

Shot Down

Nine Black Alps

Funny how, could have lived, yeah.
Funny how they really live.
Drag you down, and, pull you in, and,
Tell you nice you'll never win.

Pretty good at, laying low,
It's the, only place you'll ever go.
Prison doors, sound like, wedding bells,
As you, ask for change at the wishing well.

I don't like this place.
I don't like what it's become.
You can hide your face,
You can always hide your guns.

Shot down, spun round, strung out.
Still around, somehow.

In the human race,
There's a space for everyone.
You can save yourself.
You can always kill your sons.

Shot down, spun round, strung out.
Still around, somehow.

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