

Song Without a Chorus

Butch Walker

Well theres sand in my book
From writing on the beach
Trying to find a song for you
That the ocean can only reachAnd this beach is getting wider
Than my train of thought is long
And each little grain of sand
Is some other asshole poets songSo Ill try to get this right
Before the sunburn says I'm wrong
Says Im wrongI keep on shooting clever guns
That blow up in my face
And what good to say Im sorry
When time it wont eraseAll the times I hit erase
On every word you said to me
And I just covered it up
Like dog shit on a pretty city streetJust to not piss off the neighbors
You know, it's wonder I can't sleep
I can't sleepA song without a chorus
You know this is my first attempt
'Cuz that would really bore us
And the title would go limpBut these words just keep on shooting
Out my pen just like a gun
And Im aiming at your ears
Trying not to come undone'Cuz you love the smell of gunshots
And the company of one
That's no funTheyll probably say this sucks
But I dont really care
And I used the gunshot word
So it won't get on the airWhile the rappers do a drive by
And smoke crack then praise the Lord
While a white-bread singer songwriter
Has to stand here looking boredWhile Im at it, I should mention
That all the guns I used in my
Songs were fake, not real, plastic
I fuck, get real, blast it, I still love you

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