

Trigger Happy

Lloyd Cole

I love your head
I love the way you hold your head
Because you're young
There ain't nothing you can't do
Because you know
There ain't nothing you can't do

I love your head
I love the way you hold your head
Because you know
There is no connection between old
And what's new
And there ain't nothing you can't do

Oh, nothing at all
And you know that gun is loaded
Sure you do
Summertime blue, summertime blue
Yes you know that gun is loaded
Sure you do
If not for you

The way you walk
I love the way you wear contempt
For my sort
Oh, should I give you my money?
A steady hand
A little trigger happy angry? little man?
Oh, pull the trigger take it all
Oh you take it all
But you know that gun is loaded sure you do
Summertime blue, summertime blue
And you know that gun is loaded, sure you do

I love your head I, love the way you hold your head
Because you're young, and you know it
A steady hand, a little trigger happy?

And we'll tell you how to live
Then we'll take away the reason
And we wonder why we wonder
How you're not the way that we were