

# Russian Roulette

Shawn Cooley

So he loaded the clip  
Pointed the gun to his temple  
He had a note on the dresser  
That read, "To whomever listens  
To whomever reads this I have some natural questions.  
And even if I filled the paper  
You would not get the message."  
The tears fall from his eyes.  
He doubts his placement in heaven.  
He's having flashbacks to playing ball when he was eleven.  
Yo things were different back then.  
He cracks a smile for a second.  
But then it's back to the sweat  
And back to the thoughtless aggression.  
He feels he's done the best he could  
But lately he hates what he's become  
An open Bible on the floor beside an empty case of rum.  
You know it's gettin' hard to breathe  
The walls are caving on his lung.  
He would rather feel the pain.  
But too many pills have made him numb.  
Nah.

He's got a son that's on the way.  
"He's better off without me around,"  
That's what he thinks.  
On the brink, give him a couple seconds and he will break.  
He'll take his own life and care less about fate.

I got one bullet in the pistol, I spin it and let it fly.  
Barrel to the brain the fear of God in my eyes.  
Will I rise to the sky or spend my time in the fire?  
Why do they pray for my demise more than they pray for my life?

I ain't get it!  
They're the ones who put me on the ledge,  
Every time I cry they push me closer to the edge.  
I don't get it!  
I don't think I'll ever get it.

Left me to feel the pain when they seen that I ainâ€™t no longer livinâ€™.

So here we go, time to end it.

Got the barrel to the brain, so I pull the trigger.

\*clickâ€ clickâ€ clickâ€\*

From the way I finished that I guess you thought that I was dead.

Guess Iâ€™m not the only one to hear the voices in my head.

Yeah, I pulled the trigger but I left the safety on instead.

Then I fell down to my knees.

I ainâ€™t lyinâ€™, donâ€™t go back.

That was Godâ€™s way of showinâ€™ me thatâ€™s not the way to go.

How could I be so selfish?

Iâ€™m sorry but I donâ€™t know.

I guess thatâ€™s what I get,

I tried to solve it on my own.

Take it out of Godâ€™s hands,

It ainâ€™t hard to lose control.

Now I swear that I wonâ€™t lie.

Not a thing about me is perfect.

And I apologize for the times I acted worthless.

I now follow the Lord and His path has gotten me nervous.

I keep slippinâ€™ up and sayinâ€™, â€œGod, Iâ€™m sorry but Iâ€™m still learninâ€™.â€

I was bankrupt.

Lord only You could pay the debt.

Donâ€™t waste shaminâ€™ me

Oh my God, why did I end this way?

I learned it all the hard way,

Listen donâ€™t you forget:

You got way too many blessings to play Russian Roulette.

Lyrics Submitted by Ethan Swoyer

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