Empty Texas

Full Scale

I saw her standing there, her flowing hair and skin so fair
Want her so, Need her so
(I'm desperate!)If she could take me back, The one thing that I never had
Want that bad, Need that bad
(I'm desperate!)If this was Texas then I'd have a gun and he'd get some
Want that bad, Need that bad
(I'm desperate!)I'll take my pound of fleshYou were never into me
I was always second to youCan't you see I'm alone?
Just like on Oprah fucking Winfrey
Where's my Hollywood screenplay mother fucker?
I'm gonna pump you so full of leadI want what I can't haveIf I was pushed into this was it my faultMy minds changing with the weather
Is it December or November?
I'm holding on to something
I thought was realMy mind is like feather
Is it December or November?
I'm rising from the ashes
Phoenix in the night.And you want what you cannot haveMy mind is like a feather
Is it December or November?
I'm Rising, Rising, Rising.If this was Texas then I'd have a gun and he'd get some

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