

Trigger

Fox Stevenson

Hold up just stop for a minute please
I didn't catch your drift
More death than legs on a millipede
And you call it a gift

I've been waiting for so long
Waiting to hold on

So keep your ears to the ground
Cause twenty-million miles will never hold me down

Forget about choices just get to it
Blame it on the voices that told you to do it
You got a revolver and some bullets
Reach for the trigger and pull it

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