

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