

Bricks and Mortar

Editors

No one understands
The way you found your God
There's a bullet in your hands Give a dog a bone
He'll lead for the day
But teach him how to kill, then I am the close defense
I am the city wall
Stealing pounds and pence from you all Still no one understands
The way you found your God
There's a bullet in your hands Pour salt water on the wound
Pour salt water on the wound
This home is more than bricks and mortar
Pour salt water on the wound When the boys told you
You'll have the arms of a soldier
Those arms will never hold her again It's just like I told you
When the boys told you
He's gonna be a soldier for them Pour salt water on the wound
Pour salt water on the wound
This home is more than bricks and mortar
Pour salt water on the wound I hope life is good for you
I hope life is good for you
I hope life is good for you
I hope life is good for you, aah

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