

# What Goes Around Comes Around

## Catch 22

Pick you up in the suburbs tomorrow.

We won't tell, they won't follow. Pack your bags, and put all your trust in me. Never had a gun to his head, that's what he said, that's why I shot him dead, with the vengeance that his daughter fed. I've always been a sucker for a brown eyed, punk rock girl, and for her I'd shoot the world. [CHORUS] Shoot him down. Shoot him down for all the nightmares. Shoot him down. What goes around will come around. Shoot him down. your father is also your pain. I love you and for us I'll shoot him down.

No remorse. We've got no time to look back. The cop is on our trail and we're driving in a Topaz. Stuck in no-man's land, between the body and mind. "Drop your gun!... Put your hands behind your head!" Turn around, pop a clip, hit him in his chest. Home free, and we're headed for the border. Spending time in Mexico, Tijuana.

Drown our shame then start our lives again, in California. [CHORUS] Next thing I know, I'm all alone in a motel. No explanation, no letter goodbye. I can't promise much, but I do promise this. I promise to find you. So I can remind you. I loved you and for us I shot him down.

Songwriters

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