

## October, First Account

Be Your Own Pet

I will bring anything for three  
With a dusty smile and a loaded gun  
You ask me again, what's in it for me?  
Well thanks and tell me come undone

Painted red, our hands are white  
I've never seen this place before  
Seen through, we're on our way  
Through and through each bolted door

Driving us down for it's chase  
And we run any day we'll skip town  
It'll never hear us come  
Driving us down for it's chase  
And we run any day we'll skip town  
It'll never hear us come

won't you help me out? Won't you please help me figure it all o  
ut?  
We've cut ourselves open a hundred times  
We've cut ourselves open a hundred times  
But we're not out of ammo yet  
But we're not out of ammo yet

Oh now no, won't you help me out? Won't you please help me figu  
re it all out?  
We've cut ourselves open a hundred times  
We've cut ourselves open a hundred times  
But we're not out of ammo yet, not yet  
But we're not out of ammo yet, not yet

Driving us down for it's chase  
And we run any day we'll skip town  
It'll never hear us come  
Driving us down for it's chase  
And we run any day we'll skip town  
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