## **Stick to Yr Guns**

Give him what he needs Let him see what he sees Let me feel how he feels Leave him out to sea It's alright by me Let him stay in bed Until he is fed up

You know he can't go on His life has felt so long Already to go You know He's so lonely

Sick to the teeth Drunk on belief Meaning to clean But armed with disease I'll surmise for free The boy who feels kept Could be out of his depth

But you know he can't go on His life has felt so long Already he's old Yes you know He's so lonely

"What became of him?" "Less than you could ever imagine"

Sick to the teeth Drunk on belief Meaning to clean But armed with disease I'll surmise for free The boy who feels kept Could be out of his depth

But you know he can't go on With a life that feels so wrong Already he's old Yes you know He's so lonely

Give him what he needs Let him see what he sees Let him feel how he's gonna feel Leave him out to sea It's alright by me Let him stay in bed Until he is fed up

You know he can't go on Yes his life has felt so long He's ready, but oh His soul is so lonely **The Cribs** 

Stick to yr guns

He's ready, but oh His soul His soul is so lonely

Stick to yr guns