

Nicole Dollanganger - Poachers Pride

Tom: G

I shot an angel with my father's rifle
 I should have set it free, but I let it bleed
 Made it into taxidermy, hung it on my wall
 On my wall
 (C D)

I shot an angel, kept it in my backyard
 Hung it out to dry on the clothing line
 Pinned above my bed like the cross
 D C D

Of Jesus Christ on my wall

(C D)
 And I know one day hell will catch up with me
 And I'm sure that I will burn eternally
 One day it will come to claim its pound of flesh
 When it's done, there won't be anything left

I shot an angel, dragged it to my basement
 Starved it till it died and I did not cry
 Sickness of poacher's pride

Acordes

