

Bullet

Supergrass

I'm just a cool handed fool gonna ride it out with the sun

Now I'm to crawl through the fold and the curls of the human mind

'cause I'm in a world of marching soldiers and who am I?

Bullet for guns through the door and retires and it fades awayWith three little colours lying in the gutter

They're lying in the heart

They're still aching from my dream

But the feel of a Bullet cold until it finds the hole.I'm just a cool handed fool gonna ride it out with the sun

Now I'm to crawl through the fold and the curls of the human mind

Now I'm in a world of marching soldiers and who am I?

Bullet for guns through the door and retires and it fades away'cause I'm in a world of marching soldiers and

who am I?

Bullet for guns through the door and retires and it fades away

Songwriters

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