

.44 Caliber Love Letter

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Sifting through weathered photo albums
(Does it make a difference?)
Looking for gloriously aged Polaroids
(This is the way it is)
(You think it really would make a difference? Would I hang on the beach in perfect black and hide?)
Of places you've never been.
(I broke through this hollow shell that once held me so tight I couldn't breathe)
A place to accept you don't exist
(Come with me, jump off the edge)"Smile for the camera sweetheart. I really wanna immortalize the moment."
Just remember the first step in forgetting
Is destroying all the evidence.
With friends like you,
Who needs subtext?
Sub. Text. Sub. Text.This is a .44 caliber love letter straight from my heart.With a gun, make your shot.
Let's hope for better shit.
(Straight {straight!} from {from!} my {my!} heart {heart!})
That reason for separation.
(Straight {straight!} from {from!} my {my!} heart {heart!})
Straight from my heart.
Christened by your bullet.
I'm losing patience.
Well I guess
It's my own fault.

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