

# Bullseye

[Dia Frampton](#)

We're gonna run, gonna run, gonna save you  
We're rolling up our sleeves, got our fingers curled  
For the bad, for the good, for the evil,  
They got it out for me, for me  
We're tripping hard, gotta hit it on the bullseye  
We gotta check our traps, gotta sneak out late  
For the girls, and the boys, for the broken  
They got it bad for me, for me  
We gotta run, gotta run, who will save me  
We're rolling up our sleeves  
We're trippin' hard, gotta hit it on the bullseye  
They got it out for me  
Baby, it's the chain reaction, you'll see.  
It's a lonely, lonely world, at a crazy, crazy speed  
And you don't need no more distractions from me  
It's a lonely lonely world, at a crazy, crazy speed  
You hit a groove, hit a groove on your back road

You walk the boulevard looking for a change  
In your eyes, in your hands, at your young age  
They're looking low for you, for you  
We gotta run, gotta run, who will save me  
We're rolling up our sleeves  
We're trippin' hard, gotta hit it on the bullseye  
They got it out for me  
Baby, it's the chain reaction, you'll see.  
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Baby, it's the chain reaction, you'll see.  
It's a lonely, lonely world, at a crazy, crazy speed  
And you don't need no more distractions from me  
It's a lonely lonely world

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