

Neon Indian

"Gone Shootin'"

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Feel the pressure rise
Hear the whistle blow
Found a ticket of her own accord [on her roller car]
[To | Yeah | That] I don't know
Packed her heart in a travelling bag [Fought so hard in
a travelin' band]
And never said bye bye
Somethings missing in the neighbourhood
All the cryin' eyes
I stirred my coffee with the same spoon [a stupor
caught me with the sin spoon]
Do a favourite tune [to her favourite jewel]
Gone shootin'
My baby's gone shootin'
Wrap yourself around
Like a second skin
Packed her favourite bag [packed|picked her favourite
nag]
But she could never win
I took [your | a | her] number in another town
She took another pill
She was runnin' in overdrive
Up until my overkill [a victim of overkill]
She never made it past the bedroom door
What was she aiming for? [why I'd thought she'd even
pour]
Gone shootin'
She's gone, gone gone gone
Gone shootin'
My baby's gone shootin'
Lil' child
Gone Shootin'
I thought that she wouldn't even know
Gone Shootin'
Hey look out, look out, look out, look out!
Gone shootin'
She's shootin heroin!
Gone shootin'
She's shootin loaded
She's gone, she's gone, she's gone, she's gone
Gone shootin'

I'm gonna have to get a gun
Look out, look out
She could have anyone
She sure is loaded
I used to love her so [like a rubber soul]

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