

## One Shot

**Tin Machine**

THE last days were the meanest  
Leanest days of our lives  
You threw me the pieces  
I started the fire  
One thing led to a dead end  
One shot put her away hey-hey  
Look out on a green world  
Windows and wives  
No bedroom to run to  
No miracle jive-no conversation  
Then nothing meant nothing  
Ten dollars tore us apart  
One thing led to a dead end  
One shot put her away  
Hot love is the dearest  
No money can buy  
She burnt like a spitfire  
One shot put her away