

Put the Gun Down

Jonatha Brooke

Put the gun down, and come talk to me
You got a lotta nerve, bitchin' bout your freedom
You say you had it rough? Everybody got their cross

So you bear it up, seek your prophets, tally your loss

And then you carry on, carry on, carry on
Carry on, carry on, carry on
Nobody done you wrong
So you carry on... and you put the gun down

Was your daddy mean? Mama couldn't be saved
No one keeping you clean? Is it just attention that you crave?
Put the gun down, nobody has to lose
You got no way out 'cept forgiveness, so you'd better choose

And then you carry on, carry on, carry on
Carry on, carry on, carry on
Nobody done you wrong

It's Tuesday, you can make it to Wednesday
Thursday, you might feel the sun.
Friday knows nothing 'bout Saturday
Sunday don't need no gun

Don't aim, don't swing, nobody has to bleed
No fat lady gonna sing, and you may never get what you need

Until you carry on, carry on, carry on
Carry on, carry on, carry on
Nobody done you wrong
So you carry on...

Carry on, carry on, carry on
Carry on, carry on, carry on
Nobody done you wrong.
So you carry on... and you put the gun down.