

Bullet Theory

Funeral for a Friend

Who shot the bullet?
That killed the air tonight
Without a thought
Without a reason
Take a gun called hate up against your heart, and pull the trigger
Take a gun called hate up against your heart, and pull the trigger
Its over
Its only over
It only over when we say
The smoke and mirror
Well the lies that bind your tongue
Is this oppression what we wanted?
Or what we needed?
As we function on impatience
When our patience is wearing thin
When you live a lie, well that will destroy us all
Its over
Its only over
It only over when we say
Its over
Its only over
It only over when we say
Back and to the left
Back and to the left
Back and to the left
Come on and shoot motherfucker
Did you like this baby?
Did you like this baby?
Did you like this baby?
Would you dance little longer?
Its over
Its only over
It only over when we say
Its over
Its only over
It only over when we say

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