

# GUNSHOW

## Triple One

You best hope they pile all the steel from the free world on my  
grave  
And put bolt in my stomach, cause when I go to hell no I won't  
behave

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on my grave  
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Oooooooo and it's not just what it seems  
Oooooooo won't you burn me at the stake  
Oooooooo there's nothing, nothing I ever could want  
And it's nothing, nothing

It's away, but it's plain to see there's something in the air  
It's away, but it's plain to see there's something in the air  
Fire away, I see you slippin over closer to the edge  
It's away, but it's plain to see there's something in the air

Yep check the sound turn it up on the telly  
We rockin' every single station blowin' up the celly  
Rub on your nipples and blow it wet ya fucking whistle  
Big liquor flowing' off the top floor it's not a little  
I tell em war stories go over head they laugh a giggle  
And they don't drop it low for anyone unless it's triple  
ONE belittling all my SONS they dribbling off there  
TONGUE, glissining fiddling nibbling these NUTS

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Oooooooo won't you burn me at the stake  
Oooooooo there's nothing, nothing I ever could want  
And it's nothing, nothing

Yeh I'm a ghost in this world, petrified lover do the most in t  
his world  
I could try and I'll fail, but I won't give in til dead or in a  
cell  
Yeh I'm a ghost in this world, petrified lover do the most in t  
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I could try but I'll fail, I won't give in till I'm dead or in  
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