

Finger On The Trigger

Enuff Z'Nuff

How many nights must I wonder
and how many nights must I wait
how many nights full of thunder
and tell me how many man must I hate

Putting one foot after the other
on a highway that never ends
with a blues note comin' from my guitar
I jump back in the saddle again

I got my finger on the trigger
I'll shoot the big one and blow you away
I'll shoot the big one and blow you away
I'll shoot the big one and blow you away

Like a scene from an old western movie
where they hang'em by ropes from a tree
this system has always been groovy
but not when it happens to me

Throwing one punch after another
in a prize fight that never ends
with a blues note from Frigo's guitar
I'm jumping back in the saddle again

How many times does it feel like
life's just one big pile of bullshit
and everybody seems to be out for a
little bit of everybody else's
well here's a little bit of advice
just get yourself a big old 45
and blow your troubles away