

Pistolita

"Beni Accident"

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Gil come quick
Could you be willing
To strike up a tune
Wrapped in imbalanced pity
Nonsensical madrigal
Wilting with feeling
We sing along our hollow song

Blessed wreck how sweet the mess
We've left for dead and crawled into bed
Swing low sweet fist broke at the wrist
And left for dead while we crawled into bed
Goodnight

A flight
On angel wings tonight
The bedbugs rest
Inside a bumblehead
On end of kite
The ocean emotion
Of death defying heights
We sing along our hollow song

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