

# Third Eye Blind, Slow Motion (instrumental)

Ms. Jones taught me English, but I think I just shot her son  
Cause he owed me money, with a bullet in the chest you cannot run  
Now he's bleeding in a vacant lot  
The one in the summer where we used to smoke pot  
I guess I didn't mean it  
But man you shoulda seen it  
His flesh explode

Slow motion  
See me let go  
We tend to die young  
Slow motion  
See me let go  
What a brother knows  
Slow motion  
See me let go

Now the cops will get me  
But girl, if you would let me  
I'll take your pants off  
I gotta a little bit of blow  
We could both get off  
Later bathing in the afterglow  
Two lines of coke I'd cut with Drano  
And her nose starts to bleed  
A most beautiful ruby red

Slow motion  
See me let go  
We'll remember these days  
Slow motion  
See me let go  
Urban life decays  
Slow motion  
See me let go

And at home  
My sister's eating paint chips again  
Maybe that's why she's insane  
I shut the door to her moaning  
And I shoot smack in my veins  
And wouldn't you  
See my neighbor's beating his wife  
Because he hates his life  
There's an art to his fist as he swings  
Oh man, what a beautiful thing

And death slides close to me  
Won't grow old to be  
A junkie wino creep

Hollywood glamorized my wrath  
I'm the young urban psychopath  
I incite murder for your entertainment  
Cause I needed the money  
What's your excuse?  
The joke's on you

Slow motion  
See me let go (aaahh)  
Oh yeah  
Slow motion  
See me let go (aaahh)  
Ahhhh

Slow motion  
See me let go (aaahh)  
Oooh