

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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