Shotgun

Gallant

Feeble bones took me to a valuable weakness
There's no comfort in silence
No real violence in words
So I, sharpened my blade and bowed my head before I ceased and desisted
And though my stomach was a ball of resistance
I went straight for the courseWith burns on the backs of my palms
Will I regret my cause? or revel in my thoughts?
I'm caught in the winds of remorse
Cause everybody knows
What good is a sword, next to a shotgun
What good is a sword, next to a shotgun
What good is a sword, next to a shotgunHow did I get stuck in this valiant position
When either I'll survive for an instant
Or cradle the earth?
My God forsaken, weakened pulse, I knew I had to amend this
Though I never was a force to be reckoned, or
A sight to beholdWith burns on the backs of my palms
Will I regret my cause? or revel in my thoughts?
I'm caught in the winds of remorse
Cause everybody knowsWhat good is a sword, next to a shotgun
What good is a sword, next to a shotgun
What good is a sword, next to a shotgun
Am I biting the bullet alone?
Oh I know that I'd rather be bold
(What good is a sword, next to a shotgun)
And we're biting the bullet alone
Oh I know that I'd rather be bold
(What good is a sword, next to a shotgun)
Am I biting the bullet alone?
Oh I know that I'd rather be bold
(What good is a sword, next to a shotgun)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/