

# Shooting Shark

## Blue Oyster Cult

Well, I bumped inside the magic man  
And he laid some tricks on me  
He said, "You do need help, my friend"  
I whispered, "Obviously" He laid a spread of Jacks and Queens  
And he bade me take my pick  
But every face, it had your face  
I cried out, "I am sick" Sick of hauling your love around  
Want to run my train alone  
But the engine tracks, straight through your heart  
And weighs me like a stone Oh, it's a hard load to love you  
It takes up all my time having you  
So familiar like last life's nursery rhyme So I gave away the pictures  
And your golden ring  
And the phone calls you sent me  
And the silver birds that sing Then the man, he told me something  
That really brought me down  
Your things were thrown away, it's true  
But you were still in town Sick of hauling your love around  
Wanna run my train alone  
But the engine tracks, straight through your heart  
And weighs me like a stone Oh, it's a hard load to love you  
It takes up all my time having you  
So familiar like last life's nursery rhyme The magician let the message  
It flashes when I hide  
Accept the chains of loving  
Accept or else remove yourself from her side  
Do without her love And I lay back with a steel chain  
I keep it by my side  
I could mail a letter to you  
But I still have my pride Sick of hauling your love around  
Wanna run my train alone  
But the engine tracks, straight through your heart  
And weighs me like a stone Three times, I've sent you back from me  
Three times, my bone's gone dry  
And three times, I've seen the shooting shark  
Lighting up the sky Oh, it's a hard load to love you, baby  
It takes my breath away  
Fourth time round is the last time round  
There's nothing else to say

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