

## **This Town Needs Guns**

### **"If I Sit Still Maybe I'll Get Out Of Here"**

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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 there's 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 there's still enough of what made this  
young man left  
All that once was is not quite gone yet.

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