Lonely Gun

Minus the Bear

Living with a lonely gun Like we're both too afraid to run Unlike us it speaks the truth

Both are waiting to be used Like a match and a fuse When you come together She's your life to lose

I wish I could turn it off Bullets ricochet like fog Anything to break the calm Take my mind off this lonely gun

Everytime I try to get a hold of you You turn to stone A bullet in a chamber cool Can you hear her a heartbeat, oh no

I wish I could turn it off Bullets ricochet like fog Anything to break the calm Take my mind off this lonely gun This lonely gun This lonely gun

I don't know where the last pieces go The fits are low. The fits are low. We try, we try, we try But can't we fill it uW, fill it up, fill it up, up

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