

Good With Guns

Ass Ponys

I can see her arms extended
Standing in the kitchen door
Tried to get her with my pistol
Water streaming to the floor I remember she was breathing
I can still recall her scent
In the morning on my fingers
Unmanicured and slightly bent Take a liar as a lover
Taste the liquor on her lips
Drink it down just like a man
Then cough it up and choke on it Light is streaming
Through the window
Pull the curtain block the sun
Tried to get her with my pistol
But I've never been
Good with guns

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