

Girl, Gun

All Get Out

You sure got a wonderful way of turning things over
And bettering yourself.
You sure got it all mapped out
And nothing but truth pours out of your pretty little
mouth.
You told me I should blame who I want.
Thats quite harsh.
You're a lying bitch at heart.
I'm sorry for the second man on his second turn.
I know he can feel these burns.
History seems to repeat itself.
Welcome to Hell.
We've missed you while you were gone.
I'm not afraid to tell you how it is.
Good luck with your girl.
Here's my gun.
There's her ghost.
You sure had a wonderful way of turning me over
And numbering my days.
You sure got it all mapped out
And nothing but truth pours from your pretty little
mouth.