

Brian & Blake "The Wish"

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I was with the 42nd back in 1943,
I've fought for freedom on the shores of every sea,
But nowadays it's different all I feel is shame,
People dying everyday and I'm the one they blame

I wish I was a swingset in some little kid's backyard,
A tractor in a field or a bumper on a car,
I wish I was something that couldn't hurt no one,
Of all the things I could have been, I had to be a gun

They hide me in their lockers in the high school halls,
I hand out on the corners I've broken every law,
I've laid there in the court rooms tagged exhibit B,
Watched them go away in chains while I go back to the streets

I wish I was a swingset in some little kid's backyard,
A tractor in a field or a bumper on a car,
I wish I was something that couldn't hurt no one,
Of all the things I could have been, I had to be a gun

Undearneath a sweater hidden on a closet shelf,
His tiny hands reached for me but I couldn't scream for help

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A tractor in a field or a bumper on a car,
I wish I was something that couldn't hurt no one,
Of all the things I could have been, I had to be a gun

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