

Halfcocked, Gun For Hire

Feeling like you don't exist
Except on the bottom of some hit list
You feel degraded
And so X-rated
You wonder how it ever came to this
Now you're just a gun for hire
You end up feeling like a liar
They give you just enough to hold on
But you used to be so headstrong
Feeling like you lost control
Just on the verge of your own black hole
You feel excited
And once you've tried it
Takes all you got inside to keep a hold
Now you're just a gun for hire
You end up feeling like a liar
They give you just enough to hold on
But you used to be so headstrong
Now you're just a gun for hire
You end up feeling like a liar
They give you just enough to hold on
But you used to be so headstrong
Laying back to just let go
Now you're just a gun for hire
You end up feeling like a liar
They give you just enough to hold on
But you used to be so headstrong
Now you're just a gun for hire
You end up feeling like a liar
They give you just enough to hold on
But you used to be so headstrong