

Butch Walker, Song Without A Chorus

Well there's sand in my book
From writing on the beach
Trying to find a song for you
That the ocean can only reach
And this beach is getting wider
Than my train of thought is long
And each little grain of sand
Is some other asshole poets song
So i'll try to get this right
Before the sunburn says i'm wrong,
Says i'm wrong
I keep on shooting clever guns
That blow up in my face
And what good to say i'm sorry
When time it wont erase
All the times i hit erase
On every word you said to me
And just covered it up
Like dogshit on a pretty city street
Just to not piss off the neighbors
No wonder i cant sleep, i cant sleep
A song without a chorus,
This is my first attempt
Cuz that would really bore us
And the title would go limp
But these words just keep on shooting
Out my pen just like a gun
And i'm aiming at your ears
Trying not to come undone
Cuz you love the smell of gunshots
And the company of one.. no fun
They'll probably say this sucks
But i don't really care
And i used the "gunshot" word
So it wont get on the air
While the rappers do a driveby
And smoke crack then praise the lord
While a white-bread singer songwriter
Has to stand here looking bored
And while i'm at it, i should mention
That all the guns i used in my
Songs were fake...
Not real... plastic..
Fuck... get real... blast it...
I still love you