

Tory Cottingham

"Dressed Up For A Gunfight"

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I'm waking up; I don't know why I'm here
Or where I was last night.
An empty bottle on the ground lets me know that I'm
alive.
I can't figure out where the time has gone,
But I couldn't care any less.
This time has flown by, and let me see your eyes
For what they really are.
I know that you could care less for me too.

I'm looking like I'm dressed up for a gunfight,
Dying on your floor.
I'm screaming 'Honey, can you hear me?'
Hallelujah, someone's coming to drag me down,
And show me why you can't breathe when I'm around
Out of fear that I'm not coming home;
I won't make it through the night.

Time is going slow, but I could not watch
You lying there without a care, without a tear in my eye.
I wish you could just crawl into my head and die.
I could not have been so alone.

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