

Centro-matic

"If I Had A Dartgun"

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An instrumental kicks off this mess,
there's no words but I'll try to confess
We're all unblamable but I might blame you now
Befriend the friend who might get you in,
and watch the masses all try to pretend
They're all unflammable but I might burn them out.

It's all a routine, and part of this scene
With all the secrets and in between

I've got secrets to sell, but I can't tell you now.

It's incidental that you'd finally see - you're crossing
me
We're all unsellable but I might sell you out
Between the when and whereabouts no doubt, I'll be
finding out
We're all unbreakable, but I might break you now.

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