

Distrakted, The "Mule And Fuel"

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My throat is tight
And the Hate has Risen
This Wrist is Steel
And his jaw is Glass
Or so I thought
I'm still here alone
Drinking this last sip of my Life
So build me Up!
Shut me Down!
Watch me wave this Pistol all around!

If you wanna fire bullets then take my Gun

Let's go back and write a Letter
Saying nothing about how or what we meant to say
Time ticks on and the hours are fading
My hopes are High from Anticipation
I've drunk so much how's my mouth gone dry

Your guy is staring at me
Up go two of my fingers
This heart is stone
And his fingers brittle

The Last song is over
This pains still here with me
I need to Forget about you
So I'm sneaking out my bottle
And lighting up a Joint
This pains coming home with me tonight

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