

Blues Traveler, Shotgun Shell

I made you; or did you make me?
Who survives our partnership will be interesting to see
You serve amazingly
Your proficience undefined
I can't believe your attitude
I think you've lost your mind
Oh, don't turn on me, don't turn, love, you blow me away
Just a shotgun shell

Your frown is confident, how dare you just the same
You pitiful statistic without anyone to blame
What scares me more than love itself
How I can't seem to turn to anybody else
Oh, don't turn on me, don't turn, love, you blow me away
Just a shotgun shell

I came upstairs from the basement
To take a little look around
Problems, grief and trouble
Were all that we found
Now whenever trouble comes our way
We don't run, we don't hide
We don't laugh, we don't cry, we just say...
Blam, blam, blam...[etc.]

I own you, or do you own me?
Our partnership is ending
'Twas never meant to be
You are a demon, though we are not afraid
Our power is twice of yours
In the basement that we made
Oh, please turn on me, please turn, love, you blow me away
Just a shotgun shell
Oh, please turn on me, please turn, love, you blow me away...