

## Six Gun Quota

Seether

I find it hard to live with all my choices  
It's time to turn a deaf ear to those voices  
Did you ever think to ask my opinion  
Did you ever think to ask if I'm ok

I've burned down every bridge that I've found  
Now I limit myself to a six gun quota  
I've played down every feelin' I've felt  
And I bottled them up 'til the well ran over

Give every indication that you're mended  
Take every rule you come across and bend it  
And did you ever think to ask my opinion  
And did you ever think to ask if I'm ok

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It feels so good to be numb  
I hate what I have become  
It feels so good to be numb

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