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.

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