

## 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