

# Im Gonna Shoot

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And I miss you when you're gone  
He leaves me with a box of pearls kissing pearls with no mouths  
Conceived in a birdcage she grows  
The apple of her father's eye  
Swimming in a fountain of milk  
Built from bricks at the heart of thickness  
I can feel her fingers spread to the beat of a kick drum  
She will be beautiful and we already know her name  
I've already laid eyes on the eyes on the apparition of my daughter  
She's got that touch of you that makes her glow  
Softest harmony, sung aloud  
And she will be beautiful  
Our choir girl  
Venora  
(taste me, embrace me, our choir girl).  
Mother natures got craftsmanship  
While producing ghostly fruits  
She crept behind the woodwork gracefully speechless

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Lyrics submitted by susana.

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