

Young Guns

"Brothers In Arms"

Visit "[Brothers In Arms](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Got my head out of the window
I can taste the summer air
Hangs heavy with the promise of nights beyond
compare
We start, we stop, we break and then we mend
What's a little bit of blood loss between friends

You say you don't need love, I say you ain't so tough
Come on and let me in

Brother in arms
Together we, spill our blood, on foreign streets
Worlds apart, and in too deep, my brother in arms
I wouldn't change a thing

We celebrate our sickness as it starts to spread
Cut my heart out it's not over until you take my head
You say you don't need love, I say you ain't so tough
Come on and let me in

Brother in arms
Together we, spill our blood, on foreign streets
Worlds apart, and in too deep, my brother in arms
I wouldn't change a thing

All hands on deck we live or die,
Together, together
No matter how far we fall apart,
We bleed together

My brother in arms, together we
Spill our blood on foreign streets
Brother in arms, together we
Spill our blood on foreign streets
Worlds apart, and in too deep, my brother in arms
I wouldn't change a thing

I wouldn't change a thing!

