

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
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 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
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Twenty paces smoking barrel
Trigger finger happy hour love
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