

Pistola

Incubus

On the tip of my tongue
An offensive is poised and rearing
My intention a bullet
My body a trigger finger Yeah, my pen is a Pistola
I don't need to fear, fear you
Yeah, my pen is a Pistola My secret arsenal
Is an infinite ageless ink, well
It's a fountain of youth
And a patriot's weapon of choice Yeah, my pen is a Pistola
I don't need to fear, fear you
Yeah, my pen is a Pistola On the tip of my tongue
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