No Response

The Hep Stars

I want a gun fire in my head
I want a gun fire in my head
I got enough faults left for dead
I want, I want
I'll bury in my head in the sand
I'll bury in my head in the sand
I won't pretend I understand
I don't, I don't

And live it all as black and white
And tell me what is wrong and right
I don't suppose that anybody knows
And maybe when we reach the end
We'll ask imaginary friends
why no response

I've spoken my piece in the dark
I've spoken my piece in the dark
I've spoken just like I was taught
I'm caught, I'm caught
I've noticed my sense in the cold
I've noticed my sense in the cold
I've noticed some boys in the cold
I'm done, I'm done

And live it all as black and white
And tell me what is wrong and right
I don't suppose that anybody knows
And maybe when we reach the end
We'll ask imaginary friends
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