Gunshow

Uncle Green

There's a prize that I know
Got my rifle in the show
And I'm sure I'm gonna win

The judges down the hall
If it's my name they call
Then the offers will roll in

When they announce it at eight
That my roses await
Though I've felt this way before

Oh tell me why oh why
Does my head stay in the sky
When I know I'll never win?
I just need to make my peace
With the loser in me
Oh the loathing creeps back in

I've been polishing away
Just waiting for this day
Christmas comes twice every year

The barrell's straight and good
The engraving's in the wood
It's a weapon without peer

And when they call out my name
I can stand up without shame
Though I've been this way before

Oh tell me why oh why
Does my head stay in the sky
When I know I'll never win?
I just need to make my peace
With the loser in me
Oh the loathing creeps back in

I've got no say
It's not my day

There are no choices for me
It's not my day

There's a prize that I know
Got my rifle in the show
And I'm sure I'm gonna win

Lyrics submitted by Scott.

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