

# Break It To Them Gently

Burton Cummings

Break it to them gently when you tell my Mom and Dad  
When you see my baby sister be as kind as you can  
And break it to my Grandma, who said "That boy's wild and bad"  
Break it to them gently when you tell them that I won't be coming home again

Cause I'm running with a gun and it isn't any fun as a fugitive  
Fightin for my life and I don't know if I'll make it alone  
Running with a gun and it isn't any fun as a fugitive  
God I want to go home  
Lord I wish I was home

When you see my lady with the twinkle in her eyes  
Tell it to her softly and hold her if she cries  
Tell her that I love her and I will til the day I die  
Break it to her gently when you tell her that I won't be coming home again

I got in too deep with strangers  
Thinking they could help me find my way  
But nobody warned me of the dangers  
And it's always the young and foolish that have to pay

So break it to them gently when you tell my Mom and Dad  
Thank them for the good years and all the lovin that I had  
And break it to my Grandma, who said "the boy is wild and bad"  
Break it to them gently when you tell 'em that I won't be coming home again

I got in too deep with strangers  
Thinking they could help me find my way  
But nobody warned me of the dangers  
And it's always the young and foolish that have to pay)

You gotta break it to them gently  
Gotta really try to roll 'em  
Gotta break it to them gently  
Gotta really try to soothe them  
Gotta really try to roll 'em  
You gotta roll it to my Mother  
Gotta roll it to my Grandma  
Gotta roll the old lady  
Roll it to my Grandma, she's damn near eighty  
Roll the old lady