

Schroeder's Songbook "Sticks & Stones, Love"

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These words are a loaded gun
Each bullet I write is ready to take flight
Hope you close your eyes and put this to your head
I hope they blow you away tonight

Excuse me while I realize
This selfish dream that I call mine
I'm still sleeping

Are you listening?
Are you hearing me?
Every single sound
And frequency?
The perfect pitch
The perfect tune
This hurts me more than it hurts you

These words are a hammer in my hand
Heavy with my failed ambition
Watch as I swing and break and smash your heart
Beyond all recognition

It's not enough to spill your guts
So, my jugular is cut
I'm still bleeding

Are you listening?
Are you hearing me?
Every single sound
And frequency?
The perfect pitch
The perfect tune
This hurts me more than it hurts you

Didn't your mother ever tell you
Don't ever play with guns?
Didn't your father ever teach you
Stand clear when the hammer's swung
Didn't your mother ever tell you
Don't ever play with guns?
Didn't your father ever teach you
Stand clear when the hammer's swung

We should have listened
We should have listened
We should have listened
And learned our lesson

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