

# Shotgun

Matt Costa

I've got a feeling right now but it's so hard to choose  
Which way to go and what to do  
All the winners I know were just born to lose  
Don't know who you can look up to  
People walking around, they're just gambling fools  
Place your bets and pay off your dues  
Some are for peace, some are for war  
I just sit and try to ignore it

A new situation will face you at dawn  
You can just fake it, who'll say you're wrong?  
It's hard to have faith in  
(Who's going to say they're not insane?)  
When all your role models made it on a shotgun vacation

I tried to find my own way in the books that I read  
Found all my favorite authors, they're dead  
Sometimes in your life you're gonna walk in a room  
Everyone's invited but you

That new situation will face you at dawn  
You can just fake it, who'll say you're wrong?  
It's hard to have faith in  
(Who's going to say they're not insane?)  
When all your role models made it on a shotgun vacation

We try, try and we try, and we try  
We try, try and we try  
And we find a way

All the winners I know were just born to lose  
Shotgun vacation  
Shotgun vacation