

Calexico, Trigger

Walking south along the river
never had he found that twist of pleasure
remembering times when they were younger
setting the town on fire

and watching as his fellow friends
fell apart in the wake
claiming it was all just a mistake
when his finger pulled the trigger

and he shot everyone
it was all just a mistake
when he shot everyone

nothing will stand in the way
when hunger hasn't eaten for days
scrounges around where ends meet
and disappears into the fray

he hopes for awhile he'll reconcile
the pain that never dies
the ghosts of his family constantly
gnawing at his insides

he pulls out a worn photo
and an old handmade gun
wishes it was he who was frying
when he set the whole town on fire

he walks off crying
he shot everyone