The Sad Punk

Pixies

I smell smoke that comes from a gun
Named extinction
Named extinction
Named extinction
Named
It was a long time ago, could have happened to anyone
He was struck by a bullet and he melted into fluid
Named extinction
Named extinction
Named extinction
Named
Extinction
One thousand miles an hour, I'm just like anyone
I want to feel the road of tar beneath the wheel
Named extinction
Named extinction
Named extinction
Named
And evolving from the sea would no be too much time for me
To walk beside you in the sun
I read something about a son of a gun
Named extinction
Extinction
Extinction

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