

## **Robert Schilling**

### **"Shotgun Memories"**

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Every time we find someone  
It's minutes lost to the silent gun  
She has gone and found someone  
Someone like me  
Every time we find someone  
It's a story told in foreign words  
Only vowels and phony slurs  
Something in C

We don't need the feeling from the outside  
Tore Me Inside, with the feeling that you really want to  
care  
That you care, that you care

Every time we find someone  
It's money lost and pocket cloth  
She has gone and done someone  
Someone like me  
Every time we find someone  
It's funny jokes and false approach  
Only hurts for Monday's work  
Four days to bleed

On every stage we play it tears, tears me away  
On every stage we play it tears, tears me away  
What are you trying to say  
What are you trying to say, today?

Every time we find someone  
It's basement talk and nonsense calls  
She forgot to call someone  
Someone like me  
Every time we find someone  
It's like we're searching for a job  
Better search for better work  
You won't find me

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