

## Good Riddance "Twenty One Guns"

Visit "[Twenty One Guns](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

11th hour's gone nothing's resolved there's no  
alternative to becoming involved strike up the band  
round up the men ready to die for nothing one shred of  
hope one prayer for peace one man abandoned he  
prays for release he's bound to his code dishonor is  
death his heart pounding hatred with every breath he  
fights war's a childrens game back in the world he'd be  
a criminal he'd go insane no sleep for days he sweats  
when it's cold he lives for his orders he does what he's  
told no mercy for his enemy his finger on the trigger of  
an m-16 the hours grow long he's bored and alone he  
doesn't need no one he's never going home the  
system made him who he is those motherfuckers will  
fear him he's gone his mind is a waste he hears it  
twenty-one guns life imitates death imitates twenty-one  
guns honor parades accolades a section eight twenty-  
one guns a proud servant of this grand republic he got  
twenty-one guns

Visit [Good Riddance](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.