

# Three Fingers

## Rival Sons

I'm in the air gliding over the water  
Feet tucked under my tail  
Wings pulled back  
Body like a spear  
This time I'm coming back with a whale I'd better take a deep breath It's never easy  
We are the bullets  
Breast to grave I'm on my feet and I'm running the plaza  
Matador is holding the red  
I've got the horns  
I've got the speed  
This motherfucker's going home dead Three fingers on the rocks It's never easy  
But you'd better be brave  
We are the bullets  
Breast to grave

Songwriters

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HOLIDAY Published by

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