

# Trigger

## Calexico

Walking south along the river  
Never had he found that twist of pleasure  
Remembering times when they were younger  
Setting the town on fire And watching as his fellow friends  
Fell apart in the wake  
Claiming it was all just a mistake  
When his finger pulled the trigger  
And he shot everyone It was all just a mistake  
When he shot everyone Nothing will stand in the way  
When hunger hasn't eaten for days  
Scrounges around where the ends meet  
Then disappears into the fray He hopes for a while he'll reconcile  
The pain that never dies  
The ghosts of his family constantly  
Gnawing at his insides He pulls out a worn photo  
And an old handmade gun  
Wishes it was he who was frying  
When he set the whole town on fire He walks off crying  
He shot everyone

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