

# Time And Wasted Bullets

## Children 18:3

I guess, I imagined them myself  
When no one was looking  
And even though the words came from my pen  
As yet I haven't the meaning Vex me not in truth or lie  
By cross and fish or dove  
Someone's keeping secrets here  
It feels like an inside job Maybe, if I tried just a little bit harder  
Oh, time and wasted bullets  
Oh, we tried Maybe if I could escape through one more night  
I would then feel at home But looking again revealed  
A pole hanging a serpent  
One hundred years flew by in a moment  
And all was unimportant Will you question who I am?  
Would you counter these perceptions?  
I don't claim to have the answers here  
But I can give you directions But even if I try just a little bit harder  
Oh, time and wasted bullets  
Oh, we tried Maybe if I could escape through one more night  
I would then feel at home  
I said, "Please, let me try just to wait through one more night  
Maybe then I'd be home" Oh, time and wasted bullets  
Oh, nothing here is as it should be  
Oh, in time we'll make it through this  
Oh, in time Maybe if I could escape through one more night  
I would then feel at home  
I said, "Please, let me try just to wait through one more night  
Maybe then I'd be home"

Songwriters

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