

Alamo Race Track "The Killing"

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How can you see your world is changing
When you walk with your head down
Snow is on the pavement
Looking for the medicine
A million thoughts are one

Like a slightly wounded deer
Standing in the backyard
Turn your eyes up brown
Like a slightly wounded deer
Standing in the backyard
Turn your eyes up brown
Like a slightly wounded deer
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So I turn right on crooked elbow(?) lane
Where I pass you by with a big smile
Halfway to hell, cup (?) mainly because of obstacles
A million questions I want

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Here comes Sherry, drunk again
Waiting by the city hall
Mixed-up plans, she killed them all
Look for gold and stab, they fall
Here comes George, a troubled man
Waiting by his femme fatale
She is a double-crossing dame
Ready to wipe out the game
(3x)

