

Stick to Yr Guns

The Cribs

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