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