

The Actual

"September Had A Trigger Finger"

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She was killing good luck with her bare hands on
cloudy nights,
Kissing off her allies with her poison lips - the trigger
slips.

September was a good girl when she could be.
Whoa....
I wanted to remeber how things should be.
Whoa...

A pixy driving sixty from Bull City to Corpus Christi.
Scrawling out a postcard,
"Do you miss me, do you miss me?"
Why must she do it?
Is dying just the nature of the season?
I don't have a reason.

September was a good girl when she could be.
Whoa...
I wanted to remember how things should be.
Whoa...

September was as good as she could be.
Whoa...
September's gone but there'll be others,
Trust me.
Whoa...
Whoa...

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