

Firing Blanks

Peter Bjorn and John

Assume I had a chance to clear things out alone,
But ticks I used to know were laying under earth,
My last surviving hope had bidden me goodbye,
How loud I ever made that noise, how much it ever hurt,
Do understand, I'm just firing blanks

For an hour every day, my mouth is overfilled,
With better things to say that I threw in your face,
Forget that battered truth, I made it up myself,
How hard it might have been, your defence was a waste
Do understand, I'm just firing blanks
Do understand, I'm just firing blanks