

# Gomez, In Our Gun

The first words that came could've been more inspired  
You must be hungry or tired or frozen  
So put up your feet, throw some coal on the fire  
And weave us a tale of delight

So we sit in our gun and we wait for our turn  
We'll be waiting all of the night  
So we sit in our gun and we wait for our turn  
We'll be waiting all of our lives

We're all to blame  
We hide away  
Let's take the sand from this bottomless pit  
It's hell to pay  
So run away  
Destroy on command all who came and then quit

It's been carefully planned by the ones you won't see  
Send out the monkeys, they come out of the bushes  
To piss in the punch and then smash up the decks  
It's your party, we're all obliged

So we sit in our gun and we wait for our turn  
I think you hurt him, there's blood on the floor  
So we sit in our gun, can I ask what you're on?  
If you made it there's hope for us all

We're all to blame  
We hide away  
Let's take the sand from this bottomless pit  
There's hell to pay  
So run away  
Destroy on command all who came and then quit  
You're all the same  
So hide away  
Let's steal the sand from this bottomless pit