

# Bandoliers

## Them Crooked Vultures

Oh it's too late  
I got hit by the closing door  
And as I watch myself reflect,  
On the wrong side of  
My, you've changed,  
You turned the corner I'll never go  
I admit I feel a bit deceived  
You're expecting I'd follow  
Bandoliers  
To fight me, dear  
Nobody caused the rift,  
We've just grown apart now  
So,  
Prepare, and take aim  
Then fire  
(x2)  
(If that's the way it has to be)  
I'm fooling myself,  
Fooling myself into believing you  
All these fictionary tales,  
You're telling yourself  
Selfish, like a child that's never heard of no

I watched him everchanging you,  
Never find us  
Bandoliers  
To fight you, dear  
Nobody caused the rift,  
Can't become what I'm not  
You've always my heart,  
So if it must be broken  
Prepare, and take aim,  
Then fire  
(x4)  
Fire away...  
If you must, but I only came  
Just to let you know: this is goodbye  
Oh, Goodbye...  
Prepare, and take aim,

Then fire

(x2)

'Cause no one can make me die

No one can make me cry

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