

## Pistols & Paces

James Shayfer

Wave your pistol, take your paces  
Dream of darling, distant places  
Pray for lovers gone and grieving  
Beg for something worth believing

We slaughtered the horses  
We're sellin' the farm  
You're blackmailing gods  
And I'm sounding alarms  
So you're off to the races  
I'm on to your ruse  
You've nothing to wear  
And, my love, I've got nothing to lose

Lace your days with puns and poison  
Build a chapel to rejoice in

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We're sellin' the farm  
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So you're off to the races  
I'm on to your ruse  
You've nothing to wear  
And I've got nothing to lose  
My only mistake  
Was believing in love  
It's a crime that I'm often  
Convictable of  
So you're off to the races  
I'm on to your ruse  
You've nothing to wear  
And, my love, I've got nothing to...

Twenty paces smoking barrel  
Trigger finger happy hour love  
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Trigger finger happy hour love

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