

## Point A To Point Blank

New Bomb Turks

So many songs about hearts done wrong,  
about lost love's bitterness.  
Jilted Joes wrote your sing-a-longs,  
well I dare you to hum to this.  
"There are more fish in the sea"  
is the only truth for me.  
Then my feet get wet, my legs get weak,  
I start to sink,  
and then I start to think

I'm going down down down.  
It's burning in my head.  
I'm going down down down  
like a hunk of lead.  
But it goes on on on.  
Better dread than dead.  
I'm going down down down  
from point A to point blank.

All you gearhead funnyboys  
switched Spock for Pebbles comps.  
You got all the groove and move  
of a full-up parking lot.  
I never worked on a car,  
but I sure know how to screw.  
You can keep playing dress up white trash  
I'll stick to being nude,  
Urbane and lewd.

What I want to say  
I know won't fit in a song.  
It's hate and sadness  
and a faith so long gone.  
Keeps me from sleeping nights  
or caring about the days.  
Then again it's short as the spot  
at the end of this empty phrase.

All the Betty Page pin-ups,  
All the silly love songs.  
All the cute Satan tattoos  
only hold up for so long.  
The only thing that lasts for me  
dies every day.  
Maybe you can make a point,  
But at the end you're at point blank