

Arlissa, Sticks & Stones

Shot down by your bullets
They shatter my faith and my bones
If you would listen
Your words they hurt, they creep right under my skin
They cut so deep,

Can't you understand
I don't want battles, battles, battles
And if you let them in my hand
I won't fight battles, battles, battles
Tell me why
We work so hard to break these bones
Can we try to lay down
These sticks and stones
Sticks and stones

We crash and fall together
So sad, we don't remember
Why we're tearing us apart
But I can feel the cracks, the cracks in my heart, oh

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And if you let them in my hand
I won't fight battles, battles, battles
Tell me why
We work so hard to break these bones
Can we try to lay down
These sticks and stones
Sticks and stones

Why does it have to be so hard to surrender
When we got nothing left, nothing left to lose

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