

# Slow Motion (Dirty Version)

## Third Eye Blind

Miss Jones taught me English  
But I think I just shot her son  
Cause he owed me money  
With a bullet in the chest you cannot run  
Now he's bleeding in a vacant lot  
The one in the summer where we used to smoke pot  
I guess I didn't mean it but man you should've seen it  
His flesh explode  
Slow motion see me let go  
We tend to die young  
Slow motion see me let go  
What a brother knows  
Slow motion see me let go  
Now the cops will get me  
But girl if you would let me  
I'll take your pants off  
I got a little bit of blow we could both get off  
Later bathing in the afterglow  
Two lines of Coke I cut with Drano  
An her nose starts to bleed  
A most beautiful ruby red  
Slow motion see me let go  
We'll remember these days  
Slow motion see me let go  
Urban life decays  
Slow motion see me let go  
And at home  
My sister's eating paint chips again  
Maybe that's why she's insane  
I shut the door to her moaning  
And I shoot smack in my veins  
Wouldn't you?  
See my neighbor's beating his wife  
Because he hates his life  
There's an arc to his fist as he swings  
Oh man, what a beautiful thing  
And death slides close to me  
Won't grow old to be  
A junkie wine-o creep

Hollywood glamorized my wrath  
I'm the young urban psychopath  
I incite murder  
For your entertainment  
'Cause I needed the money  
What's your excuse?  
The jokes on you  
Slow motion see me let go  
Slow motion see me let go  
Slow motion see me let go

Songwriters

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