

# The Dissociatives, Somewhere Down The Barrel

Somewhere from the mortar  
They saved you from far away labels  
Eternity means nothing  
but a sign on a bridge

When everyone's a stranger  
They call for you by your first name  
and laugh at jokes you once made  
When you were a kid

Somewhere down the barrel  
Lies a bullet that I can't keep  
and in these waters I'm wading for a reason  
Afterall, it's in my head  
I'm not a slave to a desperate lust  
and in these waters I'm waiting for a reason  
Afterall

Screaming limitations  
Fall silent on new york corners  
A terrorist's a prisoner, and a tourist a thief  
When paintings seem like bargains  
but they're nothing but wallpaper  
I'm plagued by small town fascists  
like a rash on my skin

Somewhere down the barrel  
Lies a bullet that I can't keep and  
I've been searching for something more than distance  
Afterall, it's in my head  
I'm not a slave to an unborn trust  
and in these waters I'm waiting for a reason Afterall

Nah Nah Nah