

## PICK YOUR SIDE

Pick your side, Draw your gun  
Don't stop shooting till you hit someone  
Kiss your bride, teach your son  
Don't lay down for anyone

Well I'm bored when you write, I'm bored when you call  
Bored of leaving Europe, I'm bored of alcohol  
I'm bored with my conscience, I threw it at the wall  
Seven billion people and I'm bored with 'em all  
I miss the heartbreak, I miss the thorn in my crown  
I miss the road of fury only youth can take you down  
I miss the killing spree that inspired me  
When I was living on the edge of a real bad town

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It's time to tell the world exactly what you mean  
Time to trade the Prosecco for some pure Poteen  
Time to reunite blind faith with the dream  
Time to boycott your favourite shaving cream  
I miss the outlaws, I miss the good old days  
I miss the truth that died in the Kardashian craze  
I miss the justice brought to all the comen caught  
For the souls they robbed and all the cash they raised

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There's a backlash coming with a market crash  
And almost everyone's involved  
And the will of the people's an equation  
Good Will Hunting died while trying to solve  
And you can check my bags if you want to, Jack  
If you've got the balls to bring the hard boarders back  
But I'm a wild child from a volatile isle  
Full of people with attention you don't want to attract

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Some things ain't worth running from  
Kiss your bride, then let her  
Raise her voice and kick her drum...

Because there ain't no lucky winners, there's no one keeping score  
There ain't no ash to rise from in this city anymore  
Cuz I've burned all of my bridges and I've said all my farewells  
And I'm only hanging round because the blues won't play themselves  
Yea so..

Pick your side, Draw your gun  
Close your eyes and count to one  
Kiss your bride, teach your son  
Pray for rain and rain shall come