

Mansun

"Shotgun"

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I fully understand the shotgun in my pillow
Is no uncarved block at hand
Life is sweet but not it seems for Buddha
There's a shotgun in his hand

Shotgun, shotgun, shotgun, shotgun

The nature of uncarved blocks
Is how to describe what's hard to describe

The simplest things, the quietest
The child-like simplicity
Everything I need to hear
Positive the way I view

The simple of thought inherit the earth
(Shotgun blows)
Like Winnie, the Pooh, confucianist rules
(Shotgun blows)
Oblivious in what I do, deliberate the way I live
(Shotgun blows, shotgun blows, shotgun blows)

Shotgun blows, shotgun blows, shotgun blows
Shotgun blows

The nature of uncarved blocks
Is how to describe what's hard to describe
Vinegar taster says, "More force I apply, more trouble I
make"
(Is that I cannot describe why it is)
(Such a perfect illustration of the opposite)
(And complex arrogance we display to protect one
another)

Think too much, think too much
Think too much, think too much

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