

## **This Town Needs Guns "Chinchilla"**

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So far we've lost focus.  
Let's just concentrate on words that could mean  
everything.

On nights like this,  
We drink ourselves dry  
And make promises  
Without intention.

So fortunate that this was brought up,  
The last time. As I recall,  
I can't hold up your every expectation.

On nights like this,  
We drink ourselves dry  
And make promises  
Without intention.

My God, is this what we've become?  
Living parodies of love and loss,  
Can we really be all that lost?

So fortunate that this was brought up,  
The last time. As I recall,  
I can't hold up your every expectation.

One moment to another I am restless.  
Seems making love forever can often risk your heart.  
And I cannot remember when I was this messed up.  
In service of another I am beautiful.

Ba-ba-da-ba-ba  
Ba-da-da-ba

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