

## Finger On The Trigger

Enuff Z'Nuff

How many nights must I wonder  
and how many nights must I wait  
how many nights full of thunder  
and tell me how many man must I hate

Putting one foot after the other  
on a highway that never ends  
with a blues note comin' from my guitar  
I jump back in the saddle again

I got my finger on the trigger  
I'll shoot the big one and blow you away  
I'll shoot the big one and blow you away  
I'll shoot the big one and blow you away

Like a scene from an old western movie  
where they hang'em by ropes from a tree  
this system has always been groovy  
but not when it happens to me

Throwing one punch after another  
in a prize fight that never ends  
with a blues note from Frigo's guitar  
I'm jumping back in the saddle again

How many times does it feel like  
life's just one big pile of bullshit  
and everybody seems to be out for a  
little bit of everybody else's  
well here's a little bit of advice  
just get yourself a big old 45  
and blow your troubles away