Guns For Hands
twenty one pilots

Intro: **G#   G#   Eb   Eb   Fm   C#   G#   Eb** (2x)

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

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

G#   **Eb**   **Fm**
I m trying, I m trying to sleep. I m trying, I m trying to sleep.
                  C#   **G#**   **Eb**
But I can t, but I can t, when you all have guns for hands.
G#   **Eb**   **Fm**
I m trying, I m trying to sleep. I m trying, I m trying to sleep.
                  C#   **G#**   **Eb**
But I can t, but I can t, when you all have guns for hands.

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

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

G#   **Eb**   **Fm**
I m trying, I m trying to sleep. I m trying, I m trying to sleep.
                  C#   **G#**   **Eb**   **Fm**
But I can t, but I can t, when you all have guns for hands.

Fm C# G# Eb (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.

(**G#   G#   Eb   Eb   Fm   C#   G#   Eb**)

G#   Eb   Fm
I m trying, I m trying to sleep. I m trying, I m trying to sleep.
          C#   G#   Eb
But I can t, but I can t, when you all have guns for hands.
G#   Eb   Fm
I m trying, I m trying to sleep. I m trying, I m trying to sleep.
          C#   G#   Eb
But I can t, but I can t, when you all have guns for hands.