

# Giving Up the Gun

Vampire Weekend

Your sword's grown old and rusty  
Burnt beneath the rising sun  
It's locked up like a trophy  
Forgetting all the things it's done

And though it's been a long time  
You're right back where you started from  
I see it in your eyes  
That now you're giving up the gun

When I was 17, I had wrists like steel  
And I felt complete  
And now my body fades behind a brass charade  
And I'm obsolete

But if the chance remained to see those better days  
I'd cut the cannons down  
My ears are blown to bits from all the rifle hits  
But still, I crave that sound

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I heard you play guitar down at a seedy bar  
Where skinheads used to fight  
Your Tokugawa smile and your garbage style  
Used to save the night

You felt the coming wave, told me we'd all be brave  
You said you wouldn't flinch  
But in the years that passed since I saw you last  
You haven't moved an inch

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I see you shine in your way  
Go on, go on, go on  
I see you shine in your way  
Go on, go on, go on

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