

# 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

You best hope that 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

Ooooooo and it's not just what it seems

Ooooooo won't you burn me at the stake

Ooooooo 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

Ooooooo and it's not just what it seems

Ooooooo won't you burn me at the stake

Ooooooo 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 this 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 this world

I could try but I'll fail, I won't give in till I'm dead or in a cell

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