

Clay Davidson

"Shotdown"

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Today I got a little look at life. Drove by the mother of
my ex-wife. She took
my stuff and traded it for hash. She's so rich now,
she's smokin' cash. 31
days and she became a Pigg. I heard he's related or
knows Butch Vig. I know my
day is comin' round soon. But for now I drive a Ford
and she a BMW. I'm so
shot down. Playin' guitar, sittin' in my van. Don't have a
real job, I'm a
pizza man. She don't have to work, she just sits home
and plays. My clothes
all smell like cigarettes, beer and mayonnaise. I'm so
shot down. And I know
it's me. I'm so shot down. You know I never get to see
my son. I know someday
I'll have another one. I hope I'll see him someday
somehow. But he's so
brainwashed and I...I'm so shot down. I'm so shot down,
and I know it's me.
I'm so shot down. I'm not saying she's the only one. If
you want to fight, I
guess I'll get my gun. I was just driving through her
part of town. I hanked
and waved and said, "hi," but i got shot down. I'm so
shot down. And I know
it's me.

it for me to love? for me to fear? Is it chasing me?
Or am I chasing it? Is it out of grasp? Within my reach?
I'm never at a loss
for humanness. I'll be the devil. Is it ending? Or is it just
beginning? Am I
out of time? I'm out of touch. There's never enough, or
too much. I'll be the
devil, if you'll be God. You always set my soul on fire.
And now it burns an
endless flame. You always set my spirit higher. Now it
lingers just the same.
I'll be the devil. I'll be the devil. If you'll be God.

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