

Shooting Blanks

The Bones

With poetry you try to knock me out
Time to set the record straight
I'll blow your shit away
And in your dreams, you kick me to the ground
Acting like number one,
Still you're the last in line

I don't care about your sorrows
Another war but your bullets turn to blanks
So what's your plan for tomorrow?
I'll turn your lights out
My back destroys your knife,
I'll fuck up all your lies

The party's over so time to pay the dues
No thunder in the guts, like always old news
Look at you squirm, a shell so alone
You don't know how to rock,
You don't know how to roll
Words that don't rhyme
Being alive is your biggest crime

I don't care about your sorrows
Another war but your bullets turn to blanks
So what's your plan for tomorrow?
I'll turn your lights out
My back destroys your knife,
I'll fuck up all your lies

Being alive is your biggest crime
And you won't get away this time
I don't care about your sorrows
Another war but your bullets turn to blanks
So what's your plan for tomorrow?
I'll turn your lights out

I don't care about your sorrows
Another war but your bullets turn to blanks
So what's your plan for tomorrow?
I'll turn your lights out
My back destroys your knife,
I'll fuck up all your lies