

Pick

The Buzzhorn

I am my own,
and oh I believe
That maybe something misfortune would,
cure your disease.
Maybe your pummel to the ground might,
straighten your spine.
And maybe my superstition would,
work every time.

Come over close,
and show me your fear,
cause I know those little demons won't,
find us in here.
So maybe your shove into another might,
change all their minds.
And maybe my good intentions would,
work everytime, alright.

Cause I don't wanna go down,
with my soul on the ground.
And if you think I'm alone,
take a good look around..
(Take a good look around,
take a good look around,
take a good look around,
take a good look around, alright..)

Swear to me this,
that you don't believe.
In all of this credit fortune that,
you'll never see.
So maybe they'll come in through the fire
and carry us out to the street.
No divine intervention was ever for me.. oh alright

Cause I don't wanna go down,
with my soul in the clouds,
and if you think I'm alone,
take in all that I'm saying,
why ain't you found?
Take a hold of my hand,
as your feet leave the ground,
take a good look around!
(Take a good look around,
take a good look around,
take a good look around,
take a good look around)

Take a good look around...