

Firing Squad (Come On I'm English, I'll Even Queue and Wait My Turn)

The Wombats

You pulled the ace out of the pack
Describing me as a charmless nowhere man
I wasn't stationed here to take flak
Or to be your sycophantic fan
So kick me to the floor
You must be sick of these rhyming metaphors
And as my teeth chip and crack
Your eyebrows raise, were you expecting a white flag?
Is it still giving up if you want the trigger pulled back?

'Cause I've begged all that I can
I've held up my hands
You're a firing squad
You're a firing squad
Too little, too late
Too big of a stake
You're a firing squad
You're a firing squad
So blow me away

Despair has its own calms
Like the sedatives when I broke my arm
I remember those good old days
Happily lost in my charmless nowhere place
No thanks for the birthday cake
And the upright cigarettes that acted as the flame
Why would I watch the filters burn
When you could take your aim and I could watch those barrels burn?
Come on I'm English, I'll even queue and wait my turn

'Cause I've begged all that I can
I've held up my hands
You're a firing squad
You're a firing squad
Too little, too late
Too big of a stake
You're a firing squad
You're a firing squad

I've begged all that I can
I've held up my hands
You're a firing squad
You're a firing squad
Too little, too late
Too big of a stake
You're a firing squad
You're a firing squad
Now blow me away

Now blow me away
Now blow me away
Now blow me away
Now blow me away