Eat this gun

It’s six o’clock and you’re not home.

Here I sit, I’m all alone.

It’s later now and you’re still not here.

Guess I’ll drink another beer.

I sit and stare at the setting sun.

If I can’t have my baby I’ll eat this gun.

If I can’t have my baby I’ll eat this gun.

I rummage around for the strongest pill

Then I set my sights on the Benadryl

After an hour I still feel OK

But I still want to die today

I stare out into the setting sun

If I can’t have my baby I’ll eat this gun

If I can’t have my baby I’ll eat this gun