

This Town Needs Guns "Quetzel"

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So here we are again at the start,
Lets get stuck.
These rooms are all reminders of you.

Your feelings arenâ€™t in touch
with the words that are coming out of your lungs.

Calm now, lets both cool off.
Weâ€™ve both said things that we are not proud of.

How did we get so tired.
Those pills were no good for you.
Theyâ€™ve turned you into something you are not,
something I just canâ€™t stop.

Iâ€™ll wait.

For you to come back home.
Forget about all that keeps me from you.
This house built from bricks and stone
stands as a monument to the lies we told.

How did we get so tired.
Those pills were no good for you.
Theyâ€™ve turned you into something you are not,
something I just canâ€™t stop.

Iâ€™ll wait.

For you to come back round again
and fall in to our bed.

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