

The Rumour Mill

"Arrows"

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Calling on the superstitions,
They make up my mind,
Dialing up the operator,
To take me back in time

Take me where I wanna go,
Just anywhere but here,
These people aren't my friends,
They're the embodiment of my fears

So go ahead and shoot,
Shoot me down,
Go ahead and shoot,
Shoot me down

For all of the times,
When I met all your demands,
And all the questions you asked,
You hold the answers in your hands,

Take your opportunities,
What's done now is done,
I'm just the underdog,
You've got the golden gun

So go ahead and shoot,
Shoot me down,
Go ahead and shoot,
Shoot me down

To the only one I love,
But I never say goodbye,
That was left with an argument,
And tears in her eyes,

Burnt all my bridges,
And I can't get them back again,
Now I got nobody left,
Who'd truly call me their friend

So go ahead and shoot,

Shoot me down,
Go ahead and shoot,
Shoot me down

Go ahead and shoot,
Shoot me down,
Go ahead and shoot,
Shoot me down,
Shoot me down,
Shoot me down,
And shoot me down

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