

This Town Needs Guns "If I Sit Still, Maybe I'll Get Out"

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I'm so sorry for the things I've done
And what I did to you is up there number 1.
So sweaty of palm and tongue tied tight,
We'll sit here and talk late into the night.

Yesteryear still rings my ear.
Like buttons and pins this mess we're in
dissolves in time.

I know that this time is quite different from when we
first met
The years haven't been kind worn down by regret
So take hope theres still enough of what made this
young man left
All that once was is not quite gone yet.

Cause we are old friends you and I,
many a time sat silent at my side.
And if this is to be our last goodbye
I'll take with me a part of you that never dies.

Yesteryear still rings my ear.
Like buttons and pins this mess we're in
dissolves in time.

I know that this time is quite different from when we
first met
The years haven't been kind worn down by regret
So take hope theres still enough of what made this
young man left
All that once was is not quite gone yet.

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