

# Ane Brun, I Shot My Heart

I shot my heart to let you go  
I shot it down for you but you don't know  
I let my soul grow cold  
And it's all, it's all I could

Since then I've been reckoning the scars I left on your skin  
I've been recognizing the bullets I used for the execution  
They went straight through me and in to you  
And that's where they are stuck in  
Since then I've been reckoning the scars I left on your skin

I turned myself into  
A different kind of me to be able to  
Set my pride aside  
And it's all, it's all I could

I'm turning myself in  
Crawling down in my coffin  
I'm turning myself in  
Crawling down in my coffin

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