

Trigger

Deaf Havana

So tired, of being tired and drunk and lonely.

I hate myself in the morning,
yeah so much more in the morning.

When the guilt swells through my stomach
and my heart beats through my ears,
and all the little things that I ignore,
seem to be more real.

I held the gun but you pulled the trigger
and we watched it all go.

My heart was fast but your head was quicker
and we watched it all go.

All the records I've been playing,
tell me to stay this way and all the ones I love give up on me,
the tried they hardest but failed so miserably.

My timeline is running out fast, future will never beat my past
. And I still can't work out how to make my money last,
oh all the things I thought that I could be,
get less and less as each new day begins.