

Blowsight, The simple art (Of making you mine)

This is a journey not for fun
You have to bare with me
Let's hold the clowns for entertainment and the girls for company
And the more you shoot the more I smile
Just let the bullets penetrate
Hold the clowns for entertainment
dance around like timberlake
The more you shoot the more I smile
But still I'm bleeding.
So free yourself from everyone
Let's turn the party on
The situation is critical
I want us to shine
The night is still young
Let's turn the tv on
I'd like to call this the simple art of making you mine
If I could have a nickel - for everytime I said "no";
I'd be a millionaire but use the cash on the new nintendo
There was a part of me who loved the way you used to smile
The yesterday is fucking grey - I'm glad it's been a while.
So what's up with making me - it's making you the enemy
I try to heal but still I'm bleeding.
So what do you want?
High voltage rock 'n roll!
And what do you need?
Blowsight in control!
So free yourself from everyone
Let's turn the party on
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