Missing Targets

Rare Americans

Taking chances as life goes by
Looking for the one, a beautiful evil smile
That evil smile

Craving silence, while shooting a gun
Missing targets I have never got a bullet in one
No, not in a one

Looking for someone, will we decide this night?
What if the answer, won't be quite right?
No, it doesn't feel right, will it ever be?
No, it doesn't feel right, will it ever be?

Another morning, sun is not out yet
Don't really want you anymore but you're still in my bed
In my fucking bed

Sweet perfume and lipstick red
It wasn't quite right, decisions, regrets
No regrets

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