

Son of a Gun

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So let me get this story straight
This was just a chance you had to take
Did I even cross your mind?
This will be the last time you cross mine

We were as thick as thieves
Just like a thief you stole the best of me
White lies and what lies in between

Whoa, for Heaven's sake I see right through you
Whoa, I've got secrets too
You're the gun and I can be your bullet you bite down on
Take your best shot 'cause you only get one

Marionette

(Are your strings tied tight for proper movement?)
Take a deep, deep breath
(I'm dying just to wrap these strings around your neck)
But I'll stitch my eyes wide open
'Cause I don't want to miss the look on your face
When I drive away

You know you're sharp
But sharp just doesn't cut it anymore
I'll show you a side of me you've never seen before

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Whoa, I've got secrets too
You're the gun and I can be your bullet you bite down on
Take your best shot 'cause you only get one

Well blame it all on bottoms up
And all the boys that kept filling your cup
I love the way you say
You don't remember anything

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