Blowsight, The simple art (Of making you mine)

This is a journey not for fun You have to bare with me

Let's hold the clowns for entertainment and the girls for company

And the more you shoot the more I smile

Just let the bullets penetrate

Hold the clowns for entertainment

dance around like timberlake

The more you shoot the more I smile

But still I'm bleeding.

So free yourself from everyone

Let's turn the party on

The situation is critical

I want us to shine

The night is still young

Let's turn the tv on

I'd like to call this the simple art of making you mine

If I could have a nickel - for everytime I said "no"

I'd be a millionare but use the cash on the new nintendo

There was a part of me who loved the way you used to smile The yesterday is fucking grey - I'm glad it's been a while.

So what's up with making me - it's making you the enemy

I try to heal but still I'm bleeding.

So what do you want?

High voltage rock 'n roll!

And what do you need?

Blowsight in control!

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