

# BLUNDERBUSS





Got no change got a revolution | makes  
no cents to find a solution | your well's  
dried up just rattle your cup | ask nobody  
for a contribution | wha I got to say you  
can keep or ignore | doesn't bother me  
if you're a little bit poor | gonna shake  
it loose like the golden goose | go  
biblical | wax lyrical. | Feel your life  
slippin' away | you feel like you're  
fadin' away | heaven is mine,  
I pass through the needle | a  
rich man gotta buy the love of

the people | I'm a barefoot  
doctor out to survive | don't  
need to chase the dollar  
just to know I'm alive. Give it  
away now, go for broke | mil-  
lion dollar dreams goin' up  
in smoke Feel your life slip-  
pin away | workin' pay to  
pay | livin' day to day | for a  
life that's not your own | feel  
like you're fadin' away savin'  
for a rainy day | and you hope  
and pray | for a life to call  
your own don't need a dime to  
buy me some time give me a  
frozen lake | not your real es-  
tate | that's not real it's fake | -  
don't chase the dollar | give  
me a mountain climb | not your  
bottom line | coz I ain't got time | -  
to chase the dollar | give me the  
natural world | not your flags un-  
furled | every boy and girl | don't  
chase the dollar | give me the open  
sky | and not your golden lie | coz it  
just won't fly | don't chase the dollar.



# BLUNDERBUSS CLOUD DESTINY

Flying over water vapour | Looking down  
at birds in flight | Dying all the thoughts  
of anger | Fragile as a paper kite. Can  
you hear me from the ground | Can you  
hear me from the clouds. Airborn baby  
between heavens | Stranger to let-  
ting go | Control is all an illusion |  
Fragile as a birthing doe. Can you  
hear me from the ground | Can

you hear me from the clouds.  
Gliding on the wings of fate |  
Flying on the shaft of luck | Divine  
fearsome destiny | Deciding when  
my hour's struck | I can see you  
from the sky | I can see you with  
brand new eyes | The joy and fear to  
be alive | I'll kiss the ground when I  
arrive | Can you hear me | I can see you.







Fire! Inside me. | You feel it? | It's yours | You want it | Come get me | Be careful, it burns. It's heating up in here | Let's take off all our clothes | That means you honey | Come over here and cool me down | Hey! Fire warden | You're on notice | Coz I'm electric | Keep that foam extinguisher on standby. [chorus] I wanna see your fire safety plan. Am I in it? | Mitigate me baby | Risk assessment hazard number one | Got fuel, I think I smell

it | Let's do a sniff test | Smother me in soapy water | Now step back, I think I'm gonna blow [chorus] I hope you're wearing natural fibres hun | Put some gloves on | So you can touch me | Pat me out, right here on my buns | Hot sugar syrup | Caramelised | This song is gettin' sexy- | I think it's time I held my tongue, the Fire! | I'm on fire and I feel it in my spine | You are a sculptor, shaping flames and making lines (Dig on this) | My feet are smokin and I'm burnin up the ground | My horn is blazing and we're burning the house down (Cool tricks for kids) | It's heatin' up, circles of light flash all around me | It's bustin' out, radiating from inside me (Yeah, yeah, tell it like it is) | Solar bursts from my hips, setting everything aflame (Aha) | Your head turns, flaming lips, open up and sing out my name | Fire! (Don't you know our love) | Inside me (Don't you know our love) | You feel it (Don't you know our love) | It's yours | Don't you know our love puts volcanoes to shame | When we're together lava is cold, sun is shade (Alright) | And when we kiss the inferno is in my heart (Uh Uh) | When we're fucking we are two exploding stars. | Fire!

# BLUNDERBUSS



Name a book I read it | Gimme  
the test don't sweat it | I will win  
you bet it | Ain't met a mountain  
best be countin' | Give me the shot I  
slam it | Oceans wide I span it |  
Cockpit I man it | Nothin' too high  
nothin' too wide | **You and me head to head**  
**Toe to toe the pressure's on** | You  
been there I seen it | All I say I mean  
it | All I am I dream it | Nothin' you say  
that I don't know | You got skill I know  
it | You got will now show it | Backbone  
now grow it | I wanna see you cross  
the line | **You and me head to head** |  
**Toe to toe the pressure's on** My skill,  
my will, game on | Yeah, Blunderbuss  
Jones, Dandelion Jackson, Mr Manifold  
on the court | Gloves off, no referee

y'all | Automated, but underes-  
timated | That is your mistake,  
you made it | Easy peasy lemon  
squeezy | Movin' so fast that no-one  
sees me | You're intimidated, it's not  
complicated | This will not be understated  
| There's the door, get off the floor | If  
competition makes you queasy | Flex it,  
stretch it, move it, shake it | Do whatever  
it takes to make it | See it, dream it,  
will it, be it | Nothin' to chance when you  
dance this dance | You want it so badly  
(I can't help myself) | You want it so  
madly (I can't stop myself) | Well catch  
me if you can | That's right, there's no  
turnin' back now, no time to lose | You  
will do whatever it takes to win the game  
(repeat first verse)





Blunderbuss is Blunderbuss Jones, Dandelion Jackson and Mr. Manifold.  
All songs on Ready, Aim, Fire! are written by Blunderbuss Jones and Dandelion Jackson.  
Produced by Blunderbuss Jones and Mr. Manifold. Mixed by Mr. Manifold and Ben Kramp.  
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