

## The Shooter

## The Magic Numbers

No one move,  
There's a dancer in the dark  
Would it all make sense  
If you pick her up and pull her apart?  
No one sees,  
There's a flicker in the spark  
Get on your hands and knees,  
Praying Jesus this is not who we are

No one speak of the reading in the cards  
It could all make sense  
If the reason to believe in was ours  
No one leave as I shoot her  
Through the heart  
Would it all make sense  
If you picked her up  
And pulled her apart?

Who goes there?

In the fields I walked the valleys below  
Beneath the leaves, lie down  
It was painless  
In the back of the car  
She kept the light on

No one sees,  
There's a shooter in the dark  
What if we face the wall,  
Will they all come running...  
And if you just play dead?  
Would it all make sense  
If you picked her up  
And pulled her apart?  
Who goes there?  
In the fields I walked the valleys below  
Beneath the leaves, lie down  
It was painless  
In the shape of a girl,  
I remain nameless

No one breathe as I shoot her  
Through the heart  
It will all make sense  
When you pick her up  
And pull her apart  
No one sees  
As I lead her through the dark