

## Shooting Blanks

The Bones

With poetry you try to knock me out  
Time to set the record straight  
I'll blow your shit away  
And in your dreams, you kick me to the ground  
Acting like number one,  
Still you're the last in line

I don't care about your sorrows  
Another war but your bullets turn to blanks  
So what's your plan for tomorrow?  
I'll turn your lights out  
My back destroys your knife,  
I'll fuck up all your lies

The party's over so time to pay the dues  
No thunder in the guts, like always old news  
Look at you squirm, a shell so alone  
You don't know how to rock,  
You don't know how to roll  
Words that don't rhyme  
Being alive is your biggest crime

I don't care about your sorrows  
Another war but your bullets turn to blanks  
So what's your plan for tomorrow?  
I'll turn your lights out  
My back destroys your knife,  
I'll fuck up all your lies

Being alive is your biggest crime  
And you won't get away this time  
I don't care about your sorrows  
Another war but your bullets turn to blanks  
So what's your plan for tomorrow?  
I'll turn your lights out

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