

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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