

# Pistolita

## "Kill Joy"

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Killjoy  
Space boy  
Fighting off pernicious comments  
Out in acid-worns

And if we die  
At least we tried  
And in that time please bury me  
In clouds of white

And understand  
Try to understand  
We picked our game please stick out your hand  
I can't  
I'm sorry but i can't  
Cuz you lose you lose you lost what you never had

Kickin  
Ragged and  
Steppin streetwise across a concrete candyland  
And when she died  
It was her time  
And with cut-lip, whispers,  
Bury me in clouds of white

And understand  
Try to understand  
You picked our game please stick out your hand  
I can't  
I'm sorry but i can't  
Cuz you lose you lose you lost what you never had

It all  
I think i lost it all  
The puzzle piece is there and i say,  
Now we're tall  
You're towering too tall  
And you lose you lose you lost you lost it for us all

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