

FootShooter

Frightened Rabbit

Well, the booze in my blood
Runs fast and loud
And my brain shouts down to my mouth
Say whatever I think Say it at him

And when the dam bursts open
And you're drowned out, boy
Better go outside, sit in your boat and wait
'Til you get washed away

Hold your thoughts
Time your rallies, ah, ah, aah
Pluck up your ears
We're doin' it verbal but I am loaded

Duck under that desk
Cover your neck, ah, ah, aah
Pickin' your skin
As I begin to shoot myself in the foot again

And as the voice succumbs
And my mouth goes numb
I limp out to the sound of the breakin' of broken toes
A vandal spoke

And in the stark and the sobering dry sunlight
I will blink my eyes
And hope the blink can erase
All the shit that I said and did

Hold your thoughts
Time your rallies, ah, ah, aah
Pluck up your ears
We're doin' it verbal but I am loaded

Duck under that desk
Cover your neck, ah, ah, aah
Pickin' your skin
As I begin to shoot myself in the foot again

And if I shoot at you
You should shoot at me too
We can drown in the ghost
Of the thick dark words we throw

And if my face turns white
I apologize
I am sorry it is not your fault
It's mine

Hold your thoughts
Time your rallies, ah, ah, aah
Pluck up your ears
We're doin' it verbal but I am loaded

Duck under that desk
Cover your neck, ah, ah, aah
Pickin' your skin
As I begin to shoot myself in the foot again

Lyrics submitted by Gregory LaFave.

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