

Chinchilla

This Town Needs Guns

So far weve lost focus.
Lets just concentrate on words that could mean everything. On nights like this,
we drink ourselves dry
and make promises
without intention. So fortunate that this was brought up,
the last time. As I recall,
I cant hold up your every expectation. On nights like this,
we drink ourselves dry
and make promises
without intention. My God, is this what weve become?
Living parodies of love and loss,
can we really be all that lost? So fortunate that this was brought up,
the last time. As I recall,
I cant hold up your every expectation. One moment to another I am restless.
Seems making love forever can often risk your heart.
And I cannot remember when I was this messed up.
In service of another I am beautiful. ba-ba-da-ba-ba
ba-da-da-ba

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