

Hair-Trigger

Protest the Hero

That sweet little redhead's
Got her hooks in my back
She points her finger
And she shows me what I lack
Her pale skin, it burns so hot
In the midnight air
She paints the streets a shade of gray
Around my chair, so come on in
Her heartbreak on my skin
And her scent on my fingers
Her taste is on my mind
It constantly lingers
'Til I can breathe her
'Til I can believe her
'Til I can breathe her
'Til I can leave her
Every kiss is a little sickening
I can feel death's fingers quickening
Tightening my passageways
If you can't count the years
Start counting down
Try to remember that she hates you
And though she might elate you
She tries to kill the great
That's in you now
And she's happening to the fate
That awaits you now
And despite her words
It's not too late
I wrote a goddamn love song
To praise everything I hate
And kids were wanting the chorus line
And assailed my picture's frame
She might run shit for right now
But I'll be damned if it's forever and always
As the chorus line fades away
Like friends in high school, always
Oh, I got this feeling
And things will never ever, ever be the same
Things will never be the same
What about those rainy nights in London?
What about the crippling desert heat?
What about all those times
You swore you'd never leave me?
What about the hospital in LA?
It took me [Incomprehensible] through the night
What about that blackened image in my mind?
I swear I burn with a new light
What about that frozen, dripping, holiday burn?
That's cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold
Cold, cold, cold, cold, she's cold as ice

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