

Botch

"Silver Revolver"

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You jam it up with jammy jimmy what a joker
You whip my ass and say I'm nothing but a memory
I'm so out of it I really can't remember
Sometimes I wish the world would open up and swallow
me

I'm foaming up, I'm falling out with funny feelings
So pathetic she will only know what time will do
Starting to blow and then she covers me with pity
So who's the victim when the weight of it is crushing me

Like a silver revolver burning on my tongue
Like a silver revolver burning in the sun

You puke a lot of talk for someone who is ugly
Don't you think you've gotta better way to flatter me
Would you rather sit and talk about the weather
Or would you rather be a part of aristocracy

It's like a silver revolver burning on my tongue
Like a silver revolver burning in the sun

You're like an image of a silver revolver
You shove a rocket up a battery soldier
You take a pill and say you'll never get older
I'll take the weight and take the world off your
shoulders

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