

Targets

Derek Webb

Targets on the back of every god I've ever left
Anger, hope, and gratefulness
Whiplash from the crash of every car I've ever wrecked
Muscles know what hearts forget

Targets on the back of every girl I've ever loved
Trust and sex and intimacy
Flashbacks from the past that I swept beneath the rug
It comes back, believe you me

Bath water in wineskins
Put the baby in the basket
Oh I'm torching these straw men
But I'm takin my targets

Targets on the back of every friend I've ever lost
Safety, love, camaraderie
Touching up the paint on every line I've double-crossed
It's the only way to see

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You were the aim but not the source
You don't get it all in the divorce
You can't bear the weight of all my love
The sweet ricochet of my own voice from above

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