

Give Em Hell

Marc Broussard

Wondering what you'd say if you were here
May just be some harsh and biting joke
Told with a love meant to inspire
A self-reflecting glance into the soul

I know that I could count upon a welcome
But what exactly would you say to me
If you knew that I was having trouble coping
With the questions your departure seems to leave
But I think I might know what you'd wanna say

Give em hell for me
Dry your stupid eyes, you big baby
Just give em hell for me
Don't you ever take it too seriously

Lucky to have come to know you
As much as it pains me to say
But still too unbelievable to fathom
That we won't get at least another day

Plenty of us left to rally for you
We plan to play for Harper June in June
There's a fading in the tribute
You'd probably be psyched they are amused

Give em hell for me
Dry your stupid eyes, you big baby
Just give em hell for me
Don't you ever take it too seriously

Out on that misty road
We'll burn it down til the morning
And we'll never hear you say
Not even once that you were wrong

So give em hell for you
And we'll dry our crying eyes
And we'll try not to be such a dummy
And we'll give em hell

Oh, give em hell
Oh, give em hell
Oh, oh, oh

I will, I will give em hell