

# Alamo Race Track, The Killing

How can you see your world is changing  
When you walk with your head down  
Snow is on the pavement  
Looking for the medicine  
A million thoughts are one

Like a slightly wounded deer  
Standing in the backyard  
Turn your eyes up brown  
(x3)

So I turn right on crooked elbow lane  
When I pass you by with a big smile  
Halfway to Hell  
Caught maybe because of obstacles  
A million questions are one

Like a slightly wounded deer  
Standing in the backyard  
Turn your eyes up brown  
(x3)

Here comes Sherry, drunk again  
Waiting by the city hall  
Mixed-up plans, she killed them all  
Look for gold and stab, they fall  
Here comes George, a troubled man  
Waiting by his femme fatale  
She is a double-crossing dame  
Ready to wipe out the game  
(x3)