

In Our Gun

Gomez

The first words that came could've been more inspired
You must be hungry or tired or frozen
So put up your feet, throw some coal on the fire
And weave us a tale of delight

So we sit in our gun and we wait for our turn
We'll be waiting all of the night
So we sit in our gun and we wait for our turn
We'll be waiting all of our lives

We're all to blame, we hide away
Let's take the sand from this bottomless pit
It's hell to pay, so run away
Destroy on command all who came and then quit

It's been carefully planned by the ones you won't see
Send out the monkeys, they come out of the bushes
To piss in the punch and then smash up the decks
It's your party, we're all obliged

So we sit in our gun and we wait for our turn
Think you hurt him, there's blood on the floor
So we sit in our gun, can I ask what you're on
If you made it there's hope for us all

We're all to blame, we hide away
Let's take the sand from this bottomless pit
It's hell to pay, so run away
Destroy on command all who came and then quit
You're all the same, so hide away
Let's steal the sand from this bottomless pit