

Poetic Machine Gun

Buzzcocks

Well, I'm asking you why you won't even try to like
My poetic machine gun
Shoots to the sky, could make you high
My poetic machine gun

Oh, my poetic machine gun
She doesn't like my words
My poetic machine gun
Thinks it's so absurd

In and out again, I was hungry with
My poetic machine gun
Bullets fire, a magic high
My poetic machine gun

Oh, my poetic machine gun
She doesn't like my words
My poetic machine gun
Thinks it's so absurd

And when, when we meet
With the world at your feet
As you wonder what you came here for
Pain's about to burst
On your longtime curse
As you wonder what you came here for

And when, when we meet
With the world at your feet
As you wonder what you came here for
Oh, pain's about to burst
On your longtime curse
As you wonder what you came here for

Well, I'm asking you why you won't even try to like
My poetic machine gun
Shoots to the sky, could make you high
My poetic machine gun

Oh, my poetic machine gun
My poetic machine gun
Yeah, my poetic machine gun
Oh, my poetic machine gun
My poetic machine gun
Yeah, my poetic machine gun
Oh, my poetic machine gun