

# 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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