

Guns & Ammo

Minus the Bear

You've got files on me, little girl
I've got your number (I'm callin' in)
You've got files on me, little girl
I've got your number (I'm callin' in)

Skip to the end
Exhausted bodies in bed
Fallin' asleep with the lights on
Skip the "You don't understand,"
Skip the "You're such a petty man,"
Skip the way you'll never listen
You never listen

I've got files on you, little girl
You've got my number (Don't call, don't call it in)

Back to the start
You call the planet a star
Or something else of consequence
I can lose my wits so easily
And you're circlin' around
Baby won't you bring me down

You've got files on me, little girl
I've got your number (I'm callin' in, callin' it in)
You've got files on me, little girl
I've got your number (I'm callin' in, callin' it in)

We go round and round and round and round
We go round and round and around and round
We go around and around and around and around
We go around and around and around and around

You've got the files on me, don't you?
I'm not saying that you're wrong
You've got the files on me, don't you?
I'm not saying that you're wrong

You've got the files on me, don't you?
I can't say that you are wrong

You've got the files on me, don't you?
I can't say that you are wrong
You've got the files, you've got the files on me, don't you?
I can't say that you are wrong

You've got my number.

Lyrics submitted by Sunny Akane.

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