Be Your Own Pet "October, First Account"

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I will bring anything for three With a dusty smile and a loaded gun You ask me again, whats in it for me? Well thanks and tell me come undone

Painted red, our hands are white I've never seen this place before Seen through, we're on our way Through and through each bolted door

Driving us down for it's chase
And we run any day we'll skip town
It'll never hear us come
Driving us down for it's chase
And we run any day we'll skip town
It'll never hear us come

Wont you help me out?
Won't you please help me figure it all out?
We've cut ourselves open a hundred times
We've cut ourselves open a hundred times
But we're not out of ammo yet

But we're not out of ammo yet

Oh now no, won't you help me out?
Won't you please help me figure it all out?
We've cut ourselves open a hundred times
We've cut ourselves open a hundred times
But we're not out of ammo yet, not yet
But we're not out of ammo yet, not yet

Driving us down for it's chase
And we run any day we'll skip town
It'll never hear us come
Driving us down for it's chase
And we run any day we'll skip town
It'll never hear us come
Driving us down for it's chase
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