

## Ex-cop

## Agoraphobic Nosebleed

An entourage of personal demons  
All packing serious heat  
Nickel-plated desert eagles  
And I'm feeling weak

Walk up to you and strip you where you stand trembling  
Walk up and stick a gun in your face

Hand over all the fuckin' guns  
Hand over the drugs, you fuck

Fired up the old acetylene torch  
Lit a cigarette and went to work  
Completely self-absorbed

Don't give a fuck about  
Who or what you know  
Just care about the ammo  
And the three keys of coke