

## Young Neil

### "Shots"

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Shots

Ringin' all along the borders can be heard

Striking out

Like a venom in the sky

Cutting through the air

Faster than a bird

In the night

Children

Are lost in the sand

Building roads with little hands

Trying to join their father's castles

Together again

Will they make it?

Who knows where or when

Old wounds will mend?

Machines

Are winding their way along

Looking string

Building roads

And bringing back loads and loads

Of building materials

In the night

Men

Are trying to move

The boulders on the ground

Lines between the different spots that each has found

But back home

Another scene

Was going down

In the night

Lust

Comes creepin'

through the night

To f

Suburban wives

Who learned to pretend

When they met their dream's end

In the night

Shots

I hear shots

I keep hearing shots

I keep hearing shots

I hear shots

Shots

I hear shots

I keep hearing shots I keep hearing shots I hear shots

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