

# Bullet

## Mason Jennings

This is a bullet from a gun called, "What the fuck?"  
If I was standing in your shoes, I'd throw my hands straight up  
And start explaining at the speed of light, not sound  
How the words get some coffee, came to mean, get down  
And all the king's horses and all the king's yens  
Couldn't stop the abracadabra that invites these men  
And all the alleyways in Amsterdam could not compete  
Against the Wall Street speed with which you leave your feet  
Oh yes, this song is a joke  
Funny like our house goin' up in smoke  
Funny like the bomb between my teeth when we kiss  
You pulled out the pin with your own sweet lips  
Everytime the phone rings you get there first  
And when the pizza man comes, you always run for your purse  
Now I'm the son of a banker, I know just what the deal is  
If you wrote it out in braille, I wouldn't even have to feel it  
Oh yes, this song is a joke  
Funny like our house goin' up in smoke  
Funny like the bomb between my teeth when we kiss  
You pulled out the pin with your own sweet lips  
Funny how goodbye can sound so sad sometimes  
Today it sounds happy like a nursery rhyme  
And you're not Cinderella, so don't forget your shoes  
I've never been as lonely as when I was with you  
Oh yes, this song is a scream  
Funny like our lovin' doused in gasoline  
Funny like the bomb between my teeth when we kiss  
You pulled out the pin with your own sweet lips  
This is fireman McNeil from the Hennepin line  
We got the call around ten, we couldn't get there in time  
There was a driveway leading to a hole in the ground  
I got the heebies bone deep and turned the truck straight around  
Oh yes, this song is a joke  
Funny like my fingers in your bicycle spokes  
Funny like the bomb between my teeth when we kiss  
You pulled out the pin with your own sweet lips

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