

## Shotgun

Mansun

I fully understand the shotgun in my pillow  
Is no uncarved block at hand  
Life is sweet but not it seems for Buddha  
There's a shotgun in his hand

Shotgun, shotgun, shotgun, shotgun

The nature of uncarved blocks  
Is how to describe what's hard to describe

The simplest things, the quietest  
The child-like simplicity  
Everything I need to hear  
Positive the way I view

The simple of thought inherit the earth  
(Shotgun blows)  
Like Winnie, the Pooh, confucianist rules  
(Shotgun blows)  
Oblivious in what I do, deliberate the way I live  
(Shotgun blows, shotgun blows, shotgun blows)

Shotgun blows, shotgun blows, shotgun blows  
Shotgun blows

The nature of uncarved blocks  
Is how to describe what's hard to describe  
Vinegar taster says, "More force I apply, more trouble I make"  
(Is that I cannot describe why it is)  
(Such a perfect illustration of the opposite)  
(And complex arrogance we display to protect one another)

Think too much, think too much  
Think too much, think too much