

Trigger Happy

Lasse Lindh

You've lost your texture lately, your skin feels nothing to me
It's hard to see you these days, the blur is calling you in
You came a long way for me, true, but so did I
You've done some good things for me, true, but so have I

I shoot from my hips,
I'm, I'm trigger happy too
I shoot our love down,
I'm trigger happy too,
baby just like you

We smell of gasoline and self-destructive fuel
We smell of evil death as thick it could be sliced

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