

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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