

Shoot From The Hip

A Change of Pace

Picture perfect turned to worthless
Bittersweet, the taste is like ash in my mouth
Love, we had it, you're a bad habit
I'm ready to give you up, I give up

Silly me for thinking honesty is something given free
I make the rules and this is how it ends

Heartbreak, baby, is half the fun
You bring the bullets, I'll bring the guns
Take ten steps now turn and draw
I shoot from the hip then watch you fall

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Scenes of passion never lasted
Your mistakes are too much to put behind
I am tired with no desire
To put together things that just fall apart

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