

## Pistol Grip

### "Beni Accident"

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Gil come quick  
Could you be willing  
To strike up a tune  
Wrapped in imbalanced pity  
Nonsensical madrigal  
Wilting with feeling  
We sing along our hollow song

Blessed wreck how sweet the mess  
We've left for dead and crawled into bed  
Swing low sweet fist broke at the wrist  
And left for dead while we crawled into bed  
Goodnight

A flight  
On angel wings tonight  
The bedbugs rest  
Inside a bumblehead  
On end of kite  
The ocean emotion  
Of death defying heights  
We sing along our hollow song

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