

## Cribs, The "Stick to Yr Guns"

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Give him what he needs  
Let him see what he sees  
Let me feel how he feels  
Leave him out to sea  
It's alright by me  
Let him stay in bed  
Until he is fed up

You know he can't go on  
His life has felt so long  
Already to go  
You know  
He's so lonely

Sick to the teeth  
Drunk on belief  
Meaning to clean  
But armed with disease  
I'll surmise for free  
The boy who feels kept  
Could be out of his depth

But you know he can't go on  
His life has felt so long  
Already he's old  
Yes you know  
He's so lonely

"What became of him?"  
"Less than you could ever imagine"

Sick to the teeth  
Drunk on belief  
Meaning to clean  
But armed with disease  
I'll surmise for free  
The boy who feels kept  
Could be out of his depth

But you know he can't go on  
With a life that feels so wrong

Already he's old  
Yes you know  
He's so lonely

Give him what he needs  
Let him see what he sees  
Let him feel how he's gonna feel  
Leave him out to sea  
It's alright by me  
Let him stay in bed  
Until he is fed up

You know he can't go on  
Yes his life has felt so long  
He's ready, but oh  
His soul is so lonely

Stick to yr guns

He's ready, but oh  
His soul  
His soul is so lonely

Stick to yr guns

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