October, First Account

Be Your Own Pet

I will bring anything for three
With a dusty smile and a loaded gun
You ask me again, what's in it for me?
Well thanks and tell me come undone

Painted red, our hands are white
I've never seen this place before
Seen through, we're on our way
Through and through each bolted door

Driving us down for it's chase
And we run any day we'll skip town
It'll never hear us come
Driving us down for it's chase
And we run any day we'll skip town
It'll never hear us come

won't you help me out? Won't you please help me figure it all out?
We've cut ourselves open a hundred times
We've cut ourselves open a hundred times
But we're not out of ammo yet
But we're not out of ammo yet

Oh now no, won't you help me out? Won't you please help me figure it all out?
We've cut ourselves open a hundred times
We've cut ourselves open a hundred times
But we're not out of ammo yet, not yet
But we're not out of ammo yet, not yet

Driving us down for it's chase
And we run any day we'll skip town
It'll never hear us come
Driving us down for it's chase
And we run any day we'll skip town
It'll never hear us come
Driving us down for it's chase
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Driving us down for it's chase
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It'll never hear us come

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