

## Clay Kevin "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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