

Pistol (A. Cunanan, Miami, FL. 1996)

Modest Mouse

I've got my pistol in the car, uh-huh.
I've got my stereo in the car, uh-huh.
I've got my room key in the car, uh-huh.
Why don't you come into my room and clean my pistol?
No duh. I maximize my only liaisons,
I'm gonna take it till the taking comes on. I've got my cocaine in the glove box now,
The sun roof is down, oh wow.
I've got my room key in my pocket and you know,
I've got a pistol that I need to unload.
I'm gonna t-t-t-t-take you on up,
You say, "what?" I'm gonna t-t-t-take your shirt right on off.
I'm gonna zip-zip-zip-zip-zip-za-za-za-zip your pants on down.
I'm gonna sip, sip, sip, sip, sip, from my royal royal, royal crown. And we go... I've got a backpack with some
clothes
That I could wear to work tomorrow, they won't know.
Oh-oh-oh- uh-oh.
That I was up all night, not ready for the meeting, oh no - oh oh.
Got a wallet in my backpack
And I think it's mine but I don't care, you know.
Got my backpack with the money,
Got myself a passport, I should probably go. And we go....

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>