be more than just the ghost of who I'd never been  
I'm tripping up, with no luck  
In this dance with death

I hear it I hear It  
I hear it in my head  
I hear it I hear it  
I hear that voice again  
Bang bang bang  
The reaper's at my door  
And I don't wanna run anymore  
Bang bang bang  
The reaper's at my door  
And I don't wanna run  
I don't wanna run anymore

I tried to bottle up sorrow  
Save some for tomorrow  
Praying that whisky Jesus saves my life  
I'm checking in on my demons to see how they're feeling  
My momma showed me how to lose a fight

She tried to warn me I was sinking in the deeper end  
Mouthful of chalk, but I didn't ever wanna swallow it  
And even if my world's not coming to a bitter end  
I couldn't stand the taste of it  
I need more than a sedative

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The reaper's at my door  
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Bang bang bang  
The reaper's  
The reaper's  
Bang bang bang  
The reaper's  
The reaper's

I don't think I'll run anymore