

No Use For A Name

"Looking Down The Barrel Of A Loaded Gun"

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so sorry son,
your worrying your mother.
no explanation's gonna make it seem alright.
young boy, listen to your father,
its more than just your life,
its more than suicide.

how does it feel,
when your looking down the barrel of a loaded gun,
(tell me how it feels)

did you see your life,
flash right before your eyes.
stop playing games and get yourself up off the floor.
young boy were gonna send you to the lions,
the men all dressed in white,
when you become all done.

how does it feel.
when i might have brought you up but you are not my
son,
(tell me how it feels)

so many times i tried to bring
you up you brought me down,
i won't consider you again.

stop looking at me like you dare,
i work my fingers to the bone,
im not your father or your friend.

well you might admit to us
but this is not your home,
(tell me how it feels)

you don't mean much to me,
i didn't plant the seed,
im not your father 'cus he didn't turn out right.
young boy, send you to the fire,
the men all dressed in white,
is more than suicide.

how does it feel,
how does it feel,
how does it feel,
when your looking down the barrel of a loaded gun

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