

## The Hero Shot

Michael Malarkey

I can only give you what I got  
My battered, bruised and broken love  
No apologies or regrets  
My fingers aren't crossed no more  
Every time I fall into the world  
I feel like a mask in the crowd  
The smoke keeps curling down  
And I don't think my fingers work no more

I can only give you what I know  
My bloody love, my highs and lows  
How can I prove I'm not the world  
If I don't even know myself?  
From left to right, the hero shot  
The gun was hot; the ice was melting  
Back in the clouds and fight the sun, smirking  
And I don't even dance no more

I can only give you what I feel  
My two-faced pride, my Achilles heel  
Shadowboxing, watching the clock  
Behind the curtain, picking up tricks  
To entertain the angry mob  
While in the bedroom I'm skimming the flood  
Trying to sweat the drugs all out  
And I don't want to do it again  
No more...

I can only give you what I got  
My battered, bruised and foolish love  
I don't even know if it's enough  
But at least I'm not thinking too much  
From right to left, the baddie shot  
Back to light and sunk in sunrise  
I feel the blood fill up my head, swimming  
And I don't want to do it alone...

I hope it's enough  
I give it to you anyway  
If you want to stay  
I hope it's enough, but you give it away  
Anyway, it makes me want to stay  
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