

The Peep Hole

69 Chambers

You got every shade of color to gray
Before your eyes dolled up to play
I'm not crazy though you like to think so
It doesn't matter, it's just a show, I lay

[Chorus:]

Twenty four hours a day naked on your silver plate
Twenty four seven indignities
Through the peephole
You've got gun control

Now pull the trigger, turn on the light
I'll be your target for the rest of the night
I won't protest, you know I'm vain
Been told the infamy is just a part of this game
I lay

[Repeat chorus]

Close your eyes to see
What a shit-naive dream
You chose to believe
But now you're in too deep

I got every shade of color to gray
To paint myself the way you want me to be
You're not crazy, though I like to think so
It doesn't matter, it's just a show so

Twenty four hours a day naked on your silver plate
Twenty four seven indignities
Twenty fours a day footloose so I can't escape
Twenty four seven on your dismay
Through the peep hole
You've got gun control