

## Letter Kills "Shot To The Chest"

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Well, here comes a test,  
A fight until death,  
A song without a rest  
But I can't complain,  
It's what I asked for.

I'll ask for your hand,  
Cause it's a long road ahead,  
And I feel so alone.

And I hope this takes care of broken words.  
I'm broken down you know,  
I hope this makes you proud,  
Write this down,  
It's better than the rest, to see you smile.  
Hey! Whoa!  
Hope this makes you proud.  
Hey! Whoa!  
Hope this makes you proud.

And here comes a test,  
It's shooting for my head.  
Along with all the rest.  
I can't compete with what I ask for,  
I ask for your hand,  
'Cause it's a long road ahead,  
And I feel so alone.

And I hope this takes care of broken words.  
I'm broken down you know,  
I hope this makes you proud,  
Write this down,  
It's better than the rest, to see you smile.  
Hey! Whoa!  
Hope this makes you proud.  
Hey! Whoa!  
Hope this makes you proud.

If you fall asleep, fall asleep in the back room.  
(Fall asleep, asleep in the back room)  
If you fall asleep.

Hey! Whoa!  
I hope this makes you proud.  
Hey! Whoa!  
I hope this makes you proud.  
Hey! Whoa!  
I hope this makes you proud.

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