Guns For Hands
twenty one pilots

Intro: **F#   F#   C#   C#   D#m   B   F#   C#** (2x)

F#   **C#**
I know what you think in the morning, when the sun shines on the ground,
D#m   B   **F#   C#**
And shows what you have done, it shows where your mind has gone.
F#   **C#**
And you swear to your parents, that it will never happen again,
D#m   B   F#   **C#**
I know, I know, what that means, I know.

B   **F#**   **C#**
That you all have guns, and you never put the safety on.
G#m   **F#**   **C#**
And you all have plans, to take it, to take it, don t take it, take it, take it.

F#   **C#**   **D#m**
I m trying, I m trying to sleep. I m trying, I m trying to sleep.
               B   **F#**   **C#**
But I can t, but I can t, when you all have guns for hands.
F#   **C#**   **D#m**
I m trying, I m trying to sleep. I m trying, I m trying to sleep.
               B   **F#**   **C#**
But I can t, but I can t, when you all have guns for hands.

F#   **C#**
Let s take this a second at a time. Let s take this one song, this one rhyme.
D#m   **B**   **F#**   **C#**
Together, let s breathe. Together, to the beat.
F#   **C#**
But there s hope out the window, so that s where we ll go.
D#m   **B**   **F#**   **C#**
Let s go outside and all join hands but until then you ll never understand.

B   **F#**   **C#**
That you all have guns, and you never put the safety on.
G#m   **F#**   **C#**
And you all have plans, to take it, to take it, don t take it, take it, take it.

F#   **C#**   **D#m**
I m trying, I m trying to sleep. I m trying, I m trying to sleep.
               B   **F#**   **C#**   **D#m**
But I can t, but I can t, when you all have guns for hands.

D#m B F# C# (4x)
Third time, rapping starts
We ve turned our hands to guns, trade in our thumbs for ammunition. I must

forewarn you of my disorder, my condition.
 Cause when the sun sets, it upsets what s left of my invested interest,
interested in putting my fingers to my head.
The solution is I see a whole room of these mutant kids, fused at the wrist I
simply tell them they should shoot at this.
Simply suggest my chest and this confused music is obviously best for them to
turn
their guns to a fist.

(**F# F# C# C# D#m B F# C#**)

F#   **C#**   **D#m**
I m trying, I m trying to sleep. I m trying, I m trying to sleep.
          B   **F#**   **C#**
But I can t, but I can t, when you all have guns for hands.
F#   **C#**   **D#m**
I m trying, I m trying to sleep. I m trying, I m trying to sleep.
          B   **F#**   **C#**
But I can t, but I can t, when you all have guns for hands.