

Point and Click

Tomahawk

Them scumbags, them fag hags
Short eyes, dope dealers
Drive-bys, faith healers I'll be there, far away
I'm floating above it all, be there
I'll be there, far away
I'll be there for you I'll prove the holy road leads
To the snake charmers, the shoe hangers
I'll show you Sunday strollers too
The gang bangers, spirit channelers I wanna be the one for you
I'll be the one, I bought a gun
I wanna be the crowning jewel
Too bad they won't believe me son

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