

# Shotgun

Gallant

Feeble bones took me to a valuable weakness  
There's no comfort in silence  
No real violence in words  
So I, sharpened my blade and bowed my head before I ceased and  
desisted  
And though my stomach was a ball of resistance  
I went straight for the course

With burns on the backs of my palms  
Will I regret my cause? or revel in my thoughts?  
I'm caught in the winds of remorse  
Cause everybody knows

What good is a sword, next to a shotgun  
What good is a sword, next to a shotgun  
What good is a sword, next to a shotgun

How did I get stuck in this valiant position  
When either I'll survive for an instant  
Or cradle the earth?  
My God forsaken, weakened pulse, I knew I had to amend this  
Though I never was a force to be reckoned, or  
A sight to behold

With burns on the backs of my palms  
Will I regret my cause? or revel in my thoughts?  
I'm caught in the winds of remorse  
Cause everybody knows

What good is a sword, next to a shotgun  
What good is a sword, next to a shotgun  
What good is a sword, next to a shotgun

Am I biting the bullet alone?  
Oh I know that I'd rather be bold  
(What good is a sword, next to a shotgun)  
And we're biting the bullet alone  
Oh I know that I'd rather be bold  
(What good is a sword, next to a shotgun)  
Am I biting the bullet alone?  
Oh I know that I'd rather be bold  
(What good is a sword, next to a shotgun)