

Radio Pirate Dj

"Russian Roulette is Our Best Bet"

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These summer nights are getting cold
and fall is here as you might know
alone in my apartment, I'll just kill my lungs
I'll think about what has happened
I'll take my parchment and my pen
Before I know it, all my ciggarettes are gone.

Your sweet southern accent
Won't save you from my pen.

You're quick, I'm dead.
Your ghost will haunt my every step.
One dreary day, I'll return from my grave.

I'm hit, can't you see I'm bleeding?
A bullet wasn't what I had in mind. (Had in mind.)
More or less, this was a mistake you made,
But I can't keep falling back in time. (Back in time.)

Finish this thing you never start.
Your gun is aimed straight for my heart.
Tear this from my chest; A Valentine to you.
Letters I've sent are on your floor
Before I'm done I will write more.
Ironically, my worst vice becomes my best verse.

Guns become harmless when I'm around you.
No bullet could hurt as much as you do.

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