

One Shot

Tin Machine

THE last days were the meanest
Leanest days of our lives
You threw me the pieces
I started the fire
One thing led to a dead end
One shot put her away hey-hey
Look out on a green world
Windows and wives
No bedroom to run to
No miracle jive-no conversation
Then nothing meant nothing
Ten dollars tore us apart
One thing led to a dead end
One shot put her away
Hot love is the dearest
No money can buy
She burnt like a spitfire
One shot put her away