

Stick to Your Guns (feat. Julia Nunes)

Watsky

I'll be gone when you read this so I just wanted to say
I'm sorry to the couple decent people who got in the way
And maybe there was a point at which it all coulda been different
But this is the position we're in and it's pointless to wish that it isn't
They'll all be gawking when I walk in the door
Cocking my shotgun hammer and they drop to the floor
The clocks shatter I scatter the jock horde and splatter the chalkboard
It matters a lot more, than half of you thought
When you were knocking me like I'm a laughingstock
And a weakling a freak and creep, I was mocked and ignored
You're sorry now but talk is cheap-- shoulda thought it before
You're the sorry flock of sheep who made me rot to core
And of course you'll make a break to escape through the corridor
Don't be late— I'll set you up on a date with the coroner
And our fate's are sealed, all of you fakes
Don't worry, this will all be over soon
You got your finger on the trigger, kid
You got your finger on the trigger, kid
Line it up, line it up, line it up
And hit me with the truth
You got your finger on the trigger, kid
You got your finger on the trigger, kid
Line it up, line it up, line it up
And hit me with the truth Thanks for tuning into the top-rated crew in the news
Feels great to us that we're the one that viewers would choose!
I'm hearing through my producer
We've got the scoop on the name and the favorite food of the shooter
Plus an interview with a student
Who's been fed through a tube— she was shot in the head
We're gonna bring you a segment live from her hospital bed!
We'll try to bring you the spin through your preexisting opinions
But if we miss it switch it to our sister network instead
Of course we know this situation is tragic
But take a minute to appreciate our fabulous graphics
And we'll be back in action with up to the second reports
After a couple of words from all our loyal sponsors of course
So like us, vine us, and tweet to connect
24/7 we're giving ya what you're craving
We live to deliver live the kinda coverage you've come to expect
We're always here for you
You got your finger on the trigger, kid
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Line it up, line it up, line it up
And hit me with the truth
Stick to your guns
Stick to your guns
Stick to your guns
We come together in this hour of need
To the honor the innocent victims of this cowardly deed
Of course I share your sentiment as your voice in the senate
But let's accept nothing ever could have been done to prevent it
It's just the strange inner visions of a deranged individual
Full of rage, full of hate, full of vitriol
But I gotta mention that it's sick and insane
My opponent's twisting your pain for political gain
That's lame
And I think it's a damn shame
It doesn't give anyone power to cast blame
Because the past is past, and it's best that we keep things the same
So my Chads and my Stacey's, go back to the mall
Fill your bags out at Macy's, and chat in the hall
And I hope I'm the vote that you cast in the fall
Cause I care for you, it's true
Stick to your guns
Stick to your guns
Stick to your guns
Stick to your guns
You got your finger on the trigger, kid
You got your finger on the trigger, kid

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>