

Fatal Flowers, Movin' Target

Walkin' down the road, fingers pointin' at your back
feel the tension grow, feel the rope around your neck

C'mon down, the hunt has just begun
C'mon down, I'm waiting for the bullet to come
Join the crowd be a part of the show
Everybody is talking but nobody seems to know

C'mon down if you got a taste for blood
C'mon down there's one thing you forgot

I'm a movin' target baby movin' away from you