

# Raygun

## The Gris Gris

Shoot me with your Raygun  
Full of holes so the daylight can get to what's dark  
I remain trapped inside your body  
The vice above your head, the hole inside your heart Shoot me with your Raygun  
Full of night and daylight savings  
Armour me with futile aspirations  
The knives of many nations, a shovel and some dirt Digging down you'll find you're old inside  
Digging down you'll find you're old Shoot me with your Raygun  
Full of holes of indignation  
We've never been there before  
We've never been there before Shoot me with your Raygun  
Full of holes of indignation  
We've never been there before  
You and me Take me with you  
To the place where everything is unsaid  
I remain trapped inside my body  
Wishing it was over Shoot me with your Raygun  
Through the night so the daylight finds you  
Wishing it was over, wishing it was over  
Wishing it was over, wishing it was over Wishing it was over  
Wishing it was over  
Wishing it was over  
And over and over Digging down you'll find you're old inside  
Digging down you'll find you're old Shoot me with your Raygun  
Full of holes of indignation  
We've never been there before  
We've never been there before Shoot me with your Raygun  
Full of holes of indignation  
We've never been there before  
You and me

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