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 heartShoot me with your Raygun
Full of night and daylight savings
Armour me with futile aspirations
The knives of many nations, a shovel and some dirtDigging down you'll find you're old inside
Digging down you'll find you're oldShoot me with your Raygun
Full of holes of indignation
We've never been there before
We've never been there beforeShoot me with your Raygun
Full of holes of indignation
We've never been there before
You and meTake me with you
To the place where everything is unsaid
I remain trapped inside my body
Wishing it was overShoot 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 overWishing it was over
Wishing it was over
Wishing it was over
And over and overDigging down you'll find you're old inside
Digging down you'll find you're oldShoot me with your Raygun
Full of holes of indignation
We've never been there before
We've never been there beforeShoot me with your Raygun
Full of holes of indignation
We've never been there before
You and me

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