

My Last Words

Megadeth

My life's on time but again my sense is late
Feel a might unsteady but still I have to play
Six to one's the odds and we have the highest stakes
And once again I gamble with my very life today
Highly polished metal, the oil makes it gleam
Fill the terror chamber, your mind begins to scream
Your life is like a trigger, never trouble till you're squeezed
Now you crack a smile, as you give the gun a tease
Place the pistol down, now give the gun a spin
Soon as the spinning stops, oh no, the game starts in
A hateful way of vengeance, a bit of playful sin
Load another bullet, now the second round begins
A couple grains of powder, a couple grams of lead
A touch against the trigger, a touch inside the head
Take another drink and raise the last bets
Think about my last words, they might be what I just said
A click comes from the hammer that couldn't drive a
nail
Sense the numbing cold blue or the red of Hades' grill
A fraction of a second, do you lose or maybe still
Pass it to the left, and collect your mighty kill
Add another bullet, the third round begins
Soon as the spinning stops, oh no, the game starts in
Please, no I.O.U's, no markers for death
Does anybody play? Anybody, somebody, everybody
You, you, next victim, you next to die
You, you, next victim, you, your turn to die
You, come on, next victim, you, your turn to die
You, come on, next victim, you, your turn to die

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