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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