

## Handguns

### "Song About You"

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Don't tell me to write a song about you  
Don't tell me what to do

This is getting old  
And I don't know what to say anymore  
I just don't feel like I did before

And I'm sorry, but my friends say that I shouldn't be  
I just traded in this season for better company

I get sick to my stomach, every time I try to confront  
this  
So many nights spend staring at the ceiling

Trying to put the right words together  
To let you know that I'm leaving forever  
Trying to put the right words together  
Like a dull blade to the dead weight I severed

And I don't know where to begin  
You're fading out and wearing me thin  
And it's not that I lost my touch

I just can't make it hard enough  
I think it's like my friend Joe says "I don't need anyone  
or anything"  
I just need something to believe in

You tell me that I'm running away, yeah  
You hit the nail on the head  
Drive one last nail into my ear drum  
Bleed your voice out of my head

Stick the nail in your hand drive it into my head  
I don't regret a thing I said  
Take the nail in your hand drive it into my head  
Because I'm already dead

Trying to put the right words together  
Now I'm gone and leaving forever  
Trying to put the right words together

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