

## The Peep Hole

69 Chambers

You got every shade of color to gray  
Before your eyes dolled up to play  
I'm not crazy though you like to think so  
It doesn't matter, it's just a show, I lay

[Chorus:]

Twenty four hours a day naked on your silver plate  
Twenty four seven indignities  
Through the peephole  
You've got gun control

Now pull the trigger, turn on the light  
I'll be your target for the rest of the night  
I won't protest, you know I'm vain  
Been told the infamy is just a part of this game  
I lay

[Repeat chorus]

Close your eyes to see  
What a shit-naive dream  
You chose to believe  
But now you're in too deep

I got every shade of color to gray  
To paint myself the way you want me to be  
You're not crazy, though I like to think so  
It doesn't matter, it's just a show so

Twenty four hours a day naked on your silver plate  
Twenty four seven indignities  
Twenty fours a day footloose so I can't escape  
Twenty four seven on your dismay  
Through the peep hole  
You've got gun control