

Burn Me

Sam Barber

When I was young, my mother told me
Don't play with guns, that shit ain't holy
There ain't outlaws in heaven

I got old and my father told me
Go get a gun, protect the family
Ain't nothing but outlaws in the real world

So I got a gun, thought the Lord would hold me
And I don't feel bad, hell I don't feel holy
Guess I'll have to find out on my own

I don't know if I was made from God's hands
But I know my father is a good man
I'm realizing now how the world bleeds
So if you're gonna burn him you can burn me

I'm sick and tired of staring at the sunrise
Just waiting for a truth I know just won't arrive
So don't you go and tell me how it should be
Hell if you're gonna burn him you can burn me

When I was young my mother told me
You don't go to God, you'll end up lonely
We are nothing without faith

I said, how 'bout dad, he must be lonely
She got mad and firmly told me
Don't you go asking questions

I don't know if I was made from God's hands
But I know my father is a good man
I'm realizing now how the earth bleeds
So if you're gonna burn him you can burn me

I'm sick and tired of staring at the sunrise
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So don't you go and tell me how it should be
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Burn me
Hell if you're gonna burn him you can burn me

When I was young, my mother told me
Don't play with guns, no that ain't holy
There ain't outlaws in heaven