Bullets

Tunng

Green hills and enemies
These things they make us sentimental inside
Your words are gelignite
Or just another sentimental asideWe're catching bullets in our teeth
And though it's easy if you know how it's done
They split the secret up six ways before they gave it to us just before dawn
And now we don't rememberOur blood and guts are out
We spread our bones across the table at night
We cut our fingers off
To give ourselves those little extra insightsWe're catching bullets in our teeth
And though they try hard not to say how it's done
They always do
They spill the secret out six ways
And beg for our forgiveness
Just before dawn
And now we don't rememberWe're catching bullets in our teeth
It's hard to do but they're so sweet
And if they take a couple out
We try to work things out
We catching bullets with our
Heads and hearts and all the darkest parts of us
It's strange to find such light
In such endless nightSo sweet to lose a friend
You leave the church and taste
The air in your lungs
Old lies and fireflies
Carve angels on your eyes
And all is undone
You whisper prayers into the dark
Up to a god in whom you've never believed
You always do
You split the secret up six ways
But it won't make it any easier to see
And now we don't rememberWe're catching bullets in our teeth
Its hard to do but they're so sweet
And if they take a couple out
We try to work things out
We're catching bullets with our
Heads and hearts and all the darkest parts of us

It's strange to find such light
In such endless night
We're catching bullets in our backs
We sent the undertaker back
Into the garden in the drought
To try to work things out
We're catching bullets with the best resources that we've got
We're happy then again we're not
We shout - through the endless doubtNa na na na na na

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