

IDA

"Shotgun"

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Like glass shattering
In a clean break
This is the arc
Of a mistake

We were like kids
With a shotgun
Blowing up words 'til
There were none

Maybe I'm too young
Maybe I'm too young
Maybe we're too young
To be playing with this gun

[bridge]

I thought that I
Could destroy it
It shot & fired
Missed the target

You keep coming back
Hand me fractured words (?)
Through the lens of time
Some things can't be burned
Even when they yearn
To die

Maybe I'm too young
Maybe I'm too young
Maybe we're too young
Just playing with this gun

Like glass

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