

Hair-Trigger

Protest the Hero

That sweet little redhead's got her hooks in my back
She points her finger and she shows me what I lack
Her pale skin, it burns so hot in the midnight air
She paints the streets a shade of gray around my chair so come on in

Her heartbreak on my skin and her scent on my fingers
Her taste is on my mind, it constantly lingers

'Till I can breathe her
'Till I can believe her
'Till I can breathe her
'Till I can leave her

Every kiss is a little sickening
I can feel Death's fingers quickening
Tightening my passageways
If you can't count the years, start counting down

Try to remember that she hates you
And though she might elate you,
She tries to kill the great that's in you now
And she's happening to the fate that awaits you now
And despite her words, it's not too late

I wrote a Goddamn love song to praise everything I hate
And kids were wanting the chorus line,
And they sealed my picture's frame
She might run shit for right now but I'll be damned if it's for ever and always

As the chorus-line fades away like friends in high-school, always...

Oh, I got this feeling
And things will never, ever, ever be the same
Things will never be the same

What about those rainy nights in London?
What about the crippling desert heat?
What about all those times you swore you'd never leave me?
What about the hospital in L.A.?
It took me begging through the night
What about that blackened image in my mind?
I swear I burn with a new light
What about that frozen, dripping, holiday burn that's cold
She's cold as ice!