

Simeon ten Holt

Send away for a priceless gift
 One not subtle, one not on the list
 Send away for a perfect world
 One not simply, so absurd
 In these times of doing what you're told
 You keep these feelings, no one knows
 What ever happened to the young man's heart
 Swallowed by pain, as he slowly fell apart
 And I'm staring down the barrel of a 45
 Swimming through the ashes of another life
 No real reason to accept the way things have changed
 Staring down the barrel of a 45
 Send a message to the unborn child
 Keep your eyes open for a while
 In a box high up on the shelf
 Left for you, no one else
 There's a piece of a puzzle known as life
 Wrapped in guilt, sealed up tight
 What ever happened to the young man's heart
 Swallowed by pain, as he slowly fell apart
 And I'm staring down the barrel of a 45
 Swimming through the ashes of another life
 No real reason to accept the way things have changed
 Staring down the barrel of a 45
 Everyone's pointing their fingers
 Always condemning me
 Nobody knows what I believe
 I believe
 And I'm staring down the barrel of a 45
 Swimming through the ashes of another life
 No real reason to accept the way things have changed
 Staring down the barrel of a 45
 And I'm staring down the barrel of a 45
 And I'm swimming through the ashes of another life
 There is no real reason to accept the way things have changed
 Staring down the barrel of a 45, 45
 Staring down the barrel of a 45

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