

Break It To Them Gently

Burton Cummings

Break it to them gently when you tell my Mom and Dad
When you see my baby sister be as kind as you can
And break it to my Grandma, who said "That boy's wild and bad"
Break it to them gently when you tell them that I won't be coming home again

Cause I'm running with a gun and it isn't any fun as a fugitive
Fightin for my life and I don't know if I'll make it alone
Running with a gun and it isn't any fun as a fugitive
God I want to go home
Lord I wish I was home

When you see my lady with the twinkle in her eyes
Tell it to her softly and hold her if she cries
Tell her that I love her and I will til the day I die
Break it to her gently when you tell her that I won't be coming home again

I got in too deep with strangers
Thinking they could help me find my way
But nobody warned me of the dangers
And it's always the young and foolish that have to pay

So break it to them gently when you tell my Mom and Dad
Thank them for the good years and all the lovin that I had
And break it to my Grandma, who said "the boy is wild and bad"
Break it to them gently when you tell 'em that I won't be coming home again

I got in too deep with strangers
Thinking they could help me find my way
But nobody warned me of the dangers
And it's always the young and foolish that have to pay)

You gotta break it to them gently
Gotta really try to roll 'em
Gotta break it to them gently
Gotta really try to soothe them
Gotta really try to roll 'em
You gotta roll it to my Mother
Gotta roll it to my Grandma
Gotta roll the old lady
Roll it to my Grandma, she's damn near eighty
Roll the old lady