

## Timbuk 3 "Shotgun Wedding"

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Shotgun wedding son  
Don't forget to kiss the bride  
Midnight fahrenheit  
Meet you on the other side  
Bent like a fan we pose for pictures  
Give the man your grim prediction now  
Tight spot, don't get caught  
Doing what they don't allow  
Six pack, happy Jack  
Chuggin' down the boulevard  
Sure fire gun for hire  
Judas with a credit card  
Fight for the right to party favors  
Pass the bread and stragely flavored wine  
Hush Jack, don't talk back  
Save it for the firing line  
Sci-fi alibi  
Explanation coming down  
Hot shot astronaut  
Master of the runaround  
Dots on the map come disconnected  
But the crops are unaffected by  
Sun spots, dirty thoughts  
Dirty words and all they imply  
Lab mouse, slaughterhouse  
Medicine won't cure my ills  
Tongue tied genocide  
Words may hurt but silence kills  
Saint Johnny wants to be in pictures  
No one left to quote the scriptures now  
Joystick politics  
Kills another sacred cow  
Jump shot, acro-bot  
Fell into the well of decline  
Slam dunk basket hunk  
Never tasted sushi so fine  
She was a teenage dominatrix  
He was the one she loved to play tricks on  
Jack and Jill had time to kill  
Till all the money was gone  
Headline, death-defyin'  
Trigger finger still at large

Energizer bunny club  
Beats assault and battery charge  
Somebody tried to film the feature  
Missed the bride and shot the preacher down  
Once more round the floor  
Spin-drying blood on her gown  
Shotgun wedding son  
Don't forget to kiss the bride  
Midnight fahrenheit  
Meet you on the other side

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