

Six Gun Quota

Seether

I find it hard to live with all my choices
It's time to turn a deaf ear to those voices
Did you ever think to ask my opinion
Did you ever think to ask if I'm ok

I've burned down every bridge that I've found
Now I limit myself to a six gun quota
I've played down every feelin' I've felt
And I bottled them up 'til the well ran over

Give every indication that you're mended
Take every rule you come across and bend it
And did you ever think to ask my opinion
And did you ever think to ask if I'm ok

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It feels so good to be numb
I hate what I have become
It feels so good to be numb

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