

# Stick To Your Guns

Marc E. Bassy

I know what they say  
You can't make it all alone  
It takes numbers to be strong  
I know what they say  
You can't fight them all alone  
(It's stirring somewhere inside[?])

I got real high hopes  
Out there on the line  
When you're pushing higher  
It takes a kind of trying

Stick to your guns [x4]

Summer comes again  
I just want to go with my gut  
Go to sleep when the sun turns on  
But you can't grow up  
So you find a happy home

(It's stirring somewhere inside[?])  
I got real high hopes  
Out there on the line  
When you're pushing higher  
It takes a kind of trying

Stick to your guns [x4]

Winter comes around  
Clouds rolling over town  
And I still can hear the sounds  
Coming from the radio  
That my dad played in the house  
Come charging through the hall  
Singing do you remember  
Indexing thugs  
Shooting at the sun  
Do you remember  
Every battle won  
(That was never hung[?])  
I know you remember  
Running in the rain  
(Never happened out in pain[?])  
Growing up, you'll probably get hurt  
But you know the angels watching you the same

I got real high hopes  
Out there on the line  
When you're pushing higher  
It takes a kind of trying

Stick to your guns [x4]