

Nine Black Alps, Shot Down

Funny how they...could have lived yeah...funny how they really live
Drag you down and pull you in and tell you nice you'll never win
Pretty good at, letting go it's the, only place you'll ever go,
Prison doors sound like, wedding bells as you, ask for change at the wishing well
I don't like this place, I don't like what it's become
You can hide your face, you can always hide your guns
Shot down, spun round, strung out
Still around somehow
In the human race, there's a space for everyone
You can save yourself, you can always kill your sons, shot down, spun
round, strung out
Still around somehow